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The Australian

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NOVEMBER 9, 1955

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



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BABY TALK CONTEST

See full details
on page 21

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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NOVEMBER 9, 1955

Vol. 23, No. 24

MAKING FRIENDS WITH ASIANS

MINISTERS of the nations taking part in the Colombo Plan decided at their recent conference in Singapore to extend the plan beyond its original time limit of June 30, 1957.

The scheme, which has now been in operation for four years, was devised to give economic aid to South-east Asia.

Australia's contribution, which has so far totalled in value nearly £29,000,000, has included food, machinery, and technical assistance.

Much of this activity has been on a level which does not touch the normal life of most Australians.

But there is one aspect of the plan which is the concern of every citizen.

For the past few years Asian students have attended Australian universities.

From the beginning they fitted quickly and easily into student circles. Young people find that common interests soon bridge racial differences.

Their absorption into the general social community has been slower, but it is taking place.

It is essential to Australia's future that she learn to get along with her Asian neighbors.

In the past one of the barriers to understanding has been the ill-founded conviction of superiority ingrained in white races. It is a conviction which has led to deep bitterness.

There is nothing like close acquaintance to remove this bar. Australians who have invited Asians into their homes have found that while manners and customs differ the common problems of humanity are the same.

When friendship flourishes, prejudices disappear. Every Australian who takes the opportunity to make friends with these visiting Asians makes a contribution to the Colombo Plan which cannot be measured in money.

Our cover:

● The beautiful baby on our cover serves more than a decorative purpose. She launches a new contest, with £100 a week in prizes. You will find details on page 21. Leo Aarons, famous New York photographer, took the picture.

This week:

● Judith Anderson, now playing in Sydney in "Medea" (see color pictures on pages 14 and 15), is to play in "Macbeth" for the Australian Broadcasting Commission. Lady Macbeth has something in common with Medea—they are two of the most ruthless women ever to emerge from the mind of a playwright. "Macbeth," to be broadcast on the night of November 21, is the second of a series of five plays in which she will star for the A.B.C. The first is Douglas Stewart's "Fire on the Snow," on November 7, in which she will take the role of the narrator. Later "Medea" itself will be heard over the air. Miss Anderson and other members of the cast will record a radio version of it during the company's Brisbane season.

Next week:

● As soon as we learned that Herman Wouk, author of "The Caine Mutiny," was writing a new novel we set inquiries afloat in our New York office. We obtained the Australian serial rights to this new book, "Marjorie Morningstar," and begin publication of it next week. On page 19 of this issue is a story about the author, whose latest work is one with a particular feminine appeal. "The Caine Mutiny," biggest best-seller since "Gone With the Wind," was his great story. "Marjorie Morningstar" is his great love story.

● Irises are among the most beautiful of flowers. During the past 20 years they have increased enormously in popularity. More than 200 varieties are available and some gardeners specialise in them as others do in orchids. They are the subject of a full-page feature, illustrated in color, in next week's paper.

● Only seven weeks to Christmas, which means that housewives are already making their Christmas food preparations. Leila C. Howard, our food and cookery expert, gives recipes next week for the traditional rich fruit cakes and puddings and some light fruit cakes. The rich ones should be made now, the lighter variety nearer Christmas.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

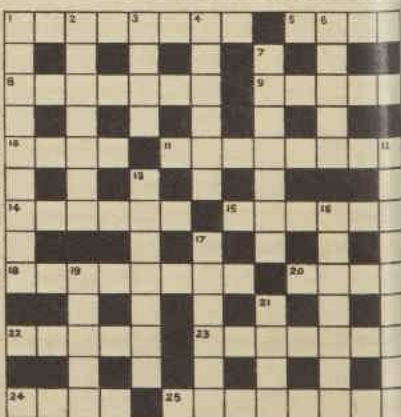
- ACROSS
- In his country a beggar seems to be thin (8).
 - Denote an inferior middle point (4).
 - Stretches out, yet the centre remains constantly ten (7).
 - Beer which turned royal (6).
 - Pretended disturbed bad actors (4).
 - Side dome (Anagr. 8).
 - Become less severe about the time preceding Easter (6).
 - Related on the father's side and

- carrying a small two-winged fly (6).
- Provides amusement when added to beer (8).
- Pitch the ball to nothing and turn it to a Greek coin (4).
- Musty sacred beer (5).
- Rout now; it's obsolete (7).
- Countenance a waver (4).
- Sparkling objects measure broken legs (8).

Solution will be published next week.

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A A S A E
MISS PERTURB
ESPIONIR
EDITION TIVU
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D PESTILENCE

Solution to last week's crossword.



DOWN

- Boards are as a Chaldean city in perennial woody plants (9).
- Disease of horses and not the appendage of a rodent (7).
- Thread found in the Nile (4).
- Remove as dirty spot (6).
- Sharpened (5).
- Epigram (Anagr. 7).
- Young plants with fitting head but with hairy ends (9).
- Not the same, nor heat (7).
- This primary product is generally for the wool (7).
- Make up for loss about a stroke (6).
- Picture of me and a learned person (5).
- Stupefy with turned fruits (4).

The Accountant

A short story by EMMA SMITH

"I AM in receipt," she wrote, "of your many tiresome letters." Many, perhaps, was wrong; there had been only three. But they were about money, therefore tiresome, therefore she had not read them. She pursed her lips, considering the next line. Then she laid down her pen.

Her daughter, she knew, had come silently into the room behind her and was looking distrustfully at the back of her head. "Hello, darling," she called out in a cheerful voice, sitting quite still.

The girl, without replying, came across the room and looked over her mother's shoulder.

"Mother," she said, "you can't write to him like that. It isn't—you can't!"

"Good gracious me, child, why ever not?" replied her mother, sitting very erect at her desk, her head thrown back as though in challenge. The girl looked sadly out of the window.

"It isn't business," she said.

"Business—" said her mother vaguely, bending forward to smell the flowers that stood among the litter of papers before her.

"They're so wonderful, aren't they?" she murmured, coming up from the flowers as out of a dream that had beautifully obliterated all unpleasant thoughts.

"I do so love the summer, if only for its flowers, don't you, darling?" she went on happily, looking about her with half-closed eyes, as though the thought of so many was too intoxicating to be absorbed without the protection of drooping lids.

But although she sat serenely and smiled at her flowers, she was aware that a guilty thought, causing her to be uncomfortable when she wished to be comfortable, had

somehow floated its way into her head, a thought she should not have and did not want to have, but one that refused to be pushed out: if only darling Elizabeth would go. How dreadful of her to want her darling, her precious Elizabeth to go away!

But the girl continued to stand there, gravely silent, fixing on her mother her large dark eyes with the same look her father had so often turned on his wife, and for much the same reason.

Dear Louise! Dear Mother! If only she could be squeezed down into a smaller, neater shape, physically and mentally. If only she could be repressed, controlled, reduced. If only she could learn to look before she leapt and think before she spoke. If only she were different.

"Darling child," said Mrs. Mallender, in a voice that was full of love, for though her love grew sometimes desperate it never grew less, "you look so pretty, so cool. Are you just going out? You must have a rose—this one, darling, don't you think?"

She got up with the rose between her fingers and pinned it tenderly to Elizabeth's shoulder. It was too heavy and fell a little sideways. The stem dripped water. Elizabeth rubbed away the drops with her handkerchief, patiently. She never wore flowers. They seemed to her an untidy addition, and worse, for after a while they drooped and withered. Indeed, she did not really like flowers at all. In some remote way they annoyed her.

Their life was so strange and sudden, so bright, so abundant, so swiftly over. They were a mockery of thought. But for her mother, she knew, it was otherwise. Flowers, to her, were intricately involved with love and

To page 40

"Darling child," said Mrs. Mallender to Elizabeth, "You look so pretty, are you just going out?"



Underline

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Candia

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of our engrossing
and colorful serial

By **MARGERY SHARP**

ILLUSTRATED BY DALGLEISH

IN all her life before, when it came to a question of right and wrong, Candia had never wavered. She had once, because it was right, given evidence against a thieving maid whom she personally liked.

A silly girl-cousin, whom she did not like, came fleeing from an unfortunate love-affair, a private detective, and many debts; because it was right Candia took her in for six months, drummed some sense into her, and paid her bills.

A course of action might be pleasant or unpleasant, expedient or inexpedient; Candia never had the least difficulty in deciding whether it was right or wrong, and acting accordingly. Moral scrupulousness was bred in her bones. But now, for the first time, she was at a loss as her mind went over and over Madame Spirianoff's untruthful tale and whole behaviour.

A woman had died and been surreptitiously buried right here in what should really have been Candia's own home.

Admittedly, she had been old and frail and rather queer, but it was wrong that any death should be concealed.

Since no one else would move in the matter, the responsibility for action lay upon herself.

The obvious course was to write to Mr. Moffat in Singapore, give the facts, and instruct him to lay them before the property authority. But no letter could be despatched except by the mail-boat on which she actually planned to leave with her three stepchildren. She might just as well wait and see the solicitor in person.

But then arose another point: it would be impossible to start such an affair and go, she herself being the one important witness. She, with the children, would have to wait.

But she felt she had a solemn trust to get them away to America as soon as possible. That had been her husband's wish and intention, and increasingly since his death she had felt that it devolved upon her as an urgent, compelling duty.

Hadn't she known all along that he had married her largely for his children's sake? Hadn't she, for that very reason, continued the voyage on here after his death, when it would have been so much easier and pleasanter just to stay on board the ship and go straight back to her own home in England?

In any case, how would the children react to all that would happen here, when the poor old soul's body was dug up again from its illicit grave somewhere out in the vast grounds?

Candia shuddered. Right or wrong, how could she involve the children, on the very threshold of their new life, in such a hateful undertaking? Elena would find out, if the two younger ones didn't.

Not that Elena would shrink; she was capable of trying to cash in on the notoriety. Or she might violently take her grandmother's part. She might do anything that was rash, public, and irremediable.

So, thinking of John Cotterell's children, Candia wavered. (She was not yet thinking about any possible consequences to herself.) She lulled her conscience, and played on in the role allotted to her by Madame Spirianoff.

It was the role, Candia realised with some astonishment, of fairy godmother. Madame Spirianoff herself broke to the children the great news that they were to go back with Candia to America, spending five minutes with Toly and two hours with Elena, and then handing them over in a touching scene of renunciation.

Candia was more and more surprised: Toly's pleasure she had expected, but not Elena's enthusiasm. The child danced through the house asking questions, exacting promises, and outlining in return her own future career.

It was lurid. She was going to become the most famous dancer in the world, with millionaires at her feet, whom she would first ruin and then spurn. If they blew their brains out she would go to their funerals, dressed all in white, ermine, and Chantilly lace.

She would make her lovers buy up all the ermine in the world, so that no one else could wear it. The idol of the public, she would have a permanent mob outside her palace. If the President asked her, as a favor, she would appear and disperse it with a smile; if not, he would just have to call out his Cossacks...

There was a super-mammoth quality in these imaginings which made Candia suspect that Elena's spiritual home was really Hollywood. The thought was dismaying, for she had no desire to be hitched to the waggon of a child star; but she still put trust in the strict discipline of a ballet school.

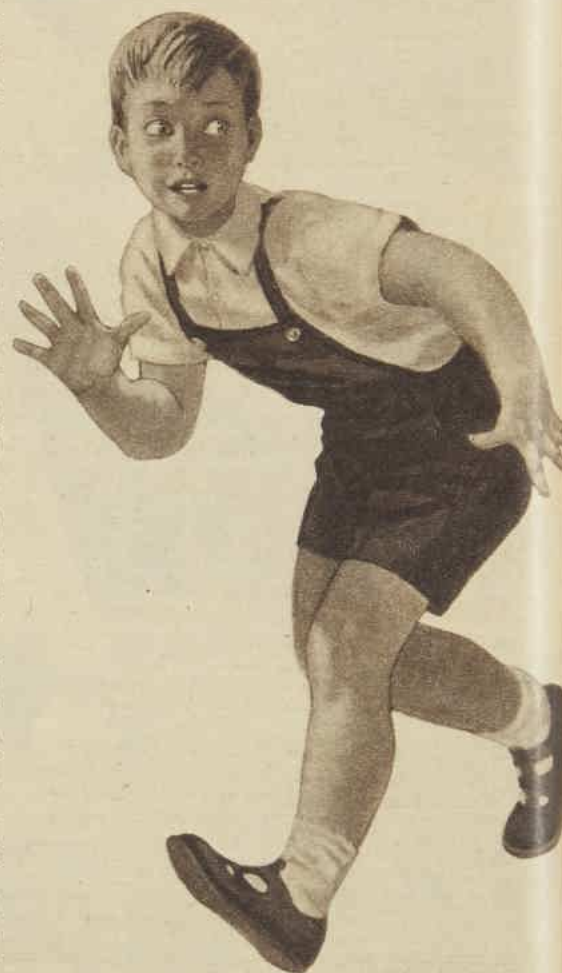
In ballet, moreover, Elena would encounter temperaments as strong and possibly as Russian as her own, and instructors accustomed to cope with them; and if American millionaires were anything like Mr. Rumbolt, their death-rate might not be so easy to raise.

"You will have to work very hard first," said Madame Spirianoff unctuously, "and be a good girl, and not a trouble to your dear stepmother."

Candia started. It was the first time the old lady had so referred to her, and her perhaps over-sensitive ear detected a hint of irony. But Madame's smile remained bland.

"America!" she exclaimed enthusiastically. "The land of the future! So great, so vast! The Rocky Mountains! The Himalayas!"

"But the Himalayas are in Africa," objected the Baroness,



whose ingenuous nature had not yet adjusted itself to the new turn of events.

"I expect America has something just as good," smiled Madame Spirianoff.

That afternoon Candia spent an hour and a half looking for Sir James Woodward's letter of introduction to the Governor's wife. She had an idle curiosity to re-read it. Or so she told herself. But the true reason, which she did not care to examine, was that ever since the Frenchwoman's death there had grown upon her an increasing desire for contact with the outer world.

It troubled her, for instance, that so few people knew where she was. With no near relation to make correspondence an imperative duty, she had not written a single letter. Her friends, therefore, imagined her on her way to the United States with her husband. The few acquaintances who knew of her changed situation were widely dispersed — Cotterell's sister in Massachusetts, Sir James and Mr. Rumbolt bound for Australia.

There remained Mr. Moffat, who indeed had a certain responsibility towards her, but whom she did not altogether trust. He had quite frankly warned her that he was not prepared to take her part if it brought him into collision with Madame Spirianoff, and she had moreover a very definite impression of him as one who would run with the hare and hunt with the hounds.



Madame Spirianoff, playing at being a bear, sent the children and Genevieve into shrieks of delighted laughter.

When she looked for Sir James' letter, Candia was simply and instinctively reaching out after her own kind; and Mr. Moffat belonged far more to Aloupka than to Somerset.

"I should have stayed longer in Singapore," Candia told herself; and for the first time realised how right Sir James had been when he urged her to make herself known. If it was the conventional thing to do, it was also sensible; by paying a few calls she would have insured herself against just such isolation as was at present troubling her.

People would have known her address. People would occasionally have said — "That poor Mrs. Cotterell! I wonder how she's getting on?" — and perhaps inquired about her of Mr. Moffat, but as it was, she had passed through Singapore like a shadow, leaving no trace.

Candia reopened her writing-case—the letter was not there, it must have been lost at the hotel in Singapore—and did a thing she hadn't done since she left school. She made a private calendar, nine squares, so that she could mark off the days until the arrival of the mail-boat.

Had she known then of the chance that was coming to her in only twenty-four hours, she would have spared her pains. But she didn't know, she drew the lines with care, and added some fancy touches to the lettering, and when, a long time after, the pretty thing came to light, all nine squares were filled.

That Candia let this second chance go by was due not to any accident, not to any exterior cause beyond her control, but simply to her own character. Being the woman she was, she had to act according to her nature. And yet had she been otherwise, Mr. Rumbolt would not have come back.

She did not mean to quarrel with him. On the contrary, when she looked out of her window and saw the yacht at anchor in the bay, her heart leapt. He had indeed, she thought gratefully, the knack of turning up just when he was wanted.

He was the very person—the one person—to whom she

could unburden herself. He knew enough already of the situation at Aloupka to understand all her difficulties; he knew, without requiring proof, that the dead woman had existed. And furthermore—Candia's mind raced ahead—he was the very person to take appropriate action.

Cornelius Rumbolt was no stranger like herself, but a figure of power and influence. And he had freedom of movement, he had his yacht, he could go straight back to Singapore without waiting for any mail-boat . . .

He might even renew his offer of taking her and the children with him.

"If he does," thought Candia calmly, "we'll go."

It was again early morning, she was not even dressed, but she slipped on a housecoat and hurried down to the quay. A boat had put off, and as she stood with the breeze whipping her long skirts she saw that Mr. Rumbolt was coming alone.

There was something extremely purposeful about his approach; an outboard motor sent the craft kicking through the water, Mr. Rumbolt himself sat crouched in an attitude of great concentration; he approached the quay almost without slackening speed and with a close sweep brought up at precisely the right angle. Then he made fast, shut off the engine, and stepped out.

"Ever heard the one about the bullfighter?" asked Mr. Rumbolt.

"No," said Candia. "Mr. Rumbolt—"

"He tried to kill his bull without taking his eyes off a certain senorita. If I hadn't remembered the result, I'd have gone slap into the quay."

"Mr. Rumbolt, I'm so glad to see you!" Candia held out her hand, but the millionaire did not take it: he remained a few paces off, gazing at her out of his sad, lashless eyes. Candia let her hand drop and hurried on. "There's something I want to tell you—"

"Same here."

"Something that's happened since you left—"

"I guess I'm in love," stated Mr. Rumbolt.

Candia stopped short. The events of the past forty-eight hours had so completely wiped out all memory of Mr. Rumbolt's proposal that she was now almost more surprised than when he first made it. She did not know what to say.

Scarcely a month widowed, all her heart still fixed on her late husband, she had every right to be indignant; but, as before, there was an earnest diffidence about this suitor that robbed his words of offence. She did not know what to say; and since she could not in decency go straight on with her own story, she was silent.

"When I asked you to marry me," continued Mr. Rumbolt, "I wasn't. I was just following my natural impulse to acquire a good thing when I saw it. But since—" He broke off, pulling at his ear. His look was accusing.

"I've been thinking about you," he said glumly, "when I ought to have been thinking about this deal in Sydney. There's a lot of money in it. I've sat with the figures before my eyes and thought about the way you look. That's not how I got where I am today."

"I'm sure it isn't," murmured Candia sympathetically.

"I could take love or leave it," continued Mr. Rumbolt. He seemed to find relief in this self-analysis, which she guessed to be rare with him. "I won't say I've lived like a monk, because I haven't, and if I didn't tell you, there's plenty of folks who would; but I could take it or leave it. It never worried me. I certainly wouldn't sit thinking about it in the middle of a deal."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Rumbolt."

"Last time you called me Cornelius. I won't think it means anything."

"Cornelius."

"You make it sound pretty. But what I'm getting at is this: when I say I'm in love, I'm not speaking from past experience. I just guess it must be so, because I can't otherwise account for my sensations. You're the first. I don't know if it makes any difference?"

Candia shook her head. She wished he didn't make her feel so sorry for him. She was very sorry indeed—and at the same time increasingly impatient. She had so much to tell him, and it was so much more important—

"I thought maybe it might. I wouldn't know," Mr. Rumbolt sighed. "It's all new ground—like railroads would be."

There was a stone bench a little way up the path. Candia

To page 45

One good thing deserves another

Well-known dress houses like TREVOLA use TOOTAL fabrics. They know how all-important the quality of the fabric is to the future of their clothes. Will it wash? Wear well? Still look well in the months to come? Their reputation depends on the answer. TOOTAL fabrics have long been famous for good behaviour. They're outstanding for their remarkable way of washing and wearing and keeping their first lovely freshness. Every single one carries the TOOTAL guarantee of satisfaction. Clothes made in TOOTAL fabrics are bound for success.

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FEELS LIKE SPRING

A short story
complete on this page

By **MILTON KAPLAN**

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS



I keep dreaming that perhaps some day I'll get to know her. You know, in a casual, accidental way.

For instance, she'd be coming through the door and someone pushes her and she brushes against me and she'd say, quickly, "Oh, I beg your pardon," and I'd lift my hat politely and answer, "That's perfectly all right," and I'd smile to show her that I meant it, and then she'd smile back at me and say, "Nice day, isn't it?" and I'd say, "Feels like spring."

And we wouldn't say anything more, but when she'd be ready to get off at Mansion House she'd wave her fingers a little at me and say, "Goodbye," and I'd tip my hat again.

The next morning when she'd come in, she'd see me and say: "Hello," or perhaps "Good morning," and I'd answer and add something like "Violets ought to be coming up soon"—something like that to show her I knew a little about spring.

No wisecracks because I wouldn't want her to think that I was one of those smooth-talking types who pick up girls in the underground.

And after a while we'd get a little friendlier and start talking about things like the weather or the news and one day she'd say, "Isn't it funny? Here we are talking every day and we don't even know each other's names."

And I'd stand up straight and tip my hat and say, "I'd like you to meet Mr. Thomas Pearse." And she'd say very seriously, "How do you do, Mr. Pearse? I want you to meet Miss Elizabeth Franklin."

She'd be wearing those clean white gloves girls wear in the spring, and we'd shake hands and then we'd break out laughing.

"Thomas," she'd say, as if she were trying out the sound of it.

"What?" I'd ask.

"I can't possibly call you Thomas," she'd say. "It's so formal."

"My friends call me Tommy," I'd tell her.

"And mine call me Betty."

And that's the way it would be. Perhaps after a while I'd mention the name of a good film that was on at the Empire, and suggest that if she weren't doing anything particular—

And she would come right out with "Oh, I'd love it!" I'd knock off a little earlier and meet her where she worked, and we would go out to dinner somewhere, I'd ask some of the men at the bank for the name of a good restaurant.

And I would talk to her and tell her about Sussex, and perhaps mention how lonely I got, and if it's a

really nice place, and it's quiet and cosy, perhaps I'd tell her how shy I was, and she'd be listening with shining eyes and she'd clasp her hands and lean over the table until I could smell the fragrance of her hair and she'd whisper, "I'm shy, too."

Then we'd both lean back and smile secretly, and we'd eat without saying much because, after all, what's there to say after that?

We'd go to the Empire, and we'd sit there, relaxed, enjoying the film. Some time during the picture, in an exciting part, perhaps her hand would brush against mine, or perhaps I'd be shifting my position and my hand would touch hers accidentally, but she wouldn't take it away and I'd hold it, and there I'd be in the middle of eight million people, but I wouldn't be alone any more; I'd be out with my girl-friend.

And afterwards I'd take her home. She wouldn't want me to travel all the way out. "I live in Hampstead. It's very nice of you to offer to take me home, but I couldn't ask you to make a long trip like that. Don't worry, I'll be all right." But I take her arm and say, "Come on, I want to take you home. I like Hampstead."

And we'd take buses through the little streets of London, and then we'd be in Hampstead and we'd see the lights of small homes and we'd walk close together to her home, and she'd invite me in but I'd say it was too late, and then she'd turn to

I always like to watch this pretty girl because I feel that she's my only real friend, even if she doesn't know it.

me and say, "Then you must promise to come for dinner this Sunday," and I'd promise and then—

The train is slowing down and the people are bracing themselves automatically for the stop. It's Charing Cross Station. There's a big crowd waiting to get in. I look out anxiously for her, but I don't see her anywhere and my heart sinks, and just then I catch a glimpse of her, way over at the side.

She's wearing a new hat with little flowers on it. The door opens and the people start pushing in. She's caught in the rush and there's nothing she can do about it. She bangs into me and she grabs the strap I'm holding and hangs on to it for dear life. "I beg your pardon," she gasps.

My hands are pinned down and I can't tip my hat, but I answer politely, "That's all right."

The doors close and the train begins to move. She has to hold on to my strap; there isn't any other place for her.

"Nice day, isn't it?" she says.

The train swings round a turn and the wheels squealing on the rails sound like the birds singing. My heart is pounding like mad.

"Feels like spring," I say.

(Copyright)

I USUALLY stop at the corner cafe for morning toast and coffee. I eat fast because I'm a little late, and then I race to the tube station and gallop down the steps to catch my usual train.

I hold on to the strap and make believe I'm reading my newspaper, but I keep glancing at the people crowded in around me.

They're the same ones I see every day. They know me and I know them, but we don't smile. We're strangers thrown together accidentally.

I listen to them talk about their troubles and their friends, and I wish I had someone to talk to, someone to break the monotony of the long tube ride. As we approach Charing Cross Station I begin to get tense again.

She usually gets into the train at that station. She slips in gracefully, not pushing or shoving like the rest, and she squeezes into a little space, clinging to the strap and holding on to an office envelope that probably contains her lunch.

She never carries a newspaper or a book; I suppose there isn't much sense in trying to read when you're crushed in like that.

There's a fresh outdoor look about her and I think she must live in Hampstead. The Hampstead crowd gets in at that stop. She has a sweet face, and she never wears make-up except for lipstick.

Her wavy hair is natural, a nice light brown, like the color of poplar leaves when they turn in the autumn.

And all she does is hold on to the strap and think her own thoughts, her eyes clear-blue and warm.

I always like to watch her, but I have to be careful. I'm afraid she'll get annoyed and move away if she catches me at it, and then I won't have anyone, because she's my only real friend, even if she doesn't know it.

I'm all alone in London, and I suppose I'm shy and don't make friends easily. The fellows in the bank are all right, but they have their own lives to lead, and besides, I can't ask anyone to come up to a furnished room; so they go their way and I go mine.

The city is getting me down. It's too big and noisy—too many people for a fellow who's all by himself. I can't seem to get used to it. I'm used to the quiet of a small Sussex farm, but there isn't much future on a Sussex farm any more; so after I was discharged from the Navy I applied for this position in the bank and I got it. I suppose it's a good break, but I'm very lonely.

As I ride along, swaying to the motion of the train, I like to imagine that I'm friends with her. Sometimes I'm even tempted to smile at her, not in a fresh way, but just friendly, and say something like "Nice morning, isn't it?" But I'm scared.

She might think I'm one of those fast types and she'd freeze up and look right through me as if I didn't exist, and then the next morning she wouldn't be there any more, and I'd have no one to think about.



THE BROTHERS

FROM the big, stone-flagged kitchen Rebecca could hear Lady Jane doing her best to avoid going into the horse-box that was standing ready on the far side of the yard. There was a lot of shouting and the sharp, hard sound of hoofs braced against the rain-slippery cobbles. Then the ramp that led up to the horse-box creaked and a door slammed.

Five minutes later the Shaw brothers came in. If anyone was asked to describe Macdonald and Johnny Shaw they invariably started by saying they were big, and as they came into the kitchen the same thought occurred to Rebecca. Somehow one got used to seeing them out of doors.

Only when they bowed their heads to duck under the low doors of the four-hundred-year-old farm did their size really strike home.

"I gather you've been enjoying yourselves," Rebecca spoke with her back to them, taking the percolator off the newly installed electric stove. She asked: "Coffee?"

"If it's ready," Johnny could do with some plaster on his head, too, if you've got any," Macdonald Shaw's voice was oddly like himself Rebecca thought.

He was the elder of the two brothers and somehow when he spoke there was always a trace of the extra years in his voice. Somehow it suited him, because he was square and solid and utterly dependable, while Johnny, while as strong, was slimmer, his face more than handsome; and it was Johnny with whom she was in love.

Rebecca turned away from the stove with a grin. "Lady Jane bite you or have you been fighting?" Then she saw the trickle of blood from above Johnny's eyebrow and stopped laughing. She said apologetically: "I'm a heartless monster. Is it bad?"

Johnny smiled. "It's agony," he said cheerfully. "Caught it on the side of the box." He waited patiently while Rebecca got out the first-aid box and effected a reasonably efficient repair, then bent swiftly and kissed her. He said cheerfully: "I always take advantage of my nurses."

Rebecca said equably: "If I'd had the coffee-pot in my hand you'd have needed some plaster on the other eye." She leaned against the draining-board and surveyed her handiwork with satisfaction. "Neat but not gaudy. In fact I've seen plenty worse. But I'm still not sure you two haven't been fighting."

"We wouldn't," Johnny assured her, "unless it was over you. We're devoted to you. Aren't we, Mac?"

The other Shaw said a little awkwardly: "Yes—of course we are." It was funny, Rebecca thought, the way the elder of the two brothers seemed to hang back when she and Johnny were making fun of one another. As though the light-hearted banter was something serious, embarrassing him—

Johnny said: "Our Miss Lawson hasn't got her mind on her housekeeping. She's waiting to get off to the point-to-point."

"Are you?" Mac looked at Rebecca quickly. "You never said—I mean—"

She laughed. "It's all right, really. There's plenty of time."

"She can come with me and Lady Jane if she likes," Johnny walked over to the kitchen window and looked up at the clear autumn sky. "All I hope is the weather holds out." Then as he thought struck him: "You'll be coming, Mac?"

Macdonald shook his head. "Wish I could. But the county agricultural officer's due over this afternoon. Better stay and see him, I suppose."

Rebecca said quickly, "But that's a shame! Can't you possibly put him off?"

He shrugged his big shoulders. "You know what these people are. One might as well hang on and get it over with."

"I should let them hang on for you for a change," Johnny said. He stopped to listen for a moment to the sound of somebody shouting in the yard outside. "What on earth are they up to now?"

Mac said quietly, "It's only old Hobson. He's as deaf as a post. Shouts at anything. He's one of the left-overs from Dad's day."

Hearing the two of them talking Rebecca found herself wondering what the farm must have been like "in Dad's day." Somehow she couldn't imagine it being run by anyone other than Mac.

"Three hundred acres and not a soul to talk to but the hands and the cows."

Rebecca's lips twitched as she remembered old Mrs. Benn's words a short three months ago. She had been staying in Welford at the time, enjoying two or three days' rest in the middle of a leisurely motor tour.

At the time the remark had meant little enough—a chance fragment of conversation, barely worth remembering, about a young man who ran the family farm single-handed with only old Mrs. Benn to cook and keep house for him.

In a way it had been a worthwhile story and Rebecca had felt a flicker of interest at the time as to what sort of man Macdonald Shaw might be.

Puzzled a little, she'd said, "What makes him do it? I mean, if he hasn't got any family he seems to be leading a pretty lonely sort of life for nothing—"

"There's his brother," Mrs. Benn had said. "Johnny his name is. Mr. Macdonald keeps him at college."

"You mean," Rebecca had said, "that he's a schoolboy?"

"Lord love you, no." The older woman had shaken her head. "He's a grown man, is Mr. Johnny, same as the college

is one of these farming places. A fine-looking young chap he is, too. Seems a pity you won't ever see him—"

And Rebecca had said, "I'm afraid I won't, Mrs. Benn. I'll be on my way in a couple of days."

Standing alone there with Mac after Johnny had gone out, in the big, airy kitchen that had become so familiar, it all seemed so very long ago.

Penny for them," Mac's voice broke in on her thoughts.

Rebecca laughed. "I was just thinking how funny it was—my still being here."

He said quickly, "If you don't like it—"

"Oh, I like it all right." She walked over to the window and stood watching Johnny superintending the moving out of the horse-box.

Then she went on. "Oh—I know it was just chance that I came here in the first place. If Mrs. Benn hadn't fallen down and broken her leg—if I hadn't just finished a home-management course and hadn't been in need of a job—"

"There were plenty of other places you could have gone to in search of a job," Mac told her bluntly. "Plenty of places a darn sight more exciting than this."

"I like it here," Rebecca said. Of course she liked it, she thought. With Johnny.

"A three-mile trip in from the village every morning just to housekeep for a couple of farming types like Johnny and me?" Mac laughed shortly. "Winter's coming on, too. Then it won't be fun."

Rebecca said quietly, "Look, Mac, I'm not expecting it to be fun. So far as that goes I don't suppose it was all that amusing for you last winter when you were up here on your own and Johnny was at the farming college. It just happened to be a job that had to be done."

He shrugged his big shoulders. "That was different. Johnny had to have a chance at the college—for the sake of the farm as much as anything else. But you—"

Rebecca asked bluntly, "Perhaps we'd better get this straight here and now. Are you trying to send me away?"

"No, of course not. I—" He broke off abruptly as the door swung open and Johnny stood on the threshold.

"Rebecca ready?"

"Yes, I'm ready." She looked back at Mac. "Are you sure you won't come? After all, it's your horse Johnny's riding."

Mac laughed. "He'll ride it better than I should, anyway. No—I'd better stay."

Rebecca sighed. "Have it your own way."

Looking back on it later, Rebecca had to admit to herself that she retained only a very sketchy impression of that day's Welford point-to-point.

Seen from a distance, it was as if she could retain the highlights and nothing else, and then when she looked closer

While Johnny was riding his powerful horse at the point-to-point meeting, Rebecca was saddened by the thought of Mac alone on the farm.



How could she know which one loved her . . . a dramatic story

BY JANE CAUSEWAY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. PHILLIPS

there were brief, fleeting incidents that seemed to have nothing to do with her at all, sandwiched between wonderful moments that shone in her memory like stars.

Oddly enough, of the journey down she could recall little. Somehow it seemed enough that she was with Johnny, sitting beside him in Mac's old car, feeling excited and happy with a whole day of Johnny in front of her.

And then, like a jerky cine film her mind would jump to the crowd at the start of the big race—Johnny nearly going over Lady Jane's head as she refused a jump—a girl in a camel-hair coat waving from the back of another car and calling: "Hello there, Johnny darling—"

"Who was that?" Rebecca had been walking beside him at the time, and she had caught the flash of recognition on his face as he waved back.

"Mollie something or other—I met her at a party a few weeks ago with the Baimbridges." Johnny led the way back to the car and sat on the running-board while Rebecca opened a picnic lunch.

"Mac ought to have come to this." Johnny hugged his knees reflectively and stared at the distant scene.

"I know." Rebecca passed him a sandwich. "Darling, I wish he had done. He seemed—oh, I don't know. Depressed."

Johnny said quietly: "I think he was."

Rebecca stared at him. "What do you mean?"

He laughed. "You don't mean you don't know—"

"No—honestly I don't."

Johnny bit into his sandwich thoughtfully. Then he said: "My brother Mac's in love with you."

"Oh," Rebecca said.

"Surprised?"

For a long minute she didn't answer. Somehow now that the words had been said it didn't surprise her. Almost it seemed as though one part of her had known before—

Aloud she said: "I'm sorry."

It didn't express what she felt, Rebecca thought. She wasn't sure quite what she felt. But she had to say something—

Johnny lit a cigarette and leaned against the car. He said slowly: "I don't know that I am. After all, you'd been working with him for a month before I even came back from the college. If he'd wanted you to notice him he certainly didn't have any competition."

"He was probably working too hard," Rebecca said. Even as she spoke she wasn't quite sure why she should have a sudden urge to defend Mac. Certainly what Johnny said was true, and if Mac had been in love with her she would



To page 66

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Letters from our Readers

THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

ONE wonders just how long it will
be before some of our city and
suburban shops employ Father
Christmas on a permanent basis.
Each year he seems to arrive earlier
than the last. This year his first ap-
pearance (I think) was announced
for October 14. The Christmas
cards, decorations, etc., also look
like becoming a permanent depart-
ment, having been on display this
year since July in some shops. Well,
girls, there will be no excuse for
those last-minute shopping bursts,
staggering home on burning feet,
laden with parcels.

10/6 to "Festivity" (name sup-
plied), Pascoe Vale, Vic.

A LAWYER friend of mine once said to
me that his profession would probably
die of starvation if it were not for people
who do not make a will. This set me wonder-
ing—why don't people make their wills?
I have since heard of cases where the burden
of the affairs of someone who has died
intestate cause real hardship and suffering to
those whom the dead have professed to love
dearly in life. Is it because these people
cannot bear to think of death, are they just
careless, or are they so mean that they
cannot bring themselves to divide up their
goods and money, even theoretically? When
a man joins the Army he is compelled to
make a will, and surely something should
be done to make civilians realise their re-
sponsibility towards their friends and rela-
tives, even if they only possess a few per-
sonal effects. This, I am sure, would do
much to lighten the load of those already
burdened by bereavement.

10/6 to "Anne" (name supplied), North-
bridge, N.S.W.

ON two occasions recently I have heard
women complaining about the size of
eggs bought, saying they are so small that
they fall through the holes made especially
for eggs on refrigerator doors. We have
poultry, pack our own eggs for the retail
trade in what is called a "farm pack," and
nothing weighing under 1½oz. is sent. Those
under this weight are called medium or
second-grade. I find that eggs weighing
slightly less than the 1½oz. will stay in the
racks provided, so I would suggest that those
having trouble should complain more often
and see that they are given hen eggs when
paying full hen-egg price.

10/6 to "Old Reader" (name supplied),
Ourimbah, N.S.W.

THERE are several young girls of my
acquaintance who refer to their parents
by their Christian names and even address
them so. Perhaps I am old-fashioned, but it
seems to lack respect. There is no finer
word than "Mother," and none more affec-
tionate than "Mum" or "Dad."

10/6 to Mrs. K. V. Fletcher, South Yarra,
Vic.

ONE hears today of so many elderly and
lonely mothers quite forsaken by the
families to whom they ministered for so many
years. I am one of them. I have become
very sad and find it so hard to take. What
a joy and pleasure it would be if instead
of sitting in our homes Sunday after Sun-
day we were invited by a son or daughter
to their home for a cup of tea. I still
revere the commandment: "Honor thy
parents." My family does not even acknow-
ledge my existence, although living quite
near. It is a lonely life indeed, and although
one attends church, everyone seems too busy
to notice elderly folk. Do the young fail
to realise that they will grow old some day
and need the kindness we so much long for?

10/6 to M.G.F. (name supplied), Harbord,
N.S.W.

£1/1/- is paid for
the best letter of the
week as well as 10/6
for every letter pub-
lished on this page.

A MAN is often very proud of his daugh-
ters, but it is the sons he spends his
money on. A good school, possibly the Uni-
versity, any particular line he fancies, the son
is allowed to study for. If he wishes to go
on the land, that is all right with Dad—
he will, if he can afford it, pay a deposit on
a farm for him, very often leaving the rest
of the family on short allowance. The
daughters usually run the farm with little
help from the men. The boys' lives are
usually insured, but the girls' lives seldom
are. Should the girl marry a poor man,
she is often left a widow while quite young
and has to struggle for many years. I
have known girls to spend the best years
of their lives nursing an aged or delicate
parent only to be left with very little to
live on, perhaps to apply for the pension.
Surely it is time the daughters were as well
looked after as the sons.

10/6 to "Grandmother, 80" (name sup-
plied), Lismore, N.S.W.

HOW surprising it is to find so many intel-
ligent women a prey to worrying fears
about the future. They fret over the pros-
pect of illness, accident, or financial troubles
befalling them or their loved ones, and be-
come nervy and unhappy from brooding over
misfortunes that may never happen. These
foolish souls should get a grip on them-
selves by realising that when a real tragedy
occurs those facing it are invariably given the
strength to cope.

10/6 to E.M. (name supplied), Ballarat,
Vic.

Family Affairs

● Every family is faced with prob-
lems that must be given a workable
solution. Each week we will pay
£1/1/- for the best letter telling
how you solved your family problem.

MY two daughters left high school
the same year, and once they
started working began having boy-
friends. Knowing that the problem
of smoking was sure to arise (their
father is much against women smok-
ing) I bought two small packets of
mild, cork-tipped cigarettes ready for
when the occasion arose. Came the
Sunday night when the younger one,
seeing her boy-friend smoking, de-
manded a cigarette. Her sister then
decided she also wanted one. Telling
them that the boys' cigarettes were
too strong for them, I quickly pro-
duced my two packets and gave one
to each girl, remarking that for the
first fortnight, "until they were used
to smoking," they must do so only
in the lounge or breakfast-room.
Each one smoked one cigarette. Next
morning both girls were off-color and
unable to go to work. Sitting on each
one's dressing-table, just where she
would see it each time she opened
her eyes, was the packet of cigarettes.
Nothing was said to indicate that
it was the smoking that had upset
them, but neither has ever shown
any inclination to smoke since. The
younger one, now 20, said: "By not
opposing us you took all the feeling
of being 'smart' out of smoking and
made it seem just silly."

10/6 to Mrs. D. Johnson, Punch-
bowl, N.S.W.



BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

TWO SCENES in South Australia. Above, in Adelaide, the spire of St. Peter's Church of England Cathedral, one of the best-known churches in the "city of churches," seen across the peaceful Torrens River. The foundation stone of the cathedral was laid on June 29, 1869. This picture by Miss B. Hollinsworth, of Manly, N.S.W. Below: On the road from Adelaide to Clarendon, where a weir has been put across the Onkaparinga River. The district is noted for its wine-growing and mixed farming. Picture by Mr. K. B. Sobey, of Kadina, S.A.



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ROYAL DEMOCRATS



GLAMOROUS PRINCESSES Margaretha of Sweden (left) and Astrid of Norway before leaving on an Aegean cruise with 80 other Royal guests of King Paul of Greece. Both are studying. Astrid at Oxford, Margaretha in Paris.

Marriage "almanach" no longer limits list of eligible suitors

By
RENE LECLER

Once upon a time a princess was a fairy creature. She dwelt in a palace, wore lovely clothes all day, ate off gold plate, and smiled shyly from behind her lace handkerchief. But all that has now changed.

THE only things a princess once had to learn were how to curtsy and to memorise the contents of the "Almanach de Gotha," in whose pages the name of her husband would be found.

Today, a European princess rides a bicycle, works in hospitals, learns shorthand-typing, eats in public restaurants, and sometimes makes her own hats.

Quite a few of Europe's present generation of princesses have known tragedy, exile, separation, and most of them have learnt that there are other things in life besides coming-out balls and bowing retainers.

Princess Ragnhild of Norway has shown herself the most modern-minded of them all by marrying a commoner.

Commanding the Royal guard of honor when she returned to Norway after wartime exile in 1945 was one of the country's best-known patriots, Erling Lorentzen. In the months that followed he took her skiing and danced with her at the Palace.

Before long they were in love, and in 1953, when Ragnhild was 23, they were married at a small country church outside Oslo. One of the guests at the historic wedding was Princess Margaret.

In Norway, where titles of nobility have long been abolished and the Royal Family shares the people's life to the full, she became known as Princess Ragnhild - Mrs. Lorentzen. Today she is a

housewife in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, where her husband owns a shipbuilding firm.

Princess Astrid, then 21, Ragnhild's younger sister, became Norway's first lady, as daughter of Crown Prince Olaf, a widower, and granddaughter of King Haakon.

Reading economics

BETWEEN lending her youthful grace to functions held by the tall, gaunt old monarch at the Oslo Palace she reads economics at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. No one would guess, seeing her ride through the narrow old streets on her bicycle, short-back university gown

fluttering behind, that she is of Royal blood.

She is frequently seen at student parties, but when Royal marriage experts conjecture romance for her it is usually to link her with grave, bespectacled King Baudouin of Belgium.

Princess Beatrix of Holland, a plump, graceful, seventeen-year-old girl, with flaxen hair and cornflower-blue eyes, will one day become the third woman in succession to reign over her country.

With mother, Queen Juliana, keen on progress, and a father, Prince Bernhard, who is one of Europe's best car drivers, horse riders, and air pilots, Beatrix was not raised in frills and pomp.

From the Royal Palace of Soestdijk, lost in the rich Dutch countryside away from big cities, she has long gone to a school on a bicycle and done her own shopping in the nearby village of Baarn. Up to her fifteenth year, when she went on holiday it was to stay at a seaside boarding-house and make her own bed just like everyone else.

When most of her school-friends have finished work for the day, Beatrix still has three hours' concentrated study to go through.

Princess Margrethe of Denmark, even younger than Beatrix at 14, is another girl who will one day reign over her people. She has known since shortly before her twelfth birthday that the Danes, hitherto observers of the Salic Law, were making an exception in her favor.

There was no nonsense about bringing up Margrethe at the Danish Court. Her future subjects will long remember with amusement and emotion the day when her father, King Frederik, was making a nation-wide broadcast and they heard his voice change to a stern note as he said: "Take your feet off the table, Margrethe."

Carries her lunch

NOW at school in London, she used to go to a Copenhagen high school. She took her lunch in the small knapsack all Danish school-girls carry on their backs; sandwiches which her mother, the Queen, often prepared herself.

Princess Alexandra of Kent is not likely to reign through her own succession rights, but looks born to wear a crown.

A tall, graceful, beautiful girl, Alexandra, born on the frosty Christmas morning of



FOUR GENERATIONS. King Haakon of Norway, Crown Prince Olaf, his daughter Princess Ragnhild, and Haakon junior, son of the Princess and Mr. Erling Lorentzen.

Europe's princesses are career girls today



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, poised and tireless in public from years of doing lessons standing, sees plans of a school at Welworth, London. Left, the vicar, Rev. R. M. McIntyre.

1936, belongs to a monarchy which, more than others, observes the ancient traditions of Royal pageant and decorum.

This, however, did not prevent her, when at school at Heathfield, from making her own bed, helping wash the dishes occasionally, and looking after the garden.

Her mother, the Duchess of Kent, sent her in 1953 to the Paris finishing school of Mademoiselle Anita, where she learned dress sense, domestic economy, diction, French, and cooking.

Perhaps her best opportunity of finding how other people lived, however, came some months later when she stayed as a guest for several weeks in the household of the French Pretender, the Comte de Paris, in a large villa at Louvenciennes, a few miles from the French capital.

The Comte's large family—he has eleven children—is unusually united, modern, and happy, and for the first time Princess Alexandra lived an ordinary everyday life with boys and girls of her own age, shopping in Paris, visiting museums and art galleries, going to concerts and shows and appreciating an existence devoid of the glare of publicity.

Princess Isabelle of France, the eldest daughter of the Pretender, was her Royal aide in this adventure. At twenty-three, Isabelle is Republican France's best-loved princess. Yet, until 1949, she was unknown in the country from whose ancient kings she is descended.

For over forty years a government law had prevented the Pretender from living in France, but, as soon as it was repealed, Isabelle and her family returned.

Before long she had conquered everyone. A tall, willowy, blue-eyed blonde, with a retousse nose and smiling eyes, she had in full those French qualities of charm and wit which count for so much.

Her coming-out ball in 1952 was, it was said, just like a fete in old Versailles, with shining candelabra, gleaming old silver, and courtly French barons and noblemen bowing to the lovely Princess.

She soon showed, however, that she was a modern girl. After matriculating from a Paris school, she enrolled at

Cambridge to study, of all things, economics.

Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia is a dark-eyed, raven-haired cousin of Alexandra.

Most of her youth was spent in com-

fortable though bitter exile in Africa with her father and Princess Olga.

But now, later on, she herself considers that she was lucky, for she was able to attend ordinary schools in Lisbon and Switzerland and fully share the life of her schoolfriends. At eighteen, she has entered the more restricted but more public life of Royalty, and now shares most of Princess Alexandra's pursuits and divides her time between London and Paris.

Quite beautiful

MARGARETHA of Sweden is a glamorous 21-year-old who has captured the imagination of a country where the king is 70 and the heir to the throne not yet 10.

She is so typically Swedish that Stockholm newspapers regrettably keep on using their old, hackneyed national adjectives to describe her, but warn their readers that her beauty has to be seen to be believed.

She is the perfect outdoor girl. She swims, plays hockey, and, like her famous grandfather, Gustav V, plays a good game of tennis. She has hiked to most of Sweden's beauty spots and won horse-jumping competitions.

She is very gay and her strong predilection for handsome naval officers has already been noted.

But, after a startlingly lovely coming-out ball in Stockholm a year ago, she, too, has now got down to work.

She spent several months learning domestic economy in England, and is currently spending six months in a Paris convent to learn French.

After this she has put her name down to become a probationer nurse in Stockholm.



PRINCESS BEATRIX of Holland enjoys a skiing holiday at St. Anton, Austria. Still at school, she is good at French, English, German, Latin, but her maths are "very bad." Beatrix's admiring subjects call her "Holland's tomboy."



PRINCESS MARGRETHE of Denmark, a bobbysoxer of many interests. Once she aroused the whole Royal Guard at midnight by going into the nearby park to study the birds.



EXILED Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia watches Ascot races from the Royal Box.



PRINCESS ISABELLE of France, who returned home from Cambridge to nurse.



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Chicken Feather Legs?

SILKNET keeps legs hair-free... and smooth. SILKNET—1/2 each or in the new Triple-Pack, 3 for 2/-, everywhere.

FAMOUS ACTRESS IN CANBERRA FOR GALA



BUSH PICNIC (above). **DOG LOVER** (below). Judith Anderson grills a sausage and boils the billy by the roadside on the way to Canberra by car. Bruce and Biddy, Scotch Border Collies, quickly make friends with Judith Anderson in Canberra.



Famous Australian actress Judith Anderson, home to star in "Medea," the Elizabethan Theatre Trust's premiere Australian production, visited Canberra for the gala opening in the Albert Hall.

This was Judith Anderson's first visit to the Australian capital, and during her stay she attended parties in her honor, visited places of interest, and enjoyed a boil-the-billy bush picnic.

After its Sydney season "Medea" will go to other Australian capital cities, in conjunction with J. C. Williamson.

The Brisbane season begins on November 7; Adelaide, November 26; Hobart, December 12; Melbourne, December 20; Perth, January 17.



ON THE STEPS of Parliament House, Canberra. The House was sitting while Miss Anderson was in Canberra so she was able to listen to a debate between rehearsals.



AMERICAN War Memorial (left) was one of the first places of interest Miss Anderson visited in Canberra. She had heard of the memorial from American friends.

AUSTRALIAN War Memorial (above) found Judith Anderson an interested visitor. She hopes to return some time when she has more leisure to spend there.





RELAXING after the first night, Judith Anderson, wearing an Orry Kelly gown, talks to the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies (centre), and John Alden, a member of the cast, at a reception at the American Embassy after the performance.



COCKTAIL PARTY. Mr. E. W. Burbridge, British Council representative (left), with Judith Anderson and the director of the Elizabethan Theatre, Mr. Hugh Hunt, at a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Burbridge at their Canberra home.



DRESSING-ROOM picture (above) of Judith Anderson as "Medea," taken at the Albert Hall, Canberra. Pictures on these pages by staff photographer Clive Thompson.



LEFT: INDIAN High Commissioner, General K. M. Cariappa, with Miss Judith Anderson and John Alden at an after-theatre supper party General Cariappa gave at his home.



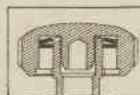
RIGHT: HOST to Miss Anderson during her Canberra stay, American Ambassador Mr. Amos Peaslee (left), Miss Anderson, Mr. Menzies, Mrs. Peaslee, and Dame Patti Menzies at the reception at the American Embassy.



NEW! A watch that is watertight and elegant too...!

No sportsman, and no one whose job or leisure activity brings them into contact with water or steam, should be without a watertight watch. Hitherto, watertightness has been achieved at the expense of elegance, for cases had to be thick and heavy to accommodate the necessary sealing.

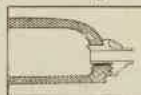
But now, Cyma craftsmen offer you the Cyma-Navystar, a new, ultra-thin watch which combines watertightness with exceptional elegance. This great advance has been achieved by ingenious design coupled with the use of completely new materials. The case of the Cyma-Navystar is made of special quality steel, and is so designed that slimness is combined with faultless sealing and outstanding strength and precision. Note these points about this remarkable new watch:



The case of the Cyma-Navystar is made of rust-proof Firth Staybrite micro-fine steel, made by a process developed by famous British steelmakers.

A unique feature of the Cyma-Navystar is the sealing of its winder, one of the most fragile parts of the watch. Embodied in the winder is a minute device incorporating a spring system which counteracts wear, thus ensuring permanent watertightness. The rim of the Cyma-Navystar is extra wide and incorporates a new, patented screw system. This enables greater compactness in design and ensures that the sealing is completely reliable.

All Cyma-Navystar sealing is made of a new metal which permanently retains its elasticity and neither crushes nor wears. The main sealing is situated where it cannot be damaged from the outside.



This is *the* watertight watch!...wonderfully thin, elegant, *permanently* watertight, and made by CYMA — world-famous for leadership in high-precision watch manufacture.

CYMA
navystar

The NAVYSTAR is, of course, also equipped with the famous CYMAFLEX shock-absorber. ONLY CYMA watches have the CYMAFLEX anti-shock device...and every CYMA has it!

2.5678 Cyma-Navystar, ultra-thin, watertight, antimagnetic, Cymaflex shock-absorber, stainless steel, De-luxe dial with raised faceted figures.
Gold 18 ct. £49/10/-
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Cyma Watch Co. S.A., La Chaux-de-Fonds, Switzerland, with factories at Tavannes and Le Locle and a world-wide sales and service organisation.

Worth Reporting

NEWCASTLE people have held a fund-raising concert for Marilyn Jones, winner of The Australian Women's Weekly's Grand Ballet Scholarship.

The scholarship entitles Marilyn to tuition at Sadler's Wells School of Ballet, £200 before she leaves Australia, and £300 when she arrives in England.

Marilyn was star performer at the concert. Wearing costumes made by her mother, she danced three solos, including "Sonata" and "The Little Heath Rose," with which she won the scholarship.

The organiser of the concert, Mrs. Walter Harvey, made an appeal from the stage for money to support Marilyn and her mother in England.

A touching response to the appeal came from a 14-year-old boy, who gave the entire contents of his pockets—2/3/-to the fund.

Marilyn's father has sold the family car to help support Marilyn while she is overseas.

"I'll be very lonely when Marilyn and her mother go to England," he said, "but I'm very proud of them both."

REPORTED in the social columns of a San Francisco newspaper: A tall, handsome man, immaculately dressed in white tie and tails, was seen at the San Francisco Opera House wearing shoes embroidered with his initials in white.

Secret code in your stockings

THOUGH it's many long years since we first started wearing stockings, we've just found out that each pair of stockings has a code knitted into it at toe and top.

Our informant, the manufacturer of those new str-e-t-c-h stockings, said that these marks (known as "Pecot") list the day of the year, the shift, the number of the machine, and the number of the operator who made the stockings.

Until now we've just looked at those bits of open weaving and never thought that they revealed so much.

The manufacturers of the str-e-t-c-h stockings say that the twist of the nylon is set in the stocking like a permanent wave—that provided you don't wear shoddy shoes or "suspenders like opened sardine tins" those nylons should be with you for a long time to come.



"Are you coming to supper or must I put in a pinch-eater?"

OUR Calorie Queen, who compiled last month's Slim Gourmet Calorie list, has answered many queries since it appeared. But the best of them arrived the other day. Pasted on a sheet of paper was a newspaper heading, "Good Prizes Awarded for Tasty Rooms," and underneath was the plaintive query, "How many calories in a Tasty Room?"

Sit down in front

WE were reminded of the crush at State Balls during last year's Royal Tour when we came across an entry buried away in a copy of the "London Gazette."

The entry, dated May 28, 1791, said:

"To prevent the inconveniences which have arisen from the space before Their Majesties, which is allotted for minuet dancing, being exceedingly crowded, it is requested that those ladies only who mean to dance will send for dancers' tickets and sit in these places as the seats have been found too few to accommodate the dancers. Such ladies as are desirable to dance minuets at the ball are requested to send their names and rank in writing to this office."

We found this notice at Sydney's Public Library after asking whether they had the "London Gazette" for 1791.

"We have the 'London Gazette' filed since 1790," an efficient librarian told us. We were so intrigued that we delved into the early volumes.

We found other entries not so fascinating.

One, on March 18, 1791, reads:

"The principal officers and commissioners of His Majesty's Navy do hereby give notice that on Wednesday, the 23rd Instant, they will be ready to receive proposals from Owners of such ships in the service of the East Indies Company as are not likely to be taken up for the two ensuing seasons or other Persons, for conveying Four Hundred Convicts to the settlement at N.S.W."

Itch from a disturbed flea

IT'S amazing the way art lovers enter into the spirit of exhibitions.

Among the viewers at the Contemporary Art Exhibition held in Sydney recently, we noticed one man undergoing a violent attack of itches.

He explained that he got scratchy after viewing an exhibit entitled "Movement of a Disturbed Flea."

The painting, by Stuart Gould, had a backdrop of blue and mauve "blotches," an inner glass surface painted with yellow lines, and an outer glass surface with red "blobs."

The gentleman's summation: The backdrop blotches represent bruises, yellow lines the path of the disturbed flea, and the gory red spots—bites!

Book News

By HELEN FRIZELL

"I CAN Jump Puddles," a new book by Australian writer Alan Marshall, could just as well be entitled "Crutches Are Nothing."

The book is a thoughtfully detailed recollection of boyhood in a country town. Only incidental is the fact that the author was crippled with polio when very young.

The youngster left his home to go for treatment in hospital. Before that, his mother had looked after him in the kitchen, where an engraving of galloping horses hung above the mantelpiece. They symbolised freedom for him. He writes, "Each morning I fled with them from jagged pain."

Back from hospital, much of the pain had gone. He was dependent on crutches and on his own determination.

He, of course, wanted to do what other boys did—to fight, swim, ride horses, and jump puddles. He wanted to see the country, too. It is his achievement that he has succeeded—and succeeded in writing about those efforts, too.

Published by F. W. Cheshire, Melbourne. (Our copy from the publishers.)

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUI

America's number one make-up NOW AT NEW LOWER PRICES

POND'S

Angel Face

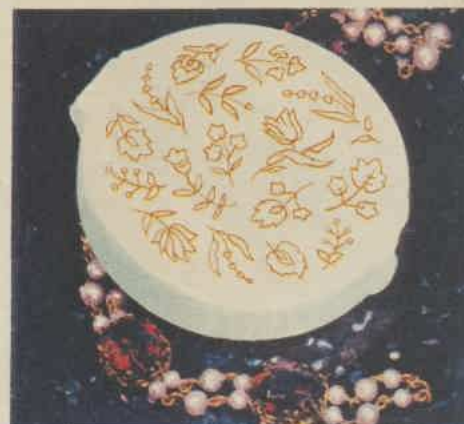
powder and foundation in-one

It has that special kind of flattery no other make-up has been able to copy! Angel Face by Pond's burst upon the American scene—and launched a new look in complexions! As impossible to imitate as a "Paris original"—Pond's Angel Face made all other make-ups old fashioned. Today — *more women in America use Angel Face than any other make-up!* And now—it's been possible to lower the price of Angel Face. So, today, *every* Australian girl can see why Angel Face is such an *incomparable* flatterer!

Not just "powder"
Not just "foundation"

But a totally new, heavenly "complexion"

Angel Face flatters every face it touches. Because it's a combination of the finest-milled powder and a foundation of Vaporized Beauty Oils! Young faces love its clear, natural glamour that clings! "Over 21" complexions adore its softer finish that *never dries-out your skin!* And you can smooth on this luscious complexion in just 5 seconds. Get your Angel Face by Pond's today . . . in a shade that's perfect for *your* complexion. Choice of 7 true-complexion shades ranging from soft, delicate tones to the new "Gypsy Angel", a flattering, deep natural tan.



The beautiful Mirror Case. An ivory-and-golden full-size hinged compact, designed to go beautifully with everything you wear—day or evening! With satiny puff, full view mirror, your choice of 7 lovely Angel Face skin tones. An outstanding "buy" at just 6/11.

you can try it
in this
glamorous
Mirror Case
only **6'11**



The "DRESSING TABLE" size
now only **5/6**



The blue-and-gold box with dainty puff in the attractive dressing table size. Like all Angel Face cases it comes with a choice of 7 skin-flattering shades.

And the charming Angel Face "Junior" Case—perfect to tuck in your pocket or purse.



only
4/11

NEW!

RICHARD HUDNUT announces improved, Lanolized

faster, easier-to-use

Home Perm . . .

**new Lanolized
wave lotion—
only 10 minutes
waving time . . .**

LOVELIER. MORE NATURAL-LOOKING CURLS

Richard Hudnut

LANOLIN-WAVE

*Far better
for your hair—
whatever its type!*

HOME PERMANENT

gives you the fastest, easiest, loveliest, longer-lasting,
most natural-looking wave you have ever had.

Fastest!

Richard Hudnut's new high-speed lanolin waving lotion "takes" in just 10 minutes, whatever kind of hair you have. No check curls, no guesswork.

Easiest!

Just three things to do. Wind, wave and neutralise. New revolutionary wave Vitalizer guarantees fastest neutralising ever in just one step. You dab it on your curls just once. No more tiresome repeated rinses.

Loveliest!

The lanolin in the new Richard Hudnut lanolized waving lotion protects your hair from damage . . . keeps it healthy! Your curls are soft and shiny and easy to manage.

Start using Richard Hudnut Lanolin Wave Home Permanent now for a lovelier, livelier wave that lasts and lasts . . . that looks more like naturally curly hair than you ever dreamed possible!



Choose the Richard Hudnut Home Perm made specially for your type of hair.

The Richard Hudnut Home Permanent comes in two types—proved, tested formulations specially developed to wave any and every type of hair:

FOR EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR
and for soft, natural curls in NORMAL HAIR

FOR HARD-TO-WAVE HAIR
and for tighter, firmer curls in NORMAL HAIR

For bleached, tinted, brightened, colour-rinsed or lightened hair use the "Easy-to-Wave Hair" kit.

ONLY 12'-. AT CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE,
for the longer-lasting Lanolized lively curls you can't tell from naturally wavy hair.



HERMAN WOUK, author of our brilliant new serial, "Marjorie Morningstar," with his wife, Sarah, and their sons, Nathaniel (left) and Joseph.

Author of our new serial knows girl's heart

Herman Wouk, author of the brilliant new novel "Marjorie Morningstar" which The Australian Women's Weekly will publish as a serial, beginning next week, says that during the two years he spent writing the book he had to "pretend to be a girl of 21."

THE author's pretence worked because the aspect of the novel that has most fascinated American readers is his intimate understanding of the problems and decisions of a pretty, young woman in love.

The book is a tremendous artistic and commercial success. Scarcely three weeks after its publication, "Marjorie Morningstar" was already at the top of the list—America's No. 1 best-seller.

It appears destined to become as big a world-wide hit as "The Caine Mutiny," the previous work from the skilful pen of Wouk (pronounced "Woke"). "The Caine Mutiny" sold more than 5,000,000 copies in Britain and America, plus editions in 17 foreign languages.

"Marjorie Morningstar's" auguries are as good. The publishers, Doubleday and Company, ran off 400,000 copies in the first month after publication and it was chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club (which has 500,000 members).

To the millions of fans who had expected the rugged, handsome Wouk to write another sea saga or a "man's book," "Marjorie Morningstar" came as a surprise.

The central figure is Marjorie Morgenstern, a pretty Jewish girl of Manhattan, who, at the age of 17, sets out to become an actress (she adopts the stage name of "Morningstar").

Mainly the story concerns her relations with Noel Airman, the brilliant, enigmatic rake with whom she falls in love.

Written in the tradition of the great novel, "Marjorie Morningstar" is peopled with odd and humorous characters, skilfully portrayed. It has universality: the locale could as well be Sydney or Stockholm and Marjorie could have

been a Catholic or Protestant. But the author knows New York and the Jewish people best. The action takes place principally in Manhattan and in an Adirondacks mountain resort named South Wind.

There is nothing revolutionary in the plot, but there is more in this tale than the bare telling. Masterful dialogue, revealing character portrayal, philosophy, humor, gripping stories-within-the-story—all these things make "Marjorie Morningstar" a brilliant novel.

Most uncanny is the author's insight into the female mind. To discover how he obtains this insight, The Australian Women's Weekly sent him a questionnaire. (Wouk, an ex-

I had asked him whether in the book he was advocating chastity before marriage, suggesting that real happiness for a woman was found in home and children, cheering for the middle class and blasting Bohemia.

But Wouk refused to be drawn into a "message." He said, "I do not think I advocated anything. I drew as truthful a picture as I could of a modern American girl in love. The reader must pass the moral judgment on her life."

Wouk's refusal to moralise reflects the caution of a person wedded to words and ideas, since early childhood.

Herman Wouk, like the heroine of his novel, was

From
ROBERT FELDMAN,
in New York

With the Wind," earned more than 1,000,000 dollars (£A447,287) for its author. In addition to the huge royalties from sales of the book, Wouk sold the film rights for a large sum. He also wrote a stage version in three weeks, "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial," which was a top Broadway hit for two years, although it was a failure in Sydney.

Wouk calls writing "the loneliest job in the world." When he is at work (he has taken about six months' holiday in the past six years) he reports to his "boss," an old-fashioned mahogany desk, six days a week.

During the two years he spent working on "Marjorie Morningstar" the desk was bare, except for a dictionary, a picture of his wife, Sarah, an old watch, a pad of yellow-lined paper, and a desk pen. Wouk wrote between 1000 and 1500 words a day in longhand.

Imagining himself to be a girl of 21 had its limitations, and the author called Sarah in frequently for expert advice. "She's an excellent critic," he said. "She was very useful and helpful with 'Marjorie Morningstar' because it's the story of a girl from within, and who am I to see into a girl's heart and mind?"

Critical reaction to "Marjorie Morningstar" in the U.S. has been overwhelmingly favorable. John Marquand, typical of many critics, found in it "a new depth and maturity which mark a forward step in the author's artistic career."

"Time" magazine approved the novel, found it "spears" a mutiny against the literary stereotypes of rebellion—against three decades of U.S. fiction dominated by sceptical criticism, sexual emancipation, social protest, and psycho-analytic sermonising. Yet Wouk is no tract-monger. He is first and last a topnotch storyteller.

Wouk is obviously a man who believes in the fundamental decency and has been extraordinarily successful in advancing them through his works of fiction.

Amazing insight into woman's emotions and loves surprises critics

ceptionally shy man who avoids newspapermen like the plague, refuses to be interviewed.)

The author, in a gracious reply, wrote this about his feminine insight:

"I've had this comment before, and on the whole it is the most pleasant compliment anyone can pay to me on the subject of 'Marjorie Morningstar.' For, technically speaking, the book is a difficult imaginative undertaking; it is written throughout from what I thought was the feminine viewpoint, since it is to all purposes an intimate biography.

"It was not easy for me to pretend to be a girl of 21 for the day's fiction task, week by week and month by month; and to be told that I succeeded is exceptionally satisfying."

born 40 years ago in The Bronx, that Babel-like borough of New York City, the son of Abraham Isaac and Esther Levine Wouk. Both parents came from Minsk, Russia.

His father typifies the American success story: from washing clothes in a basement he rose to become owner of one of New York's biggest laundries. Herman found his rather bookwormish boyhood in The Bronx "romantic." The Wouk home life was warm and rich with Jewish tradition.

Wouk is still a devoutly orthodox Jew, practising all the elaborate ritual and Bible study which used to keep the Jews in Europe busy most of the day. This is an anomaly in America for Jews of the second generation, let alone a worldly wise author.

"The Caine Mutiny," biggest U.S. seller since "Gone

Guard your
natural loveliness
all over with
Rexona Soap

Specially medicated
to help skin
blemishes disappear
... and now in
thrifty bath size

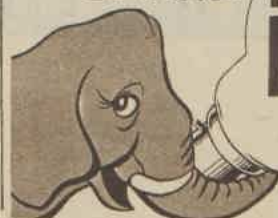
You can't forever hide skin blemishes with make-up. Clear them right out of your life by deep cleansing your skin with REXONA SOAP. Rexona gives your skin that fresh natural loveliness through the gentle corrective help of Cadyl, a special medication of five rare beauty oils exclusive to Rexona.



BUY THE
BIG BATH SIZE

Bath size—1/5 Regular size 1/1

Don't forget some
SPARE PHILIPS
lamps



ON YOUR
WEEK-END ORDER

COTTON PERMANENT PLEATS!

8672: Permanent pleats in Cotton! Yes, Kayser have this new exclusive STA-Put Cotton in a Hip Slip. No ironing is necessary — just launder as nylon and the pleats are permanent. Obtainable in printed or unprinted fabric ... from 52/6



NYLON DE LUXE

9635: This Nylon slip forms part of the beautiful Kayser Bouquet range and features bands of Nylon Tulle in delicate pastel tonings with each layer of a different shade. Colours: Blush, Blue, Jasmine ... 75/6



NYLON AND TERYLENE

9640: The new Nylon and Terylene bra-top slip, a true foundation for the longer look featuring slim fitting panels and bouffant stand-away skirt ... 97/6



SWISS COTTON

8700: This Kayser exclusive, fine Cotton Nightgown, features Regency Rose Print by Stoffel of Switzerland, with elasticised waist to ensure perfect fit. In Rose, Hyacinth, Turquoise, 87/6

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All KAYSER Lingerie is designed and fashioned on the latest American forms and available in *exact inch measurements* . . . ensuring that it is truly tailored with *you* in mind, whatever your size . . . Choose from luxurious imported no-iron cottons, Nylon de luxe, and KAYSER's own 'Supersilk' rayon. Insist on the name of world acclaim — KAYSER. And remember, all garments bearing the name KAYSER are **guaranteed**. Should there be any cause for dissatisfaction in the material or manufacture, KAYSER will replace the garment.



"Baby Talk" contest No. 1

What is baby saying? £100 a week to be won in our new easy-to-enter "Baby Talk" contest

The wide-eyed little girl in the picture above launches our contest "Baby Talk." All you have to do is write a caption for the baby photograph we'll publish in each issue. First prize of £50 will be awarded weekly for the best entry.

WEEKLY prizemoney is £100—£50 first prize, with three awards of £10 each, three of £5, and five of £1.

The bonneted baby above, staring provocatively into the camera, was photographed by Leo Aarons, of New York.

To give you the idea, here are some captions suggested by our staff reporters.

"I don't care what you say, my mind's made up."

"I know where I'm going, do you?"

"That's not funny."

"Overdressed? Me?"

"I don't believe a word of it. You're having me on."

The judges will award the £100 each week to the captions they consider the best and brightest.

You can send as many entries as you like. Each group of entries must carry the identification coupon at bottom left of this page.

This week's photograph will be followed by baby studies taken by Constance Bannister, also of New York.

Some years ago we ran a series entitled "Baby Banter" taken by Miss Bannister — a young woman whose photographs are as full of personality as herself.

Last Easter we printed two color pages of Leo Aarons' child studies under the heading "Easter Bonnet."

Readers found these irresistible. We imagine that you'll like our new weekly series, too, and probably start collecting the pictures.

Photographers will also be interested because of the technical skill involved in taking pictures of children.

Read the rules carefully and start writing your captions now.

It's easy, it's fun — you'll enjoy seeing what others write

in, and you'll certainly enjoy the prizemoney which will be yours if your caption has the fresh, gay quality we want for "Baby Talk."

How to Enter

1. Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture on this page. You may send as many entries as you like.
2. Each group of entries from the one competitor must be accompanied by the entry coupon at the foot of this page.
3. Write clearly, addressing entries to "Baby Talk," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.
4. Entries for "Baby Talk" Contest No. 1 close on **NOVEMBER 14**. Winners will be announced in our issue dated **NOVEMBER 30**.
5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned nor any correspondence entered into.
6. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

ENTRY COUPON

The Australian Women's
Weekly Baby Talk Contest

No. 1

November 9, 1955

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 9, 1955



BOYS' SHOES
...made well to fit well
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Paddle

F211
Cool, comfortable casual. In tan or black. Sizes 13-7½.

F207
For warm-weather wear. In tan. Sizes 11-7½.

F209
Sturdy summer smartness. In tan. Sizes 11-7½.

Here's first-rate Paddle workmanship — to wear well, look well and provide that essential foot-freedom that active boys need during hot weather.

SAY — "PADDLE FOR PREFERENCE"

THE GREATEST SHOE ON EARTH

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A SMART MODERN CLOCK TO TELL YOU IT'S

time to wake



JUNGHANS
FINALE
ALARM

An attractive streamlined alarm available in two colours—cream and light green. Luminous dial with modern raised gilt figures **56/6**

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Page 21

* A pearl glow finish
that gives your skin
a flawlessly
sheer look...

* A fragrance that
lingers on — subtly
alluring...

...that's Gemey's

* Double Enchantment

Silk-sifted for super-fineness. Gemey Face Powder's velvet-soft texture is light as air, yet gives even coverage and lasting finish without caking or streaking. Dry, rough patches freshen in a moment; lines, tiny blemishes smooth away. This is the perfect powder to keep your skin looking its youngest and freshest, fragrant with the subtle magic of Gemey Perfume — the loveliest of all. Be lovelier. Seven fashion-perfect shades. At all chemists and stores everywhere.

Gemey

silk sifted

FACE POWDER

by Richard Hudnut

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

A long-fitted torso dress with a full skirt is featured in every summer dress collection.

A TYPICAL design in this category is sketched at right in answer to a reader's query. Here is her letter and my reply.

"DO you think a frock with a long-torso body-line would be suitable for cotton printed with a very small pattern? If so, I would like a paper pattern for same in size 36in. bust."

Yes, I do. The latest summer collections confirm the popularity of the torso-dress with a fitted waist and full, from hip level, skirt. The dress I have chosen for you (right) is designed on these lines. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Lines in the caption give further details and how to order.

"I HAVE made myself a white cotton embroidered ballerina frock, and now it is finished it seems to need a bit of color. The frock has a full skirt, fitted bodice, and sweetheart neckline. Could you assist with this problem?"

A colored cummerbund, tucked and backed with dress canvas, would be an attractive and simple means of introducing a dash of color for an all-white dress. I suggest pastel blue or rose-pink for the cummerbund. If you prefer a darker color, olive-green would look very smart.

"AS I do not like wearing black in the summer, I wondered if you could suggest any colors that would take its place?"

Mink-brown, olive-green, steel-grey, dark navy, or a very dark blurry print are all tonings that could be worn instead of black.

"I RECENTLY bought a rather nice piece of printed silk in dark tonings, and now am at a loss for the style. I really want a design suitable for late afternoon and dinner, but as I have so few clothes it seems it should be more or less an all-purpose



D.S.169.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

dress. I suppose this is a difficult problem?"

Your problem is a very usual one, and there is no reason why an ensemble cannot play a dual role. You did not mention the amount of material you have bought, but my suggestion for a slim-

fitting sheath-dress with square décolleté top and full length jacket would not need any more material than a full skirted one-piece dress. The jacket will transform the sheath into a city suit; without the jacket the dress is suitable for late day.

"I HAVE been given a gold and-white sari with patterned edge and I would like to make it into a ballerina skirt. Would you help me with this problem? Also, I would like an idea for a formal top to wear with the skirt. I want the top glamorous."

Have the skirt completely lined with white taffeta and the border part of the sari (don't cut the design) used at the hemline. The skirt can then be made with all-round gathers or pressed pleats—which ever you prefer. I think a strappy halter camisole-top made in gold lame would be very glamorous.

"DO you think black lace with a scalloped edge would be suitable to make an overblouse to wear during pregnancy? I want the blouse to wear to an evening wedding. I already have a black taffeta skirt."

If the lace were made over taffeta (rose-pink), it would not only be suitable but very pretty. Have the design sleeveless and small, flat bows, made in taffeta, at the centre of a modified open neckline. Don't have the blouse too full, and use the scalloped edge of the lace for the hemline edge.

"WOULD you suggest some color that is fashionable and suitable for a summer party frock? I never wear floral. I would also like a suggestion for correct color for shoes."

The single, most popular choice is pink, a clear pastel tone or rose-pink. Pastel shoes to match the ensemble would be very pretty.

Beauty in
Brief:

BEST WAYS TO RELAX

By CAROLYN EARLE

In the United States there is a non-profit organisation known as the Relaxation Club of America. Here are some of the hints they pass along to women to build health and beauty.

- No matter what the rush, manage to lie down and rest for at least ten minutes daily before the family returns home.
- Do not bring up controversial subjects at the dinner table. Talk about pleasant subjects and solve problems at some other time.
- When shopping, stop before you get too tired.
- Don't get over-stimulated just before

retiring. If a game of cards proves too exciting, read something soothing for a half-hour before trying to sleep.

- Plan your day ahead and don't crowd it with too many things to do.
- Relax when and wherever you can. Even while waiting for a bus or a train you can relax if you make up your mind to do so.
- Get at least eight hours' sleep a night.



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Romance ends for Princess



Renunciation—

After weeks of inner conflict, and because of strong opposition from the Church, Princess Margaret has announced that she will not wed Group-Captain Peter Townsend. In her historic statement renouncing the handsome airman, the Princess said: "I have reached this decision entirely alone."



Margaret puts duty before Townsend

Prestige of Monarchy allows no compromise on 'hopeless love.'

For love of her family, Princess Margaret has decided not to marry Group-Captain Peter Townsend.

FREE since her 25th birthday to make her choice, the Princess has put her family's feelings and prestige before her own happiness.

Margaret's wedding to the divorced Peter Townsend would have been a tragedy to the Queen as Defender of the Faith and Head of the Church of England. It would also have been a blow to the universal popularity of the hard-working Royal Family.

The Princess, making her decision, has realised there was only one thing she could do—give up all hope of marrying the handsome equerry.

It was Margaret's decision—for as Townsend said in Brussels earlier, "The word cannot come from me."

Her decision was the greatest sacrifice she could make for her family, and for all the Royal House stands for in the hearts of the British people.

Margaret has beauty, position, and wealth. All that any man could offer her is love.

Peter Townsend, with his good looks, his deep religious feelings matching her own, and his dedication to all she holds dear—her family—could offer Margaret that love.

But in staying within the close Royal circle she has shut the door to Peter, who

By ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff

was well liked by them all. Indeed, he was almost a son to King George VI. The Queen, when Princess Elizabeth, unwittingly fostered the romance by always having Townsend, their favorite equerry, seated next to Margaret.

After the King's death, the Queen Mother leant on him more and more, and planned to take him as Comptroller of her household to Clarence House. Instead, when the news of the romance between him and Margaret became known, he was exiled to Brussels.

National crisis

ALMOST a national crisis followed, but the British people hoped time would be on the side of these two young people in love.

Few realised that no compromise could ever be reached, although Peter and Margaret hoped that somehow a way could be found.

When Townsend returned to London on leave from his post as Air Attache at the British Embassy in Brussels, the time arrived for Princess Margaret to make her final decision.

In making this decision, Margaret, who had spent all her life surrounded by her

loving family, devoted courtiers, and gay, congenial, young friends, was completely alone. She was at last reunited with Peter Townsend, but her problem made him seem more remote than before.

Her love of the Queen strengthened her desire to help and not embarrass her. In the long months of waiting until her 25th birthday freed her from the restrictions of the Royal Marriages Act she came to terms with herself and her religion.

She talked over her problems with the Archbishop of Canterbury and many others older and more experienced than herself. The Archbishop is close to the family not only in his official capacity but as a personal friend.

In the years of separation from Townsend, Margaret changed a good deal.

Her once flippant gaiety became touched with a new seriousness. She brought a sound realistic approach to her problems as she fought her case at family discussions.

The Duke of Edinburgh had her confidence right from the beginning of the love affair. It was then too light-hearted to draw his opposition, but once the attachment looked like lessening the majesty of the Throne, the Duke did his utmost to reason with his sister-in-law.

There was a time, just before she was sent off to the Caribbean in the hope that fun in the Calypso Isles would help her change her mind, that the Duke and the Princess were hardly on speaking terms.

Eyes for one

ON her return she went out as much as ever and stayed up just as late. She had the usual number of nice young men around her, but, in the words of Billy Wallace, "She has eyes only for one."

Princess Margaret in love radiated glamor and happiness like a reigning film star.

As her 25th birthday approached and she became free to marry without the Queen's consent provided she gave notice to the Privy Council, the world awaited a statement of her plans.

In giving notice of her intention to marry, the Princess would not have to mention Townsend and she would not have to embarrass the Queen by making any statement implying her Royal sister's approval.

She would have to renounce her rights as third in succes-



MARGARET . . . love for family and Church comes first.

sion to the Throne, since Peter Townsend is divorced, but as the succession is well secured it is unlikely this step greatly influenced her.

The whole tragedy of the romance was that, once married, Peter and Margaret would have had to make their lives outside the Royal Family circle.

Fond as the Queen is of Peter, she could never offer the hand of friendship once he was married to her sister.

One has only to watch the Royal Family together to realise how utterly impossible it would be for Princess Margaret to be virtually cut off from them. There isn't a family in the world as happy as the Commonwealth's first house.

No doubt because public duties keep them so tirelessly in the public eye they know complete ease and relaxation when together. And the darling of this happy and devoted family is Princess Margaret.

"The Queen can deny her nothing," said one lady-in-waiting, and it is true.

Had Princess Margaret decided to marry Peter Townsend the Queen would have accepted the decision even though it meant intensifying her loneliness as Queen.

Margaret, four years younger, has always supplied the feminine companionship Elizabeth needed. While

Margaret has had plenty of girl-friends, the Queen has had none who were really close.

Marriage would have removed Margaret from much of life at the Court of St. James.

She could never have walked again on the Queen's Lawn at Ascot, gone on Royal Tour as ambassador for her country, walked with her retinue at Royal garden parties, or represented the Queen on visits to foreign powers.

Even in a busy world where a Queen and a Princess are, to quote Margaret, "just working girls," there would never be enough leisure time for them to see each other away from Court.

Private meetings

THEY could holiday together or meet privately when official functions were over or dine en famille. But these are rare occasions.

It is unthinkable that Princess Margaret, "the flower of the family," would never again sit down to a Royal banquet, that when the Sovereign's list of precedent was published each year the name of the Queen's only sister should be at the very end, and her husband not on it at all.

Had Princess Margaret cared less about her family and her Church and an-

nounced her intention to marry Peter Townsend, such a marriage could not have worked out without much damage to the prestige of the Monarchy.

Religious herself, Margaret sensed the religious feeling of England, which runs deep but comes only rarely to the surface.

Margaret and Peter both realised that the Church to which they both belonged was so strong in its opposition to any marriage of divorced persons that their love was hopeless.

All through the gossip and speculation a small section was very vocal against the marriage.

The Queen's private secretary said to me, "The Monarchy could never afford another Windsor story."

The final factor, probably as important as any other in Margaret's final decision, is her appreciation of all her Royal position means.

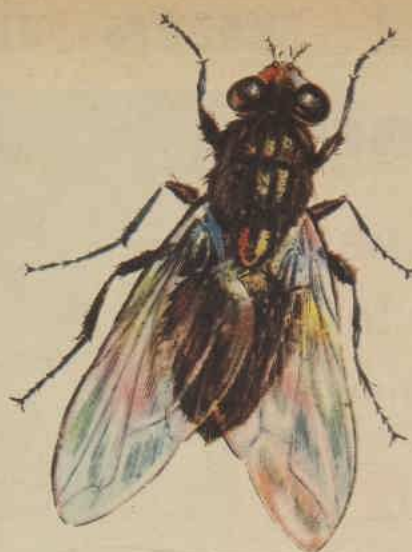
"I like being a Princess," she has said more than once.

And now that she has decided to remain one in spite of the personal sacrifice that decision involves, her wit and buoyancy are keeping her cheerful and smiling through sad and difficult days.



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PRINCESS MARGARET looks thoughtful as she drives with the Queen Mother to the banquet at Buckingham Palace in honor of the President of Portugal, General Lopes. This was before Margaret announced she would not marry Townsend.

Her sad heart hidden in busy public life



ABOVE: Princess Margaret smiles at the crowd as she leaves after opening the community centre of St. Nicholas and All Hallows Church in London. The Rev. W. Hodgson is at right.

LEFT: Margaret is greeted with a kiss from the Duchess of Kent as she arrives at Westminster Pier, London, where the Royal Family waited to welcome the President of Portugal.



ALWAYS GRACIOUS in performing her public duties, Princess Margaret talks with an aide-de-camp while the Queen Mother looks on as they await the arrival of the President of Portugal in London.



MEMORIES of her beloved father were revived for Margaret when she and the Queen Mother attended the unveiling of his statue by the Queen.

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Bow Bells to ring again



ST. MARY-LE-BOW, the most famous London parish church damaged in the war. Above, the Cordwainers' Guild holds a service in the blitzed shell. Left: As the interior will look when rebuilt.

London's blitzed churches are being restored

London's Bow Bells, silenced by the blitz, will ring out again over the city when the church of St. Mary-le-Bow is restored as part of the master plan for the rebuilding of London's churches.

ABOUT 90 per cent. of the 400 churches of all denominations damaged or destroyed in the Battle of Britain in 1940 are to be restored.

Some, like St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, will remain parish churches. Others whose parishioners have dwindled to a handful as London has spread will serve the millions of workers who crowd the city each day.

Medieval craft guilds are being restored in many occupations, and each guild will have a church dedicated to it.

Other churches will become headquarters for the various branches of the Church of England, and some lent as centres of worship for other denominations represented in postwar cosmopolitan London.

The early half-forgotten saints whom they commemorate, St. Benet, St. Botolph, St. Ethelburga, will preside over congregations like Tox H or the Orthodox Church of Yugoslavia in Exile, of which in their lifetime they hardly could have dreamed.

One is serving as the Congregational City Temple, itself being rebuilt.

The original Bow Bells were destroyed when the church was gutted in 1940. But some of the bell metal was salvaged and will be used when the new bells are cast.

St. Mary-le-Bow and the other Christopher Wren churches being rebuilt will be much closer to their designer's originals than the buildings destroyed. "Modernisations

and improvements," mainly of the Victorian age, are being dispensed with.

The magnificent 11th-century crypt on which Wren built when the old St. Mary's was destroyed in the Fire of London in 1666, is also to be restored after many centuries of disuse.

In an age when steel reinforcement

By PATRICIA ROLFE, of our London staff

was unknown Sir Christopher spoiled the beauty of the crypt by filling it with large piers to support his new church. These are now to be removed.

It was the beautiful arches of the old crypt which gave the church its name, St. Mary-le-Bow, to distinguish it from the nearly older church of St. Mary Aldermary.

The Church of St. Bride in Fleet Street, whose 221ft. high tower is the tallest in London, will be restored as the journalists' church and the chapel of the Guildhall school of music.

The shell of St. Bride's and the wedding-cake tower, which Wren originally designed for the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, are intact.

Before rebuilding began archaeologists dug 20 feet beneath the foundations, uncovering the history of London at every spadeful. They found fragments of Roman pavements, medieval burial-grounds, walled-up crypts filled with skulls of uncertain age, and traces of a Roman ditch 18 feet across and six or seven feet deep.

On these varied foundations Wren grafted his church, using every available piece of stone and rubble.

The Strand landmark, St. Clement Danes, will be restored within 18 months as the Royal Air Force church.

Only the floor, panelled with the squadron's unit badges, will be different from the original church as completed by Wren.

The rebuilding of the churches will be financed partly by public appeal and partly by grants from the War Damages Commission.

Total cost of the master plan is unknown. But the bill for St. Mary-le-Bow, which Wren rebuilt for £10,000 in 1666, will be at least £200,000 sterling.

ST. BRIDE'S, Fleet Street, which stands among war-damaged offices and shops. Tower and walls are intact.



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Kay Melaun says

Here's your answer

Those who wrote to Private M. T. Smith, who is serving in Korea with the First Royal Australian Regiment, can be sure that their letters were appreciated. If you don't happen to get a reply, don't be disappointed; he was deluged with mail.

PRIVATE SMITH'S mother has asked me to thank the correspondents for their letters.

"My son answered a lot and gave a lot of the letters to his friends over there to answer," she said. "The boys sincerely regret they may not be able to answer all of them." Here are two more people appealing for penfriends:

Marion Heard, aged 17, of 10 Stanley Avenue, Gorleston-on-Sea, Gt. Yarmouth, Norfolk, England. She is an art student, interested especially in music, "from Armstrong to Sibelius," and mostly anything else as well, including sport and reading.

An Australian air hostess on the Africa-London run requests a penfriend for a native engineer at Kano-Nigeria. His name and address: Felix C. Onwuekwe, 20 Aba Street, Kano-Nigeria, British West Africa.

Problem letters this week are:

"I'M in love with a very pretty girl I met at church functions, and she with me. As she is 16½ and I am just 17, our love cannot be taken perhaps as the real thing. Naturally I want to take her out, but her father's been sick, and she doesn't want to worry her parents. She isn't allowed to go out with me until she is 18. Her parents approve of me and have told me so, but that still doesn't change their opinions. I'm studying for my Leaving Certificate, and she also, but I still have met some girls I would very much like to take out. Having already waited 12 months (which seems 12 years), should I wait another 18 months or should I go out with other girls, as I am prone to do?" "Worried Youth," W.A.

Wait until your exam is over and then go out with other girls.

I think it's a wrong policy to wait around for someone to grow up.

In the meantime, if this girl passes her exam and leaves school, her parents may change their minds about her waiting until she is 18.



DEBBIE'S RECIPE

TARTLETS filled with delicious apple coconut are the choice this week of Debbie, our teenage chef.

Ingredients: Four oz. shortcrust or biscuit pastry, small quantity cooked apple pulp, ½ cup stale cake crumbs, 4 tablespoons coconut, 1 dessertspoon condensed milk, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 or 3 tablespoons syrup from cooked apples, whipped or mock cream, and nuts or cherries to decorate.

1. Roll pastry thinly, cut out with floured cutter.
2. Line small patty-tins; prick bases with fork.
3. Bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes.
4. When cold, place 1 teaspoon of apple pulp (well drained) in each tartlet.
5. Combine cake crumbs, coconut, condensed milk, grated lemon rind, and apple syrup.
6. Spoon over apple pulp.
7. Top each with swirl of cream or mock cream.
8. Decorate with chopped nuts or cherries before serving.

"I AM 16. My father has never allowed me to go out by myself or have boy-friends, but when I was at school I was attracted to a boy, and I explained to him why I couldn't go out with him. We kept to that for about ten months, but I realised it wasn't fair to him, so I told him I wouldn't see him any more. About a month after I started to go to work, this boy, who works at the railway station, spoke to me, so every morning we had a conversation. Later on we found we were in love with each other. He is only 17, but he said he'd wait. The other day he asked me to marry him, and I don't know what to do. I've told him we're too young, but he says that's the only way we'd be together. I don't know what to do." "Robo," Melbourne.

Don't say you don't know what to do. You know quite well you shouldn't see him.

About marriage. As you say, you're too young.

In order to marry now both you and the boy would need

the consent of your parents or guardians. I can't see your father giving this.

Again, if you married now you'd have no trousseau, a home, probably not even wedding dress. That's a pretty shabby way to start being Mrs. John Jones or Mrs. Tom Smith. I think you deserve better, don't you?

In not considering these things himself, your boy-friend is, at best, thoughtless, impractical, and childish; at worst he's selfish and mean.

Give him away. If he really cared for you he'd be trying to protect you, not harm you.

"COULD you tell me if it is a compliment or otherwise to be told you are the life of the party? Most of the parties I attend are friendly church gatherings." "Bunny," Victoria.

I think it is a compliment and a very big one. If anyone says it to you in such a way that you feel it's a sneer, you can guess that that person is envying your ability to mix and to enjoy yourself.

DISC DIGEST

ALMOST every week throughout November will see the release of recordings from "Kismet," the new musical play which opens in Melbourne very shortly. Musically, it is most unusual, since all the numbers are based on themes by the Russian composer Borodin (1834-1887). It was written by Wright and Forrest, the team of "Song of Norway."

THE top tune is "Stranger in Paradise," a direct lift from Borodin's opera, "Prince Igor." So far I've heard four versions: Crosby (D070266), Atwell (Y6746), Four Aces (D070257), and Mantovani (Y6747), and there are bound to be several others during the

month. The melody I like best in the show is "And This Is My Beloved," which comes from the slow movement of Borodin's string quartet (who said chamber music was as dry as dust?). You may also know it as "Nocturne for String Orchestra" (DX1618). Sammy Davis, Jun., draws this plum on D070263, and backs it with "Stand Up and Fight" from "Carmen Jones."

YOU'LL have to wait until early next month for "Melodies From Kismet," which comes on a 45 r.p.m. extended play. Norrie Paramor and His Orchestra have a real winner on this 7-inch disc, despite the fact that you'll soon notice that most of the

numbers bear a marked similarity to each other and their common source, the Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor."

Story of the legitimate "Kismet" follows that of the film with Ronald Colman and Marlene Dietrich of a few years back, and it is now being remade as a musical movie with Howard Keel, Ann Blyth, and Dolores Gray.

COMEDY numbers from the show are done well on D070267 by our volatile Danny Kaye, who bounces through "Night of My Night" and "Not Since Nineveh" with his typical verve.

—BERNARD FLETCHER

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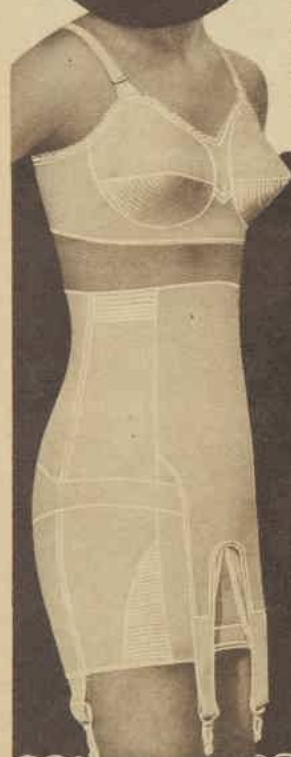
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PLACE OF PRAYER



REV. EDGAR ROLFE, young rector of St. Philip's, Delegate, stands in Delegate cemetery, two miles out of town at the stone which marks the first place of public worship in the Monaro. Photographs by staff photographer Ron Berg.

District drank tea with the Bishop after anniversary service

By BARBARA
RICHARDS
staff reporter

From clear, cold air and high green pastures and a little church painted lavender, staff photographer Ron Berg and I have come back to the smog, congestion, and hard pavements of the city of Sydney.

IT was a pleasant weekend we spent in the small township of Delegate, south of Cooma and only nine miles north of the Victorian border.

The story began when Rev. Edgar Rolfe, rector of the Church of St. Philip, invited The Australian Women's Weekly to attend the 75th anniversary celebrations of his church. Extensions, additions, and memorial windows were to be dedicated by the Assistant Bishop of Canberra and Goulburn, the Right Reverend

K. J. Clements. There was to be a ball, and we were to choose the belle. As well, Mr. Rolfe thought the district of Delegate had some interesting history.

So we left Sydney at 5.45 a.m., drove the 337 miles south, and had tea with the rector and his pretty blond wife (who had just put the 20-months-old blond twins to bed). Then we changed and took off for the ball.

It was a gay affair. Nearly 300 people were there, which caused one man to comment:

"They've really come in out of the hills for this."

Sure enough, they had driven their cars—mostly recent models—from remote holdings and hidden houses among the tall timber and the cleared hills. Some came 75 miles. Some, of course, had border-hopped.

Ron and I, not knowing belle from belle, made Joan Elliott, a girl from Bombala (22 miles north), our choice, with another Bombala girl, Alyson Bowtell, as "belle of the ballerinas." But we were not run out of town.

Next day, Saturday, in brilliant sunshine, we saw Delegate. It looked small. Seen from a nearby hill, you felt you could cup it in one hand and leave the fingers free.

There is one main street—paved—and half-a-dozen or so side streets. Lone Constable George Cook mentioned 448 people, in 112 dwellings and 1028 people in the district. Most of these are farmers—cattle, sheep, and wheat.

Settlement began back in the 1830's when Robert Merchant Campbell, who already had 5000 lush green acres in the Canberra district, heard from the aborigines of good pastures to the south. "Delegate," they said, referring to the one big hill of the district. So Campbell annexed some thousands of acres and established the station.



"THE OLD BOSS," Mr. Arthur Jeffreys, 83, of Delegate, speaks to the Assistant Bishop of Canberra and Goulburn, Rt. Rev. K. J. Clements. Behind Mr. Jeffreys is Mr. Ralph Liddle, a pioneer, Rev. Edgar Rolfe, extreme right.

A descendant, Sarah Campbell, married a Lieutenant Jeffreys, R.N., and to this day the property has remained largely in the hands of the Jeffreys family. Cut down size by soldier settlement after two world wars, Delegate Station is now only 11,000 acres, but, due to pasture improvement, carries over 200 sheep and 1000 head of Aberdeen Angus cattle, and has produced 45 bushels of wheat to the acre.

We met the 83-year-old managing director, Arthur Jeffreys. "The Old Boss," the townsfolk affectionately call him, is blind. But he still keeps good tag of what goes on, although his wife "Bill" Jeffreys, is the manager and John Jennings the secretary.

First Chapel

OUR next step was two miles out of town. "Look under your feet," said the rector. And there, among the grass in the cemetery that spans 10 years, was a flat, impressive area about 15 by 20 feet.

"That was 'Delegate Chapel,'" he said, "the first place of public worship in the Monaro. Records show it was built as long ago as 1830. The walls were rough wood slabs and the roof was thatched with grass. We've erected a commemorative stone."

The present Church of England, situated right in town, was built in 1880. It was not until 1920 that the parish of Delegate, covering

Dedication at an historic church



CEREMONIAL PROCESSION into St. Philip's. Behind Bishop Clements is Rev. C. Ashley Wilson, first rector of the parish of Delegate.

about 2420 square miles in two States, was formed.

When Rev. Rolfe came to Delegate from Canberra 15 months ago, the church was in a bad state of repair. "So," said the alert, businesslike rector, "I put it to the people. I gave them the facts and left them to assess the case for themselves. It worked. Many have instructed their banks to make regular contributions. We have a building trust fund, the interest from which will pay for repairs."

"And we have a solid church, newly painted, with a new war memorial west end and a complete set of lovely stained-glass windows."

The pioneers

CONGREGATION member Bombala-born Robert F. Ingram, known as "R.F.," built his home at Tombong and carried his little Victorian bride over its doorstep 50 years ago. Father of seven and grandfather of 16, he is sorry he can no longer ride the boundaries.

But he has a new workshop and is proud of his collection

of aboriginal stone implements.

"The boys and I picked them up all over the place," he said. "The blacks had a kind of factory about six miles from here, near the Snowy."

From the Ingrams' we did a little border-hopping to see a bewhiskered old grazier-cum-goldminer-cum-ex-border-hopper.

James Jamieson, who lives with his wife near Lower Bendoc, and has fathered 10 children—five boys and a girl still living—is proud of the 10 or 12 years he spent outwitting the troopers, before Federation.

"Had to get supplies in Delegate," he said. "But the blighters put a duty on everything we took over the border. Sixpence for a box of matches even. Three troopers used to patrol the border."

"I had a horse—best horse in the country, who could jump any fence. Used to ride straight across the fields and through the timber, with the trooper after me. 'Look out, young fellow,' he'd shout, 'you'll kill yourself.' But I'd be over the border fence and off while he was still knocking off the top rail."

Egg a day

IF the Jamiesons did well with 10 children, old Mrs. Louisa Manning, now almost 90, went one better and had eleven. Hers are all alive, two of them living in Delegate.

"Got 32 grandchildren and 16 great-grandchildren that I know of," she said from her chair in the lounge of her little wooden house. Then, just as she got up to show us her box of pot holders and embroidery, a white Leghorn hen appeared.

"Go on out, you old thing," she cried, and the hen went off reluctantly. "Don't know who owns her," she said. "Just turned up here one day and won't leave. Gives me an egg a day, and camps in one of the trees in the yard there."

Mrs. Manning was one of nearly 200 people who overflowed the little church that special Sunday. Men stood in groups outside the door, so that when Neil, one of the Ingram boys, appeared with the offertory plate and said, "Come on, you blokes," the response was generous.

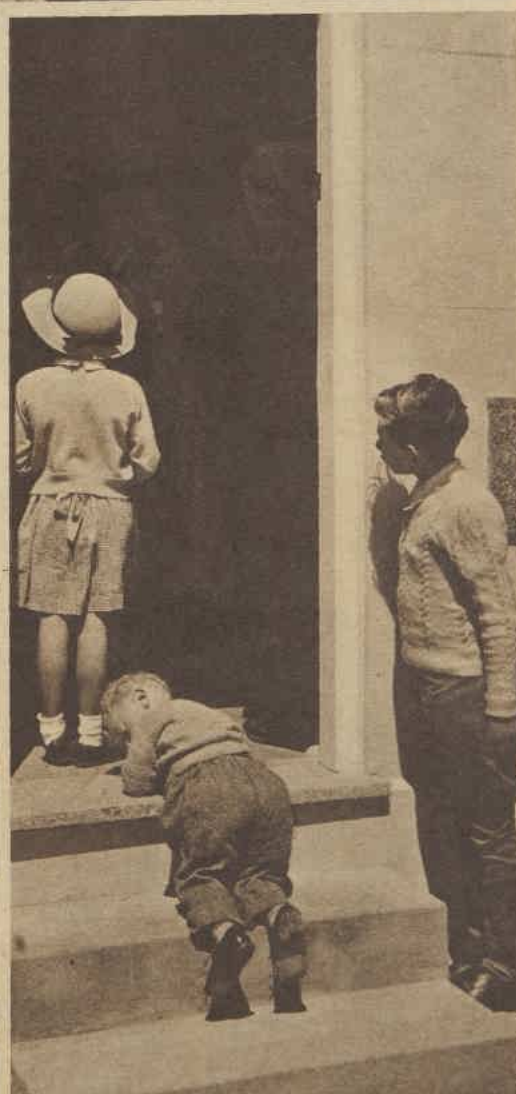
From the dedication service, everyone went to a buffet luncheon in the School of Arts. Presided over by Bishop Clements and Rev. Rolfe, it was a convivial meeting. We went for a while, then reluctantly set off for home.



HAPPY FAMILY. Left to right: Mr. R. F. Ingram, who is almost 75, his wife, their daughter, Mrs. Marie Oliver, their son, Neil, and their grandson, Philip Ingram, 6. The Ingrams' children have paid their parents an unusual and graceful compliment by installing during their life a beautiful glass window in St. Philip's as a tribute of their affection.



MR. AND MRS. J. JAMIESON, of Lower Bendoc, Victoria, hopped the border for the 75th Anniversary Service. Mr. Jamieson has a mixed farm.



OVERFLOW CONGREGATION from the dedication service included 21-months-old Lyons Walcott, who knelt on the church step, and Norman Eppelstun, 11, of Brown's Camp.

DINNER-DANCE ON DERBY EVE

Copies of famous portraits, with racehorses' heads replacing the original faces, were on show at the Derby Eve dinner-dance held at Earl's Court, Melbourne, as a brilliant opening to Cup Week. They were painted by Phyl Waterhouse and Charles Bush. Other decorations gave the atmosphere of the first Derby in England in 1780.

Flemington color pictures on pages 36 and 37.



FOUR GUESTS at the Derby Eve dinner-dance at Earl's Court, Melbourne, from left, Jann Norman, Andre Becher, Nola Kinmonth, of Winchelsea, Western District, Victoria, and English visitor Edmund Vestey, stand beside the gipsy caravan that was part of the decoration scheme.



CHINESE COAT more than sixty years old, covered with beautiful hand embroideries, was worn by Mrs. William Lockington, of East Hawthorn, Vic., with a pink gown.



ABOVE: Three guests from N.S.W. were Alex Macleod (left), of "Llangollen," Cassilis, Mrs. John Thompson, of Cassilis, whose husband owns the racehorse Gay Ranick, and Henry White, of Coolah.

LEFT: President of ball committee, Mrs. Ian Miller (right), with her husband and Mrs. John Forster. Mrs. Miller wore a lame gown and Dior jewellery.



ABOVE: Mrs. Franc Falkner, of "Mount Falcon," Upper Murray, attended the dance with her husband (right) and Mr. and Mrs. Max Houston (centre), of "Burrowys," Victoria.

BELOW: Contrasting skirt lengths are shown in this pretty group on the staircase. Mrs. W. G. Shmit wears a ground-length gown of white, Margaret Smith is in a short frock of green accordion-pleated chiffon, Mrs. Hedley Ladd, in a tulle ballerina.





STATE OPPOSITION LEADER Mr. P. H. Morton and Mrs. Morton with Mr. Hameed Nizami, one of the delegates who came from Pakistan for the Eighth Commonwealth Press Conference, which begins on November 7 in Canberra. Mrs. Morton chose a short dress of forest-green velvet.



AT COCKTAIL PARTY. Founder of the Commonwealth Press Union, Sir Harry Brittain, talks with Mrs. W. J. Smith. Immediately after the cocktail-party in the Starlight Room, Australia Hotel, guests went on to the dinner, which was held in the Rainbow Room.

PRESS UNION PARTY



GENERAL SECRETARY of the Commonwealth Press Union, Sir Henry Turner, and the Marchioness of Huntly (centre), who are both delegates from the United Kingdom to the Eighth Commonwealth Press Conference, with Lady Lloyd Jones at a cocktail-party which preceded the dinner given by the chairman and members of the Commonwealth Press Union (Australian Section) at the Australia Hotel. Lady Huntly is one of two women delegates at the conference.



CANADIAN DELEGATE Mr. Floyd S. Chalmers (right) and Mrs. Chalmers with Mr. Roy H. Thomson, one of the nineteen United Kingdom delegates. More than 150 guests attended the dinner-party held at the Australia Hotel.



DELEGATES FROM SOUTH AFRICA, Mr. Victor Norton (left) and Mr. Ernest B. Dawson, at the party with Lady Harrison, wife of the Vice-President of the Executive Council, and Minister for Defence Production Sir Eric Harrison.

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Perfumed Talc, superfine, fragrant, in Goya's lovely pastel blue tin, 4/11.



Perfume Bubble, a gay gift with two Goya phials, in red, blue or green, 9/10.



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CUP CARNIVAL... fashions at



RACEGOERS AT FLEMINGTON were Mr. and Mrs. Leo Guest, of Toorak, Melbourne, who were among Cup Week hosts. They arranged a party for Cup Eve. Pictures on these pages and page 34 by staff photographer Robert Cleland.



PANORAMIC PICTURE of the crowds at Flemington.



SAILOR COLLAR set off Jill Chapman's white suit. She was one of smartest Sydney racegoers during Cup Week.



GREETING the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks is Sir Chester Manifold, V.R.C. Chairman.



SYDNEY VISITORS Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere with Mrs. John Grimwade (centre), their Melbourne hostess.



RECENTLY RETURNED from abroad, Mrs. Clive Carey of Foucluse, N.S.W., wore a mink stole over a printed dress.

Flemington



Watching the horses line up for the start of the Derby.



JOCKEY'S WIFE Mrs. Arthur Ward wore a charming flower hat with her spun-sugar pink coat over a floral frock.



CERISE HAT added splash of color to white frock chosen by Mrs. R. E. Harris, of "Narawerrut," Cobden, Vic.



ATTRACTIVE SISTERS, both in flower-printed frocks and wide-brimmed hats, were Joan Bond (left) and Mrs. E. Burgess. Joan's pure silk frock was peacock-green and Mrs. Burgess' grey dress featured a graceful, billowing skirt.



BETWEEN RACES, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Carlyon (at left), of Melbourne, talked with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parsons, jun., of Mosman, N.S.W. Mr. and Mrs. Carlyon are entertaining Cup visitors at a cocktail party after the races on Oaks Day.

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p>ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days are November 9 and 11. White, close to the face, such as a white hat, or white collar, give confidence when you need it most.</p>	<p>★ Should you be given an unwelcome task, or an object which you hold in small esteem, let fear to offend the one who is handing it out, look on it as a challenge.</p>	<p>★ Home duties may fence you in, yet they bring a certain reward. The appreciation of the family is necessary to your morale and, this week, you will earn it.</p>	<p>★ Are you dreaming of bestowing a wonderful present on your best beloved? Find out what would be most acceptable, and give yourself time to shop for it, or make it.</p>	<p>★ Don't wait to be asked; if you see a job that needs doing, whether for a friend or the community, barge in and offer your services. Others will appreciate it.</p>
<p>TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days are November 11 and 12. Ice-blue, forget-me-not, or any pale delicate blue will make every occasion romantic and glamorous.</p>	<p>★ You know the answers, but there are times when it is a better policy to let the boss tell you what is required, or to call on your fellow workers for advice.</p>	<p>★ Your sign always sets a good table; if you have visitors you may overwhelm them with your skill in cookery. Try to keep your hospitality rather simple.</p>	<p>★ Put yourself in the place of the one you love and you will gain his, or her, point of view in regard to almost any matter. If wishes clash, discover a middle ground.</p>	<p>★ Of course you want to have fun, if you're six or sixty, and this week you will have more than your share of good times. Don't forget to thank hosts.</p>
<p>GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Best days are November 9 and 14. Combine any green with black, and you win. If you're hunting a job or taking on a new enterprise.</p>	<p>★ A business secret may be confided to you. Guard your tongue lest you drop a hint in the wrong quarter. There may be influences seeking to undermine you.</p>	<p>★ Are you planning an annexe, or additional amenities, or minor changes to your place of residence? You'll get a thrill out of making up and unmaking your mind.</p>	<p>★ With you, to think is to act. You work on your intuition and you may come nearer the mark than if you figured it all out logically. Love is rarely logical.</p>	<p>★ Social affairs may be mixed up with your employment, or your associates may engage on a joint task, perhaps for the acquisition of an amenity or for charity.</p>
<p>CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are November 10 and 11. From primrose to tangerine, the yellows are yours. Wear them for good times, happiness, and popularity.</p>	<p>★ Would you like a change to another department which would yield wider experience, but about the same money? That choice could present itself before long.</p>	<p>★ A rather reckless investment, about which second thoughts make you panic, could turn out a tremendous success and more than justify the expenditure involved.</p>	<p>★ So you would like to "mother" your loved one, that's fine if you do not overdo it. Don't try to boss him, particularly in matters which do not concern you.</p>	<p>★ Whatever your age, you'll feel young and energetic, with popularity quite more than satisfactory. If you have any special accomplishments, trot them out.</p>
<p>LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days are November 10 and 13. You can wear almost any color, although tan accessories will increase favorable influences.</p>	<p>★ Additional income might be in danger of being swallowed up by expenditure, possibly on behalf of someone you love. Keep your financial feet on the ground.</p>	<p>★ By moving far away from old friends, you may find yourself isolated, but with good will and energy you can contact new neighbors and try out new ideas.</p>	<p>★ Has love settled down to a steady trot with few exciting moments? Should your heart's desire become less than glamorous, infuse a bit of romance into the situation.</p>	<p>★ Novel ideas in entertaining may be old ones revived or given a new twist. They need not be expensive to succeed. Think up something your crowd has not done before.</p>
<p>VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Best days are November 11 and 14. Any combination of silver-grey and mint-green, in patterned fabrics, ornaments, or accessories, is tops.</p>	<p>★ If what you want does not come to hand readily, compromise and have a shot at a new game. You may grow to like it and wish to continue in that direction.</p>	<p>★ You may be home very little and consider that domestic matters can be held over until you have more time. Meals may be rushed, tasks neglected, but you'll be happy.</p>	<p>★ Suggest stepping out together. If one member of the partnership is a gadabout and the other a homebody, don't feel hurt if the proposition takes some time.</p>	<p>★ Several appointments on one day can be stimulating, especially as the occasions are likely to be varied. Dress down, rather than up, so you can fit in anywhere.</p>
<p>LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are November 8 and 10. All the wood-browns will help you to show a profit in any business transaction. Brighten with a gold accent.</p>	<p>★ If concerned with the feminine public, you should prosper as a teacher or demonstrator, as a beauty specialist or dietitian, or if selling goods to women and girls.</p>	<p>★ Is there a member of the household who is thoughtless and selfish, causing extra work, or disturbing the rest of the family? A quiet talk might make a vast difference.</p>	<p>★ If about to become engaged, there's a ring in the picture, and choosing it will be one of your happiest memories. If older, go on a joint shopping expedition.</p>	<p>★ Feeling town and shopping conscious? Even if it's merely window shopping you can learn new tricks with old trimmings, or copy a good idea by adapting it.</p>
<p>SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Best days are November 12 and 13. Royal-blue, navy-blue, but especially hydrangea-blue, will attract the attention of Dame Fortune.</p>	<p>★ Are you taking life so seriously you're getting precious little fun out of it? This week you change your attitude, start something new, and get real amusement out of it.</p>	<p>★ You will not take kindly to playing second fiddle in your own home, and, if you have come to a decision in a certain matter, you are certain to get your own way.</p>	<p>★ Of course you are wrapped up in your loved one, but do steer clear of jealousy if he is unable to spend as much time with you as could be wished.</p>	<p>★ High-powered social life may culminate in a wedding, with you as a bridesmaid or guest, or you may be called upon to receive the guests at some club function.</p>
<p>SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days are November 12 and 13. Royal-blue, navy-blue, but especially hydrangea-blue, will attract the attention of Dame Fortune.</p>	<p>★ Although your job is an uphill climb, it can, with patience, take you to modest success. There are no short-cuts at present. Do not attempt to get there in a hurry.</p>	<p>★ If you've been away, you may return home to a royal welcome. If you've been below par, better health will encourage you to take greater interest in surroundings.</p>	<p>★ If quite young, make sure the girl is home at a reasonable hour, or you will find yourself unpopular with her folks. If older, remember an intense courtship can fade out.</p>	<p>★ If you spend your leisure in helping the less fortunate, this week will hand you extra reward for your efforts without other people being aware of it.</p>
<p>CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are November 8 and 11. Mauve and black-and-white in floral or conventional design, or in any combination bring affection.</p>	<p>★ Be cautious in entering upon any contract. Read the fine print in any agreement, and make sure you really understand the conditions attached to it.</p>	<p>★ Be quick to return hospitality if you for soon you will be occupied with other interests. Perk up your home so that it looks its best, then anticipate outside activities.</p>	<p>★ Being good pals is essential. Do you enjoy the same amusements and spare-time activities, also the same type of friends? Does the one you love fit your crowd?</p>	<p>★ Out-of-doors interests are in the boom. Few of you will fail to enjoy many hours in the open air, returning tired but happy. If possible, escape from the daily grind.</p>
<p>AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days are November 10 and 14. Cream, parchment, straw, shades, also glittering fabrics, polished surfaces, are lucky.</p>	<p>★ You may look upon your job as a means to an end, and take little real interest in it. That is a pity, for you are missing some of the wider horizons.</p>	<p>★ If you're commencing a home project, you may be swamped with advice by well-meaning people who know little about your resources. Stick to your judgment.</p>	<p>★ Teenagers may be admiring someone from a distance, but closer acquaintance could dull the glow. Older subjects may cultivate a romance for social factors.</p>	<p>★ Watch for suitable opportunities to cultivate new friends. Should they introduce you to new hobbies, or sports, you will add a wider outlook and improve your skill.</p>
<p>PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days are November 11 and 13. You can wear all pastel colors, singly or together. If there is a touch of violet in your costume.</p>	<p>★ There's an appeal in what is new, but avoid dropping the practice of skills, which have been only partly acquired. You may need them in a hurry.</p>	<p>★ You can accomplish more than you suppose without getting into a wild rush. A steady pace is best. Plan your important work when you can be free from interruption.</p>	<p>★ Inarticulate because too emotionally involved to talk about it? If the best beloved seems cold and distant, it may be because you yourself have been too shy.</p>	<p>★ Quietly occupied with plans for the summer, looking forward contentedly to realizing hopes and wishes, you may prefer your own company to being with a group.</p>

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If you've always hung your draw curtains with rings on dowel or conduit you don't know what a really good draw curtain is.

Those even-folding curtains whose looks you admire in the American magazines, those curtains that glide open or close smoothly — those curtains you wish you owned, are made to work that way, when hung from a Kirsch rod. For forty years Kirsch in America have been developing and perfecting their curtain rods, keeping abreast of the latest developments. Identical Kirsch rods are available in Australia. Here are some of the advantages over other curtain fittings.

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Kirsch is the only flat oval rod, which makes it light, but immensely strong. That is why curtains on Kirsch rods do not sag in the middle. With the addition of invisibly joined sections of rod and supporting brackets, Kirsch rod can cover windows of any width at all.

With, or without drawcords

Do you like to draw your curtains with just the pull of a cord, or do you prefer

to draw them by hand? With Kirsch you can have it either way. No matter what type of curtain treatment you want, hang your curtains on Kirsch.

The only rod with slides



The slides on which the curtains glide fit inside the rod. That's why, even though you draw your curtains daily you never scratch the perfect ivory finish of the rod. The slides do not stick or jam — curtains glide smoothly and freely.

No pelmets needed

Modern curtains for the most part dispense with the bulky, expensive pelmets needed to hide the workings of other curtain rods. Specially designed Kirsch



hooks hold the curtain headings upright to cover the rod when curtains are closed. When open all you see is the neat Kirsch rod. Because...

All working parts hidden

Cords and slides are hidden, brackets are

concealed. The ivory colour makes the narrow rod itself inconspicuous against any background. Provision is made for carrying the end of the curtain around the end of the rod. When curtains close they glide surely into place at the centre, overlapping to ensure privacy.

**Curtains are easy
to take down**



To remove curtains for cleaning, simply unhook them from the slides — no need to remove the rod — it stays in position from the day it is put up. No other curtain rod or makeshift can give you all this. Ask for Kirsch and make sure you get it.

Make your curtains Kirsch style



The secret of evenly draped curtains is the pleated heading at the top of the curtain. Curtains with this Kirsch-style heading drape evenly both when open and closed. Kirsch make a special heading hook for this type of pleat. It is made to fit the rod and hold headings erect so that curtains cannot sag over at the tops. Only Kirsch hooks will fit Kirsch rods.

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The Accountant

from page 3

joy, were the breath of her happiness. So Elizabeth suffered the rose to be pinned to her dress and rubbed away the water without a word.

But afterwards she hesitated, kissed her mother's soft pink cheek and said: "Mother, you will write a different letter, won't you? After all, this Mr. Bluett is trying to help you, isn't he?"

"I know, I know," cried Mrs. Mallender, promising nothing, blowing kisses as though trying to blow her daughter out of the room, and so, in the end, Elizabeth departed upon her own affairs.

But she was haunted by the old depression — her mother's inability to do the right thing in the right way, like anybody else. That evening she called on her uncle, in order to comfort herself with one of their not infrequent little talks. Hubert Mallender was extremely fond of his niece. He approved of and admired her. She was not only very pretty, but she had her head screwed on the right way.

She was a serious girl. In fact, she took thoroughly after their side of the family, and since the death of his brother some six years before he was inclining more and more to think of her as a sort of daughter. They understood each other perfectly.

Elizabeth told him about the letter she had caught her mother in the act of writing to Mr. Bluett, into whose hands her uncle had recently directed his sister-in-law's confused financial affairs.

"No one's going to stand for it, Uncle Hubert," she said in her usual gentle voice of complaint. "This Bluett man will just simply give her up, and really I wouldn't blame him. Only then she'll be back in her old muddle, over-spending — she doesn't seem to understand the cost of things; and doing such silly things with her money, like buying shares in that mine that didn't even exist, just because she thought it was so exciting to dig for silver — I ask you!"

"And as for charities — she must be known all over England. I've told her again and again it's absurd giving away little bits and pieces of money, here, there, and everywhere. It doesn't do any good and it's so pointless, so unmethodical." Her voice trailed off. Wasteful and sad she felt her mother's life to be, and what could they do, they who tried so hard to look after her?

"Louise," said Mr. Mallender, taking a turn about the room, "your mother, that's to say — sees things in a light of her own. We cannot try to change her..." His brother, he knew, had tried for twenty years with no success. "We can only try to control her."

"But that's just what's so difficult, Uncle Hubert." And for a few moments, in the silence, they both of them saw and contemplated in their mind's eye their uncontrollable relation, that large, plump, energetic Edwardian figure, with her hair piled unfashionably, and not very securely, on top of her head, and her bright blue eyes sparkling out over the falls of silk.

She was too big — that was the trouble — too big in person and gesture, enthusiasm and love, to be caught and tethered. She was like a jolly elephant on the loose, and all her life a spree.

"Let me see," said Mr. Mallender at last, "how old is Louise — your mother — now? Fifty-four?" Elizabeth nodded. Too old, they both thought silently, too old to be taught new tricks. "Oh, well, my dear, all I can say is, don't worry. This Bluett is a very able man; he knows what he's about. And

I — well, I warned him what to expect. He knows that what's needed is a firm hand. I think you'll find he'll do very well."

It was not after all such a comforting talk, but Elizabeth kissed her uncle gratefully. "She's such a dear, really," she said, for on the verge of departure the little anxiety seized her, as it often did, of having been disloyal.

"Oh, good heavens, yes!" cried her uncle, blustering, at once infected by the same unreasonableness. "I'm devoted to your mother — you know I am — absolutely devoted. It's just that she doesn't always know what's best for herself." And so they parted.

Elizabeth, when she got home, found her mother on the point of saying goodbye to a strange little man with a face like a monkey and sharp, black, monkey-like eyes. The thought came to her that her mother had wished him to be gone before she arrived, that she was flustered by their meeting.

"My darling child," said Mrs. Mallender immediately, "I'm so glad you're here — this is Mr. Bluett. I asked him to come round because of course, you were quite right — that letter wasn't a good one, I'm so stupid at saying things on paper. It's much better to have a little talk. Now we've got everything quite straight."

Elizabeth, shaking his hand, looked at him closely but was nonplussed. It was not a face she understood. On the other hand it gave her the disagreeable feeling of understanding her. The atavistic wisdom that lay behind those eyes was disconcerting.

"Well, what's he like, Mother?" she said presently, after Mr. Bluett had left.

"Oh, so kind," said her mother vaguely. "I had no idea an accountant could be so kind. He explained so many things to me," she added. This was not true. He had explained nothing. He had simply sat there, listening attentively, and an attentive listener was a luxury she should not, perhaps, have permitted herself. It seemed to her suddenly, and the discovery was troubling, that she had been for a long time lonely. But was this possible? She avoided her daughter's eye.

"He is just my accountant," she said to herself, quickly arranging her frills in the glass, avoiding her own eyes as well. For she was aware that she had talked to him, not as an accountant but as a friend and, more than that, as an old friend — that was how he had seemed to her at once: an old friend.

She had spoken to him of Elizabeth, and remembering this she arranged her frills again more anxiously, for this was wrong; Elizabeth would have been angry to know it. She had spoken of her husband and Hubert and her girlhood and her garden. She had spoken altogether too much and was now vexed with herself, yet happy. Neither of them had said a word about money.

"He's very ugly," said Elizabeth crossly.

"Oh, darling, not very," cried her mother, who had not thought him ugly at all. Elizabeth shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, well, not that it matters, as long as he knows his job, and Uncle Hubert says he's clever. He can't be as idiotic as that last man you had, anyway. He was afraid of you."

"Do you know, I think he was," said Mrs. Mallender, turning on her daughter in delighted amazement. "I can't

To page 43



"The cost of living is high, but with Eileen working, too, we manage very nicely."



"Why haven't you kept up with your music and your art, and what about the novel you were going to write?"

It seems to me

FOR many a long year some women have held the view that more women in Parliament would have a beneficial effect on the conduct of politics and the affairs of nations.

I have never felt very strongly about this myself. There are very few women cut out for political life, and even those few always have an uphill struggle to get the votes of their sisters.

Men, however, often give lip service to the need for women in politics, and I have been interested to read the uncompromising opinion of Duff Cooper in his autobiography, "Old Men Forget."

It probably annoyed the ladies of the British House of Commons intensely.

He writes:—

"I have always had great respect for the political judgment of women, though I have never thought that the House of Commons was the right arena in which they should display it. That House was fashioned by men in the course of 700 years, and men of all parties and all classes adapt themselves to its usages with astonishing rapidity.

"But there is no place in it for women, and women cannot excel there any more than they can on the football field."

★ ★ ★

ONE thing is certain, if women were in the majority in the Australian Federal Parliament you wouldn't get December cluttered up with an election.

December is always a high-pressure month, what with shopping, cooking, and the carols tinkling incongruously above the clamor of the shops. Loud-speakers will be a last straw.

Fortunately the New South Wales Premier, Mr. Cahill, has now abandoned his intention of having a State election the same month. Otherwise the spectre of voting would have hung over two Saturdays.

In all honesty, voting takes only a brief time, but for some reason it seems to disorganise a whole day.

Men have another view. "Imagine," said one citizen with a shudder, "what it would have been like! Two Saturdays without beer!"

★ ★ ★

JAM manufacturers, according to an article published last week, want people to get used to calling a tin of jam a can of jam.

They are also, so the article stated, worried about the decline in the consumption of jam.

If that's so, then they ought not to try to tamper with the language at the same time.

Some American words and expressions are attractive and apt, but there are a lot of us who simply can't suddenly bring ourselves to start talking about jam-cans and kerosene-cans.

In English and Australian usage (and the Oxford Dictionary supports this) a tin is a vessel for preserving meat, fruit, etc., and a can has a handle over the top.

Whoever heard of a billy-tin?

By



Dorothy Drann

ON Saturdays, if you're not a sporting fan and you're looking for something on the radio round lunchtime, it's more than likely you'll tune in to the English lessons for New Australians.

These, though they don't rate exactly as entertainment, have a certain fascination for the old Australian. They are cast in playlet form, and the necessarily measured pace of the dialogue makes them a quaint parody on everyday life.

The other Saturday there was a kind of slow-tempo donnybrook going on between husband and wife on the subject of spring-cleaning.

The purpose (admirably fulfilled, I am sure) was to teach the use of the words "outside" and "inside." The husband wanted to stay outside in the garden, and the wife wanted him to help her lift the piano outside.

"Outside in the garden?" he exclaimed in pained, clearly separated syllables.

"No, dear, outside the sitting-room," she replied in accents to match.

They went on arguing back and forth about cupboards to be cleaned inside and outside, and pictures to be lifted from the walls and taken outside, and then a bargain was struck that the husband should wash the outside of the windows while wife washed the inside.

It had been my intention to give the flat a thorough going over, but by the time I had listened to this discussion I felt exhausted in advance. The husband, who all along had wished to stay outside in the garden, seemed to have the right idea.

So I lay down inside and read a book.

★ ★ ★

Whenever anybody says

He liked the horse-and-buggy days,

I mostly make a stout defence

Backed up by facts and evidence

Of aspects of the modern world—

Advantages like hair that's curled

Instead of hanging grassy straight

As formerly ordained by fate.

Fast cars and air-conditioned trains

And luxury long-distance planes

Are all among the things I like

(I much prefer them to a bike).

Take escalators, radio,

And frozen food—oh, yes, I know

It's not uncommon to deplore

The household gadgetry galore,

But, for myself, I like them well

And wouldn't swap, though, truth to tell,

Nostalgia besets us all.

I sometimes wistfully recall

On days when the cicadas sing,

The waterbag that used to swing,

Its water cool and canvassy,

Beneath the backyard mango tree.

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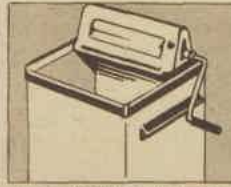
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Doan's should bring swift, com-
forting relief and set those lazy
kidneys to work again.

Continuing

The Accountant

from page 40

imagine why—it seems absurd,
doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth shortly.
After a while, still teased by
doubt, she added: "He doesn't
look English, this Bluett one."

"Oh, but, darling, yes—he's
absolutely English," protested
Mrs. Mallender so earnestly it
might be thought from her tone
that to be English, for her, was
a necessary virtue. But in fact
she would have felt as warmly
towards Mr. Bluett had he been
an Eskimo.

"How on earth do you
know?" said Elizabeth, even
more crossly. For some con-
fused reason she was thoroughly
upset, almost as though she was
having a practical joke played
on her. She left her mother
abruptly. It was not often she
showed such positive irritation,
her manner being usually one
of gentle depreciation.

Mrs. Mallender, alone, looked
at herself again in the glass, not
so much in vanity as in re-
proach, and, looking, sighed.
She could not help smiling.

It was summer. She had
never been able to grow out of
the soft expectancy, the warm,
faint excitement of summer
evenings in London. How
beautiful was life! she thought.
She had never been able,
secretly, to feel anything else
but a girl.

As the weeks progressed
Elizabeth came to realise that
Mr. Bluett, far from being, as
she had hoped and intended, an
anonymous background figure,
a meticulous machine working
away out of sight for the bene-
fit of her mother, the benefit of
them all—far from this, he had
grown to be a stumbling-block,
a nuisance and very nearly a
danger.

He was not cowed by her
mother. He had not thrown her
up as impossible. Instead, he
held her in the palm of his
hand. What was more, he and
Elizabeth stood on opposite
sides. She thought of him as
an enemy.

"Oh, but, Elizabeth," her
mother would cry, "it's per-
fectly all right—Mr. Bluett says
I may. I've been into it with
him, you know, quite thor-
oughly." Or again, when Eliza-
beth sought from her mother
a subscription dear to her own
interests and never before re-
fused:

"My darling child," said Mrs.
Mallender, with a great air of
reasonableness, "I shall have to
ask Mr. Bluett first—after all,
it's quite a lot of money, isn't
it? I'll write to him now, shall
I?" And she seized her pen
willingly. Elizabeth was in des-
pair.

"It isn't a lot of money at
all, she said, "considering what
you spend on other things. Silly
things," she murmured, almost
in tears, turning away. The
world was suddenly topsy-
turvy, her mother's values up-
side down, and where was the
sense of it all? Nonsense had
come to stay, nonsense with
authority to back it. Her own
word was no longer final, her
judgment no more accepted. She
wept briefly by the cur-
tains, hiding her angry tears.

"Do you have to ask his per-
mission to buy a yard of rib-
bon?" she said.

But her mother laughed. She
liked the idea. "Oh, ribbon—"
she said, and her mind flew to
large shady hats swathed in
tulle. The gap between them
widened daily.

And daily now she wrote to
Mr. Bluett on matters con-
cerned with stocks and shares
and income tax. The little
notes in the big untidy hand
sped forth each day like carrier
pigeons. Sometimes he answered
them himself, instead of writ-
ing, calling when Elizabeth
was out, not from guile but
simply because her presence was
a shadow that ruined their en-

joyment. On these occasions
they did not speak of stocks
and shares.

They had tea together and
he played her piano to her.
She was enchanted. Long ago,
before she was married, Mrs.
Mallender used to sing and in
those days her voice had been
like the voice of a bird. It
had been put away, had been
silent for years, for her husband
had thought of singing as a
noise and had not liked music.

She did not sing her old songs
to Mr. Bluett; a certain shyness
prevented her. Only, listening
to him as he played, she
thought how much she would
like to, and silently her heart
expanded in song.

But Elizabeth rushed in
search of comfort to her uncle,
and to him poured out all her
dreadful suspicions. "He comes
to the house, Uncle Hubert—
surely it isn't necessary? None
of the others did. He's got a
sort of hold on her. I can't
understand it. It isn't as
though he's good-looking or
anything like that. I know
that women of mother's age
can be simply absurd—you
know what I mean. But he's
old, older than she and smaller
too. And ugly, Uncle Hubert!"
She could not understand it.

And Uncle Hubert nowadays
was of no use at all. He would
not, could not see the threat,
the urgency of danger. For
the first time in her life Eliza-
beth wanted to shake him, but
instead she pressed her hands
together. "Mother's always
been eccentric, I know," she
went on wretchedly, "but this
isn't eccentric, it's just being

Good manners and
soft words have
brought many a diffi-
cult thing to pass.

—Aesop.

silly—what will people say?
Supposing she marries him?"

Her voice was a wail. Al-
most as long as she could re-
member, Elizabeth had pro-
tected her mother, stood be-
tween her and ridicule, but now
she had gone too far for pro-
tection. She was making—yes!
it was true—a fool of herself.

Uncle Hubert was shocked,
but more by his niece's exag-
geration and her passion than
by the possibility of the event
she suggested, which was so
completely out of the question
as not to need consideration.
"My dear," he said mildly, "I
really think you've no need to
worry—"

"But I have, I have—and it's
all your fault, Uncle Hubert.
You got hold of him in the
first place," she cried, turning
bitterly against him, too. There
was no comfort for her any-
where.

And then one evening, re-
turning home, Elizabeth
climbed the stairs and found
her mother's little sitting-room
empty. A feeling of panic over-
came her. For here her mother
waited every day at the same
time to welcome her, every day
as though she had been simply
sitting there since morning,
waiting for Elizabeth, and
Elizabeth expected it—expected
to suffer with resignation the
loving questions, the arm about
her waist.

And now she was greeted by
empty chairs, an emptiness
that seemed to her pro-
found and ominous. The little
over-crowded room was bereft,
its life suspended. Gone away,
said the silence.

At once the familiar voice
replied, floating reassuringly
down from above: "Darling,
I'm here!" Only Elizabeth
felt no reassurance; the sense

of omen remained with her like
a warning to expect the worst
as she climbed again to her
mother's bedroom.

Mrs. Mallender was dressed
as for a great occasion. Splen-
dently overflowing the stool she
sat on, she bent forward to pin
diamonds among the black vel-
vet of her bosom. Her round
pink cheeks were flushed more
deeply pink than usual.

"Why, how young she
looks!" thought Elizabeth.
"She is like a child going to
a party!" And she leant in
the doorway astounded, for she
had always thought of her
mother as being, because she
was so old-fashioned, absurdly,
irrevocably old. "Are you go-
ing out?" she said stupidly.

Mrs. Mallender rose and
picked up her cloak. They
heard the door-bell ring below.
"Mr. Bluett is taking me to the
opera," she said, and as she
spoke her air was one of in-
nocent dignity and pride.

"The opera?"

They exchanged a long look,
calm and bright on the one
side, stony on the other. Then
Elizabeth stood aside. Her
mother went past her with a
tread that was light and springy
in spite of all the weight and
the years she carried, pausing
as she went to kiss, very gently,
Elizabeth's cheek. Elizabeth
turned her face away.

She realised now, suddenly,
that the time had gone, and
it was too late for interference.
Her mother had made up her
mind, and had sailed out into
the open sea like a galleon
with full sails, leaving her be-
hind on the quayside. Her
mother had slipped her moor-
ings; she was off.

It was bitter knowledge.
Elizabeth stood at the top of
the stairs, meaning to wait
there until she heard the front
door slam, but, instead, she
went down to the sitting-room.
Mr. Bluett was just putting
the cloak about her mother's
shoulders. He had to reach up
a little to do it. Elizabeth
caught sight of his absorbed
face, and for the second time
that evening she had a shock,
for in it she read a profound
admiration, a tenderness she
recognised as love. And then,
suddenly, she understood the
extraordinary truth: Mr. Bluett
thought her mother wonderful.

In his eyes she was not ridi-
culous, not irritating, not a
figure of fun, but, quite sim-
ply, wonderful. It was nothing
to him that he had to stretch
up to cover her shoulders, as
it was nothing to her that the
world should judge them
elderly and him ugly.

At this moment Mr. Bluett
caught sight of Elizabeth and
smiled at her, a smile of such
unexpected sweetness that she
felt weak and lost and ashamed
of herself. On the instant
she realised that she had never
prized her mother until she
saw another prize her, and
her whole understanding turned
over, as it might be the
world turning over inside her.
Her inherited blindness gave
place to a sight of all she had
missed for so long, and nearly
missed for ever.

"Appearance is a lie," she
said to herself, speaking out
against her family, even her
father: "I shall never believe
it again. But it is never
quite too late."

She went forward quickly
and took her mother's hand,
nodding at her and then at Mr.
Bluett, as though entering into
agreement with them at last,
agreement of a greater com-
prehension than her words
alone implied.

"I'm so glad you're going
to the opera," she said. "I am
so glad," she repeated, nodding
at them both as though unable
to stop, and almost on the
verge of laughter.

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deliberately walked to it and sat down. He watched her anxiously.

"You're not offended, are you?"

"Indeed I'm not," said Candia. "But I can't listen any more. It's no use, and I'm too worried and anxious about something else, the thing I want to tell you about." She paused, such plainness of speech was her only hope, but it was not easy, under the pressure of his mute appeal.

"I haven't time," she said unhappily, "to be nicer to you."

Mr. Rumbolt considered her for some seconds. Then he shrugged his shoulders, and the quality of his attention changed.

"Okay," he said. "I'm listening."

Haltingly at first, then, in the relief of unburdening herself, with growing fluency, Candia told him the whole story of the Frenchwoman's death. Sometimes she went back to put in a detail, sometimes she repeated herself, but in general she went steadily on, striving to give an absolutely clear picture, uncoloured by any subjective emotion.

She did not quite succeed, for this very scrupulousness led her too far on the opposite line: unconsciously she presented the Frenchwoman's death as a pure accident, discovered by herself and Madame Spirianoff together. Where she laid stress was on Madame's behaviour after the event.

Mr. Rumbolt listened in complete silence, never moving, without the slightest change of expression. If he felt astonishment or sympathy, he did not show it. But when at last Candia finished, in the silence that followed, she could feel him checking over every point with the strictest care.

"And now, what ought I to do?" she asked.

His answer surprised her. It so completely ignored the main issue.

"Get rid of those papers," "But I'm not worried about them."

"Go and get 'em now. Give them to me and I'll burn 'em. Where are they?"

"In my trunk."

Mr. Rumbolt groaned.

"You don't seem to have the first instinct of self-preservation. They're worthless all right, but if Madame finds 'em, what d'you suppose she'll think? That you're trying to rob her. That's what she thought about Mamzelle. Those papers are just plain dynamite. Go and get them."

"I'll get them later," said Candia impatiently. "You don't realise what I've told you. A woman has died here, and something ought to be done."

He surprised her again.

"Why?"

"Because it's wrong!" cried Candia. "It's wrong that anyone should be—should be pushed out of sight, like rubbish! It's against the law, and it's against all decency. You're a man, you're standing and power here, you're not unknown like me. You can do something!"

Slowly, regretfully, but with complete decision, he shook his head.

"No dice," said Mr. Rumbolt.

"You mean you won't?"

"Look at it reasonably. What d'you want me to do? Inform the police, rout out the health department, kick up a general dust? I can't see the use of it, it won't bring the lady back to life; but say I do. I have to hang about in Singapore at least twenty-four hours. I've got this deal in Sydney, and I'm a day behind schedule already. My time's a pretty valuable commodity."

"Do you mean," asked Candia incredulously, "it's just a question of losing money?"

"I don't like to fall down on a deal. And I don't see just how it's my business."

Candia turned and looked at him.

"You, too," she said. "You, too!"

Mr. Rumbolt nodded.

"Me, too," he said mournfully.

"I thought—"

"You've got me all wrong," sighed Mr. Rumbolt. "I'm a bad citizen. No public spirit. No sense of duty. I break the

Continuing . . . Candia

from page 5

law if it pays me, and I get away with it, and other times I steer very, very wide. I guess I'm too set in my ways to change." He sighed again. "I guess this has just about showed up the foolishness of my hopes."

"It has certainly showed up the foolishness of mine," said Candia bitterly.

There was a long pause. She got up and walked a little way along the path. Mr. Rumbolt did not follow her.

"I won't bother you any more," he said at last. "It's

enough to accept favor where she felt contempt."

"Get the kids, if you want," said Mr. Rumbolt. "I'll fix Madame."

"Thank you," said Candia coldly, "but I'm not leaving." He thrust out his chin.

"Oh yes, you are!"

"No," said Candia.

With a certain angry satisfaction she pitted her will against his. If she could not influence him, at least he should not influence her. From her



over. I won't worry you on the boat."

Candia turned sharply.

"The boat? What boat?"

"My yacht there. You're coming away on it. You can't stay here," said Mr. Rumbolt.

So there it was, the second chance, the chance she had meant to take. But not now. The bitterness of her disappointment swamped every other sense: as Mr. Rumbolt had observed, she had too little instinct of self-preservation.

Because she was so disappointed in him; because her pride was hurt that though he professed to love her, she could not influence his mind. Candia drew back. Inevitably. She was not toughly fibred

greater height she looked coolly down upon him; and smiled.

"I know you mean to be kind," she said. "You have been very kind already. But it's only eight days to the next boat, and we have made arrangements to leave by that."

"Don't be a fool," said Mr. Rumbolt.

Candia remembered how, the first time they met, she had placed him as a man not used to talking to women. It gave her a perhaps unfair advantage.

"Do you want to see anyone at the house?" she asked pleasantly. "Because if not, I should like my breakfast."

A muscle in his jaw

twitched. He had lost, and he knew it.

"I shouldn't have spoken to you like I did," he said slowly. "I'm handling this all wrong. I guess I'd better go."

Candia offered her hand, but as he would not take it when he arrived, so he would not take it now.

"Good luck to your deal," said Candia.

He blinked, as though something had passed close to his eyes. Then he turned on his heel and went.

This time Candia did not wait to see him disappear, but walked straight back, up through the garden. She was still perfectly satisfied with what she had done, perfectly sure, as she went over the whole scene, that she had been at every stage in the right.

Only her last words troubled her a little, for they had been cruel, but she was not inclined to give Mr. Rumbolt great credit for sensitivity, and perhaps he had taken them at their face value.

Her tray was waiting for her, and as she drank her coffee, still in this firm and strong-minded mood, she decided that on one point his advice was good. The contents of the envelope should be destroyed.

It was too late to hand them over to Madame Spirianoff, and they were of no value. Lacking a grate, she would burn them in the bath.

When she had finished breakfast, Candia accordingly unlocked the big trunk and rummaged deep under her heavy clothes. Then she took them all out. Then she opened her suitcase and emptied the drawers. She even, foolishly, pulled the mattress from the bed. But it was all to no purpose, for the envelope and the papers were nowhere in the room.

Candia ran to the window and looked out; but the yacht was not there either.

Once when she was a small girl Candia went skating by herself on the pond behind the house. Dusk was falling, and she carried a bicycle lamp. It

went out, as bicycle lamps so often do, but she could still see well enough to practise her eighth with its black shape for marker.

She could see perfectly well until the ice cracked, and then suddenly she could not see at all. Fear and the thickening dark together blinded her; she could not see where the bank was nearest, she could not see anything.

The ice was shifting under her feet, and there was water on it. She dared not strike out in any direction. Within earshot of her home Candia stood paralysed with terror, waiting to drown.

She didn't, of course. A gardener came by and clumped through the breaking ice (the pond was nowhere more than eighteen inches deep) and hauled her safe ashore; but that moment of blind panic was something Candia never forgot.

She remembered it now, twenty years after, in the sunny room at Aloupka, and shivered.

She marked off the first day, and the second day. Nothing happened. The ice still held. She had a feeling that Madame Spirianoff was observing her with extreme attention, that her every word and act was subject to scrutiny, and that this scrutiny had a definite object.

Only Candia did not know what it was. She did not know by what standard her conduct was being measured, from what quarter attack threatened. Her only defence was to present on all sides a cheerful and unruffled front.

It was not easy; but if a clock is set at eleven in the morning, when the time is really three in the afternoon, there is still full daylight to help the illusion.

If one does not watch the sun, if one keeps to morning tasks, the clock's lie becomes almost truth; and so Candia endeavored to put back her mind (as one sets back the clock's

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Got Rheumatism?



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PERSIL WASHES WHITER—
that means cleaner!

hands) to the ease and confidence of the first days.

In a certain measure she succeeded. Her hours with the children were always happy, and Toly's demands on her attention absorbing.

He sometimes referred casually to his father, and Candia gently tried to fix the happy memory of a man who played at trains. She was also concerned to remove his fear of angels, whom he seemed to confuse with lions and tigers.

Elena still overflowed with plans for her conquest of the new world, and lavished upon Candia (the means to this end) a wealth of histrionic affection. If Madame Spirianoff were jealous, she did not show it. But then Madame Spirianoff did not show anything . . .

Sometimes, indeed, Candia was driven to wonder whether the old lady were not simply in the same position as herself, concerned only to get through the remaining days as smoothly and amicably as possible.

If so, she hit on one excellent device: she lent Candia a quantity of books, biographies, and memoirs, chiefly in French, dealing with the lives and loves of the Russian nobility, and their subsequent discussion provided an inexhaustible fund of polite conversation.

Candia, who began by skipping, found that this would not do; as she finished each volume she was put through a sort of viva voce examination on it, and if ploughed had to read it again. She therefore concentrated, and having a good verbal memory was soon able to answer all questions as quickly and accurately as Elena.

Madame Spirianoff and the Baroness exchanged pleased looks.

"It is quite wonderful!" cried the Baroness.

"She has the instinct for it," said Madame solemnly. "I saw it at once, she needed only direction."

Candia privately marvelled that a mere show of politeness could so thoroughly take them in. The accounts of Court etiquette, court intrigue, and court scandal, all dutifully crammed, simply bored her. She much preferred Madame's own reminiscences, though even these stopped short just when they became interesting—at the moment when she fled from the Bolsheviks (in a dinner-gown by Worth) with the infant Tamara under her arm.

In the months that followed, thought Candia, Madame Spirianoff must of necessity have displayed resource and energy, perhaps even heroism; at the very least an uncommon aptitude for survival; but the only reference she ever made to this period was peculiarly colorless.

"It was all waiting for trains," said Madame Spirianoff.

"But where did you live?"

"In the Ladies' Rooms."

The best was when her mind turned to her childhood, to the days when she was a little girl on her father's estate. Then she told Candia how to make jam and pickle cucumbers.

On her father's estate, she said, the preserving and pickling lasted a week at a time, the whole house smelled of raspberries and vinegar; and as her talk drifted back and back Candia glimpsed a sunny, spacious country life, far more worthy of regret (she thought) than any St. Petersburg grandeur.

It was difficult to think of Madame Spirianoff—stout, dyed, and wrinkled—as a little girl whose pigtailed slapped her back as she ran through the orchard; but that little girl had been so happy and alive that she could still stick her head up out of the past and tell of all she had been doing all day long.

It was a queer mixture, for in Madame Spirianoff's memory autumn and summer, win-

Continuing . . .

Candia

[from page 45]

ter and spring were all jumbled together; she gathered strawberries, rode on the haywains, stared through the window at the snow all day long.

"All day long!" repeated Madame Spirianoff sadly. "All day long!"

There was an innocent charm about these reminiscences to which Candia responded. They disarmed her.

"It must have been a happy life," she said sincerely.

"It was happy. Safe, and happy. The sort of life —"

Madame Spirianoff paused, and went quietly on—"the sort of life one would desire for one's grandchildren."

"In America, they will live in the country."

"But it will not be the same."

"Those days you speak of are gone," said Candia.

The old woman looked at her searchingly.

"But you would find your way back to them if you could? At the price even of ambition?"

Candia did not answer. Her thoughts were not in Russia, they were in Somerset. They had turned to her own safe and happy years, filled with small, placid duties, warmed by the goodwill of a community as kind and placid as the green fields. Time had gone slowly and softly there, too.

"All day long!" thought Candia. "All day long!"

So she did not answer. She had forgotten Madame Spirianoff's question; she had even, for a moment, forgotten Madame Spirianoff. And the latter did not speak again either, but sat perfectly still, her old eyes fixed almost anxiously, almost lovingly, upon Candia's dreaming face.

ON the next day there was an incident. Madame Spirianoff called Candia to her bedroom, ostensibly to show her a piece of old Russian embroidery, and was then called away herself by a voice without.

Candia knew perfectly well whose voice it was—that of the Baroness; but something in its excited conspiratorial tone irresistibly suggested the old stage direction. With a murmured apology Madame hurried away; and Candia was left alone.

At first she waited where she was, standing, the embroidery in her hand. But the minutes passed, and Madame did not return. Candia folded the needlework together—it wasn't very interesting, she had seen better in London—and laid it down.

It then dawned on her that Madame was undoubtedly expecting her to have a good look round. The writing-desk was open, and on top of a jumble of papers, like a clue, lay a second piece of embroidery.

Candia obligingly went over and picked it up. Immediately below lay the long envelope that had once lain in her own locked trunk.

It looked as thick as she remembered it; as though all the papers were still inside. One end was still open, and from it projected the corner of a parchment and the edge of a seal.

With remarkable quickness for a woman of her upbringing Candia grasped the whole situation. She was being given an opportunity to steal. What was more remarkable still, she felt no resentment, only a great relief that this matter at least was about to be cleared up.

She sat down, and methodically—since she could not prove good faith on, say, a packet of newspapers—went through the documents to make sure they were genuine. They were. Madame had taken the risk.

Candia put them back again in a different order, and placed the envelope itself in an empty pigeon-hole. Then, having done what she was sent for to do, she went away.

"And this," cried the Baroness, "this is for our darling Candia!"

She struck the keys and burst full-throated into "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." Madame Spirianoff, smiling indulgently, beat time.

There had been a special sweet at dinner for Candia. Toly had been allowed to sit up half an hour later, for dear old Candia. The brandy in the big glasses was poured because Candia looked tired. The whole atmosphere was charged with approval, with affection, with love—all centred upon Candia.

She could feel the weight of it as she breathed, like a heavy scent, and thought suddenly of her husband's longing for the thin Massachusetts air. He, too, must have been subjected, not once but often, to just such an emotional assault; and perhaps he too had sat wondering what lay behind it . . .

"No, no more!" said Candia. She spoke to Madame Spirianoff, but it was the Baroness who stopped singing, while Madame continued to replenish her glass.

"It will do you no harm, my child. Drink, then!"

"We will all drink!" cried Genevieve. "We will drink toasts—and the first shall be to ourselves. The Three Old Wives of Lee!"

Candia shivered. She remembered with extraordinary vividness not only the Baroness' earlier use of that phrase, but her own thought at the time; that they were really four.

She drank. She did not want to drink that toast, but the sooner she emptied her glass the sooner she could get away to her own room. Madame Spirianoff, still hanging over her, beamed encouragingly.

"That will make you strong," she promised. "Brandy is not a drink, it is a food."

"It is nearly as good as Tokay," corroborated the Baroness. "And Imperial Tokay, as is well known can bring the dead back to life!"

"It will bring the roses back to our Candia's cheeks. She has been a little pale."

"Though that is becoming to her, too. It is very aristocratic."

Candia stood up. She could not endure any longer their loving, eating glances. It took all her self-control, all her training, to speak a polite phrase of goodnight.

"I am so sleepy, Madame, you must excuse me—or I shall never get up tomorrow."

"Then stay in bed, my darling. What have you to get up for?"

"To pack," said Candia.

On the silence that followed impinged one small, sharp sound: the stem of Madame's goblet snapped between her fingers. But to Candia's fancy far more was broken than a wineglass; like a bubble at the touch of a thorn, so at that prick of sound shivered a whole fabric of illusion.

The air was no longer sickly sweet with love; and Madame Spirianoff's eyes grew hard. But she did not speak. It was the

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Science-fiction adventure in color

Film Fan-Fare

CONDUCTED BY
M. J.
McMAHON

★ Walt Disney's elaborate screen version of "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" is based on the famous Jules Verne classic of the submarine. Filmed in technicolor CinemaScope, the picture has a top-flight cast of players led by James Mason, Kirk Douglas, and Paul Lukas. The special effects and spectacular photography of the ocean depths are features of the strange adventure.



CAPTAIN NEMO (James Mason), right, entertains his captives aboard The Nautilus. They are Professor Arronax, an authority on undersea life (Paul Lukas) (left), Conseil (Peter Lorre), his assistant, and the harpooner Ned Land (Kirk Douglas). In the story these three are aboard a Government ship sent to track down a mysterious sea creature. It turns out to be a submarine.



SUBMARINE SINKS (above). In this scene from "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," Captain Nemo (James Mason) orders a straight-down course when the Nautilus is attacked by warships. Ned Land (Kirk Douglas) manages to escape and saves his two friends.

HIGH SPOT of Disney's underwater thriller is the scene in which villainous Captain Nemo (Mason) is caught in the tentacles of a giant squid which attacks the Nautilus. He is rescued by Ned Land (Douglas), who hurls a spear at the creature.



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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ The King's Thief

METRO'S new period adventure "The King's Thief" plays at CinemaScope history in a fanciful way.

The picture, tricked out with lavish costumes and sets and with a heavily British cast, seems to have been made as a pot-boiler.

In any case, it hardly rises above a routine level of entertainment during most of its course.

The king of the film title is Charles II, played by bewigged George Sanders.

Bearded Edmund Purdom, who must by now be fed up with costume roles, is the thief and the central figure in the spate of heroics that string out the plot.

This last has to do with an attempt by the Duke of Brampton (David Niven), a royal favorite, to depose King Charles.

Ann Blyth's Lady Mary carries the romantic interest.

In Sydney—St. James.

★ Love is a Many-Splendored Thing

CHARM is the main ingredient of Fox's screen version of "Many-Splendored Thing," which tells of the romance between a beautiful Eurasian doctor and an American war correspondent.

It is seen in the performances of radiant Jennifer Jones and William Holden, the film's two stars, as well as in the beautiful color photography of Hongkong.

Because of this, women will probably enjoy the picture more than men.

Though the modern love story is moving when it is allowed to be, a good deal of its original impact is lost in transference to the screen. The theme of the picture seems to be that never the twain shall meet. To stress this note, racial considerations as well as political issues are introduced into the story.

But it is to the war in Korea that it finally has to turn to solve all conflicts.

In Sydney—Regent.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "Rough Company," technicolor CinemaScope Western, starring Glenn Ford, Barbara Stanwyck, Edward G. Robinson. Plus ★ "Teenage Crime Wave," mystery drama, starring Tommy Cook, Molly McCarty.

CENTURY.—★★★ "A Man Called Peter," CinemaScope drama, in Delux color, starring Richard Todd, Jean Peters. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★ "Geordie," technicolor comedy, starring Bill Travers, Alastair Sim, Norah Goren. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "The Americano," technicolor adventure, starring Glenn Ford, Ursula Thiess. Plus ★ "Hell Raiders of the Deep," underwater adventure, starring Eleanor Rossi Drago, Pierre Cressoy.

LIBERTY.—★ "The Cobweb," CinemaScope drama in color, starring Richard Widmark, Lauren Bacall, Charles Boyer. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★★ "Phffft," comedy, starring Judy Holliday, Jack Carson, Jack Lemmon, Kim Novak. Plus ★ "The Nebraskan," technicolor Western, starring Phil Carey.

LYRIC.—★★ "Young at Heart," musical romance in Warnercolor, starring Doris Day, Frank Sinatra. (Release.) Plus "The House Across the Street," thriller, starring Wayne Morris, Bruce Bennett, Janis Paige. (Release—review not available.)

MAYFAIR.—★ "Not as a Stranger," drama, starring Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum, Frank Sinatra, Gloria Grahame. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—★ "Passion," technicolor Western, starring Cornel Wilde, Yvonne De Carlo. Plus "Floating Dutchman," mystery, starring Dermot Walsh, Mary Tremaine.

PARIS.—★★★ "Gate of Hell," Japanese Eastmancolor drama, starring Kazuo Hasegawa, Machiko Kyo. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—★★ "Violent Saturday," CinemaScope Delux color thriller, starring Victor Mature, Richard Egan, Virginia Leith. Plus ★ "Atomic Kid," comedy, starring Mickey Rooney, Robert Strauss, Elaine Davis.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "Rear Window," technicolor thriller, starring James Stewart, Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★ "Love is a Many-Splendored Thing," Delux color CinemaScope romantic drama, starring William Holden, Jennifer Jones, Torin Thatcher. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★ "The King's Thief," CinemaScope color period adventure, starring Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "Dangerous Cargo," thriller, starring Jack Watling, Susan Stephen.

STATE.—★★ "All that Heaven Allows," technicolor romantic drama, starring Jane Wyman, Rock Hudson. Plus ★ "Ain't Misbehavin'," technicolor musical romance, starring Rory Calhoun, Piper Laurie.

Films not yet reviewed

PALLADIUM.—"Khyber Patrol," outdoor adventure in color, starring Richard Egan, Dawn Addams. Plus "Operation Manhunt," thriller, starring Harry Townes.

SAVOY.—"La Kermesse Heroique" ("The Heroic Sex"), comedy, starring Francoise Rosay, Louis Jouvet. Plus "No Resting Place," Irish semi-documentary feature.

VICTORY.—"Women's Prison," melodrama, starring Ida Lupino, Jan Sterling, Audrey Totter, Howard Duff. Plus "They Rode West," technicolor Western, starring Robert Francis, Donna Reed.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 9, 1955

New thriller



1 REPORT by estate agent Amy Rawlinson (Jan Sterling), left, to Lynn Markham (Joan Crawford), now repossessing her beach house, omits the strange death the night before of Lynn's recent tenant, Eloise Crandall. Lynn notices evidence that a man has been a frequent visitor there, and Amy tells her that he is Drummond Hall.

★ Set in a sumptuous beach home on the coast of California, "Female On The Beach" (Universal) gets off to a suspenseful start when the body of a woman is found lying on the sand below the house.

Whether the woman was pushed or fell through a broken guard rail that encircles the terrace of the house is the question which police seek to answer.

Stars Joan Crawford and Jeff Chandler are involved in the hunt.



2 STARTLED to find two men in her house next morning, Lynn finds one is Drummy Hall (Jeff Chandler). The policeman is investigating the possible murder of Eloise. Lynn promptly dismisses Hall.



3 STRAIGHT TALK between Hall and Osbert and Queenie Sorenson (Cecil Kellaway and Natalie Schafer), the couple next door, with whom Hall lives, shows that all of them had sponged on wealthy Eloise. Now Hall is expected to exercise his charm on Lynn.



4 RESISTING his advances, Lynn, who has discovered all about Hall's affair with Eloise from a diary found in the house, is nevertheless attracted to Hall, especially after he tells her frankly about his past and the confidence trick perpetrated on lonely Eloise Crandall.



5 ANGRY words pass when Lynn finds that Amy, whom she knows is jealous, has been spying on Hall and herself and knows all about their planned honeymoon on his boat. When prompted by Amy, Lynn begins to doubt Hall.



6 TERRIFIED when her suspicions of Hall seem well founded, Lynn tries to call the police, but he stops her. Rushing out of the house in panic, Lynn falls against the rail over which Eloise crashed. It cracks ominously, but Hall, sprinting after her, saves Lynn from crashing over.



7 SOUND of Amy screaming from the terrace enlightens the couple. For Amy says, "Let her fall—like Eloise! I killed Eloise—now this one!" As she presses against the rail it breaks and Amy falls.

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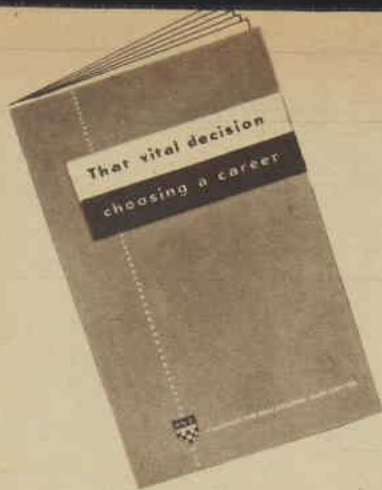
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impetuous Genevieve who rushed into the breach.

"But you are not leaving us now!" she cried.

Candia looked back at her in astonishment.

"Why not?" she asked blankly.

"Olympiada told me—"

"Genevieve, be still!" snapped Madame.

But the Baroness had drunk more brandy than anyone. She swung round on the piano-stool and glared like an angry child.

"I will not be quiet!" she declared. "I am tired of being kept in the dark! Did you or did you not tell me, Olympiada, that Candia had not got the papers?"

Madame Spirianoff shrugged. "I did, and it is true."

"Very well, then. Without the papers she can do nothing. I know that. I know a great deal more of the affair than anybody. If Candia thinks otherwise, she is being deceived. She is my chum. I will not allow her to go all the way to Russia after a pig in a poke. And I will not be bossed any more!"

In an extreme of bewilderment—for she had absolutely no idea what the mad argument was about—Candia addressed herself to Madame Spirianoff.

"Will you please tell me, Madame, what this all means?"

The old lady shrugged again.

"It is simply a misconception on the part of Genevieve . . ."

"It is not!" shouted the Baroness.

" . . . who believes you intended laying claims to certain property of mine."

"I did not imagine it! It is what you told me!"

"Stop," said Candia. Light was beginning to break on her at last. The situation it revealed was fantastic, but she strove to collect herself and speak reasonably. "Let us be frank, Madame: you thought I intended to steal the necessary titles, take them back to Russia, and claim possession?"

"Why not?" asked Madame Spirianoff blandly. "I do not think so now, my dear, you have proved otherwise; but consider. You are not I think very rich, you have no husband to protect you, and you found lying in your path—cast down as it were by fate—a chance of great wealth. Was I so unreasonable to take precautions?" She sipped at her glass; she had laid the broken foot aside and held the bowl still cradled in her hand.

"I did not blame you for it, one must look after oneself, and when you thought better of it I was very glad. If I told Genevieve the little tale, it was just to let her share my good opinion of you."

"I had a good opinion of you already," declared the Baroness stoutly. "I do not change for

Continuing . . . Candia

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trifles. And I was glad because Olympiada told me that now you would stay with us."

"At any rate for a few more weeks," put in Madame Spirianoff. "Since now there is no need for hurry . . ."

Candia had been pluming herself on her calm; with a slight shock she now realised that it was as nothing to the large imperturbability of Madame Spirianoff.

The old lady had apparently accepted it as the most natural thing in the world that a guest, having stolen the property of her hostess, should wish to hurry away to cash in on it; and as equally natural that when this plan was given up, the visit should run its course.

With such broadmindedness Candia could not herself compete, but she did begin to see how the first misjudgment had arisen: for it was not until after her encounter with the French woman (which Madame's suspicious imagination no doubt transformed into a lengthy conference) that she had spoken of an early departure. And it was a fact that when the title-deeds came into her possession, she did not surrender them.

Given Madame Spirianoff's character and experience—three separate fortunes, according to Mr. Rumbolt, all embezzled—her reading of the situation was not unnatural. But what struck Candia most forcibly was their mutual blindness, the circumstances that their thoughts, during the past few days, had been so differently engaged—Madame's fixed upon a non-existence intrigue, her own solely upon the children.

The children! Was it possible that Madame had forgotten the children? Or that she had taken all Candia's talk of and arrangements for their departure simply as camouflage to her real motive?

With wonder, but quite readily, Candia conceived that this might be so. Madame Spirianoff's mind was ruled by a logic of its own.

"At least," said Candia, turning her back on the whole crazy imbroglio, "I am glad that we shall part friends."

She paused to let the words take effect; and for once the old woman's countenance was perfectly legible. Candia could see this idea strike on her understanding, sink slowly in, and turn the current of her thoughts. Then all was smooth again, and blander than before.

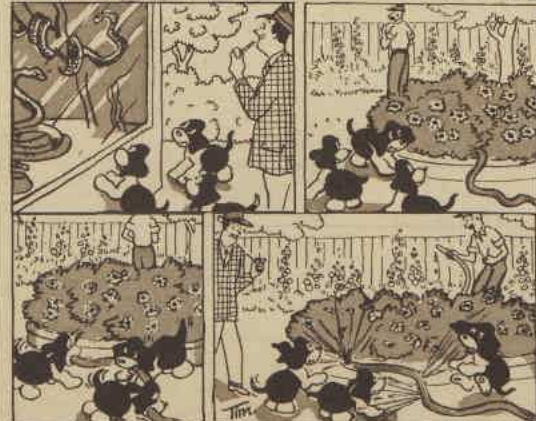
"So you will leave on the mail-boat?" said Madame Spirianoff thoughtfully. She did not look at Candia, but turned to set the empty bowl of her wine-glass aside on a tray.

"Yes, Madame. With the children."

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



"Ah, the children." Like all the silver at Aloupka, the tray was not perfectly clean. Madame took out her handkerchief and rubbed carefully at a dull ring. "Well, we shall be very sorry. Shall we not, Genevieve?"

The Baroness hiccuped loudly. She did not mean to; her tearful eye, her outflung hand, promised some really moving and pathetic speech; her digestive system betrayed her. She hiccuped again.

At once, with a gesture of extraordinary violence, like an explosion of pent-up energy, Madame Spirianoff lunged forward and slapped her face. Candia's own cheek tingled with the force of the blow, the Baroness staggered back and but for the piano behind her would have fallen.

"That is the way to stop hiccuping," said Madame Spirianoff blandly. "Now we must let Candia go to bed."

With the Baroness' sobs—loud, bewildered, like those of the Mock Turtle—still fresh in her ears, Candia briefly meditated a plan of inviting her to join the party and leave with the children.

But reflection showed it wasn't possible; the poor, fat Baroness had lived too long at Aloupka to venture out now into a world where champagne had to be paid for. Her Homeric thirst alone would make her a burden beyond all carrying, nor would she be any happier for emancipation. Unless one could transport her to the Vienna of the Hapsburgs, she was better where she was.

So reasoned Candia; and indeed when Genevieve reappeared next day she seemed perfectly herself again. It was rather admirable: she demanded no sympathy and bore no malice.

"Olympiada is strong," she told Candia. "She does not know her strength. I tell her she is like the bear in the fable, who wished to kill the fly on his master's head."

Madame Spirianoff, in whose presence this was said, chuckled. "That is right," she said. "I am like that good, clumsy Bruin. All we Russians are stupid, but we have good hearts."

And all the rest of the day she played humorously at being a bear. She trotted after the children with a rolling and lumbering gait, waved her hands like paws, demanded honey in a pot, and poked her nose into it. The children shrieked delightedly and the Baroness sobbed again, this time with laughter.

Only Candia did not find the performance amusing. She had never seen Madame in this playful mood before, and now could not adapt herself to it.

When Elena called, as she did twenty times that day, "Look out! The bear's after you!" Candia did not run like the others, but pretended not to hear; and when Madame appeared suddenly at her elbow, or from behind a door, or blocking a window, she refused to start or scream as the game demanded.

Only once, towards the day's end, did her control break: the chase, she thought, had moved to quite another part of the house. She sat down at her dressing-table, and in the gap between its surface and the lower edge of the glass saw Madame Spirianoff's eyes steadily regarding her. The old woman was crouched in the space behind.

For a moment Candia stared back, breathless, the blood

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SEALING 'ROUND THE HOUSE WITH "Selltape"



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draining from her heart; then the brush fell clattering, and she heard her own voice lifted in a high, silly shriek. At once Toly and Elena rushed in from the passage, joyfully applauding; they fell upon Candia's neck and danced round their grandmother.

"Bear, bear, come out of your lair!" yelled Elena; and Madame Spirianoff lumbered out, brushing the dust from

her knees and beaming indulgently.

"That is enough bear for today," she said. "Be off, you bad children!"

She shepherd them before her without a backward glance.

"She has seen what she wanted," thought Candia. "She has seen how I look when I am afraid."

There was a box of rouge, little used, in her vanity-case. She took it out and deliberately colored her cheeks. She put lipstick on her mouth and made herself a bright, smiling face. It stood her in good stead, for at dinner both Madame Spirianoff and the Baroness were still very gay.

"What fun we have had!" sighed Genevieve happily. "Olympiada, you are such a lark!"

Madame Spirianoff nodded. "It is good to be foolish now and then, my dears; it keeps one young. But we must not be foolish tomorrow; think, we have interrupted with our game all Candia's packing!"

"Candia does not mind. Tomorrow I will help."

"We will all help."

Candia smiled back at them with her bright lips. She smiled all the evening, at Madame's stories, at the Baroness' songs, till in the end her mouth felt quite stiff, as though she had been out in the cold, in the dark, on a frozen pond.

That night, for the first time for years, she suffered from nightmare. She was walking through a thick, green jungle, looking for the children; she could hear them quite plainly on either side of the path, but whenever she turned between the trees to catch them their voices ceased. They were playing hide-and-seek with her, they didn't understand that the forest wasn't safe, and for some reason Candia was voiceless to warn them.

She hurried on, now running, now pausing to listen, now pushing her way through an undergrowth that clung like bird-lime, all the time aware that whatever creature it was she feared could move easily,

Continuing . . . Candia

from page 50

noiselessly, and with great speed.

It was a desperate, silent hunt that seemed to go on for hours; but when she at last stumbled and woke herself, the hands of the clock had scarcely moved.

The dream stayed with her for a moment, and then faded. She slept again, deeply, and when morning came the bustle and excitement of packing drove it entirely from her mind. From now everyone took part, in a spirit of the happiest co-operation.

The Baroness sat down and wrote a whole series of introductions to counts, generals, and Ambassadors (most of them presumably dead) in case Candia should ever find herself in Vienna. Madame Spirianoff contributed quantities of silk paper and a dozen sachets of some peculiarly cloying scent.

For the two younger children Celeste, who was coming with them as far as Singapore, took full responsibility; but Elena packed for herself—in a huge, old-fashioned trunk, one carpet-bag, and seven cardboard boxes.

She took the business very seriously. She explained to Candia that although a good many of her frocks were outgrown, it was a pity to leave them behind, because perhaps she could sell them in America; and also suggested that they should have a good look round the house to see if there were anything they wanted to take.

Candia was at first sympathetic, thinking it only natural that a child should wish for some souvenir of her old home; but the child's next words were disillusioning.

"Some of the Easter eggs," explained Elena, "are really valuable. There is one set with diamonds, worth pounds and pounds."

She went through the rooms with an eye like a bailiff's, picking out a dozen knick-knacks of jade or ivory or quartz, an amber rosary, a fan

set with brilliants, a knife with a turquoise handle; and Candia was forced to admire the calm with which Madame Spirianoff watched these objects disappear.

She was also extremely glad that the question of Tamara's jewellery had already been settled, for she did not think Madame would have parted so easily with emeralds or pearls; and it presently appeared that his thought, though in a different form, was in Elena's mind also.

"If only Mr. Rumbolt hadn't come!" said Elena wistfully. "If only he hadn't come, we might have got the other things, too."

ELENA had evidently no doubt of Candia's fellow feeling; in her view (Candia realised), so far from being stepmother and daughter setting off to find a good school, they were a couple of adventuresses in search of susceptible millionaires.

But Candia did not worry; she felt the situation, once they were away from Aloupka, would adjust itself soon enough, and intervened only to commandeer a neat wooden champagne case for the use of Toly.

His toys were few, peculiar, and very precious to him. As Candia put them in he constantly took them out again to make sure none was missing, so their packing took time. But at last the box was closed, nailed down, and labelled: "Master A. Cottrell: Wanted on the Voyage." And then Toly dragged it on to the verandah and sat on it.

Candia was still watching him, momentarily idle, when she became aware of his grandmother standing behind her.

"So all is ready?" asked Madame Spirianoff.

"Yes, Madame."

"You are in good time. For three days you will have nothing to blow your noses on."

Candia smiled. She felt herself that it was not quite sensible, and certainly not courteous, to be ready so soon. She had meant to do no more than make a beginning, only then the children's enthusiasm carried her away.

"The children, Madame, were very enthusiastic . . ."

"Children are always enthusiastic for anything new. It is their elders who should have sense for them. However, since we are doing everything in advance, here is a little gift I have for you."

The old lady fumbled at her throat and removed a large garnet brooch. Candia had never seen it before, and it now crossed her mind that Madame Spirianoff had put it on simply to make the giving a more regal gesture.

"There!" she said, spiking it upon Candia's bosom. "There is a little keepsake from someone who is fond of you. It once belonged to the Empress Marie-Therese."

Candia had noticed before that all jewellery at Aloupka took on a special importance; now, as she stood passive under Madame Spirianoff's hands, looking down at the big, ugly brooch, she received from it a curious impression. It was unconvincing. It was so large and showy, it was like a property in a play, like a property in a charade that Madame was acting for her own amusement.

She was quite capable of such a devious pleasure: it would appeal to the side of her nature Candia had glimpsed the day before when she played the bear game . . .

"What was it the poor Genevieve said?" asked Madame humorously. "Our temperaments have not perhaps been so well matched as these stones, but at least our hearts are as pure of all unkindness. May we not say it, with more truth, of ourselves?"

"I hope so, Madame."

"You hope so! You English are so cautious. Will you not believe me when I say that I love you?"

And, strangely enough, Candia did believe it. In spite of

everything, she believed that Madame Spirianoff did feel towards her the strong, desirous, possessive emotion which was what she meant by love.

"I do believe you, Madame."

"Then will you not stay just a little longer?"

If Candia had spoken the truth she would have said plainly, "I dare not." But instead, still smiling, she silently shook her head.

Madame Spirianoff waited a moment longer, then turned and went away. Outside on the verandah Toly began to drum his heels in a loud, joyful, impatient tattoo on the side of his wooden box.

A picnic, thought Candia, a last session with the Archduke, songs by the Baroness; the time would soon pass. She determined to show Madame Spirianoff every attention, to leave her alone, if she wished, with the children, to make, if possible, a little halcyon postscript that they could all remember with pleasure.

But, as it happened, the events of the next three days were taken out of her hands for that night Candia fell ill.

It began shortly after dinner, with an ache at the base of her skull and a pain behind her eyes. There was also a slight feeling of nausea, and, diagnosing a sick-headache, from which she had sometimes suffered as a girl, Candia took three aspirins, laid a travelling-coat over her quilt, and went to bed.

Her sleep was broken and troubled by queer dreams; she could not remember them with her eyes open, but they left her with a sensation of muddle and urgency.

In the morning she could not lift her head. When Casimir came in with her tea she had to leave it, though her throat was parching; and it was not until Elena burst into the room about noon that her state was discovered.

"It's sunstroke!" cried Elena

To page 54

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Ice glitter on your party table

Glittering ice "sculptured" in a variety of attractive shapes provides an exciting new idea in table decoration this summer for Sydney hostesses who want novel party decor when entertaining at home.

AFTER three years of research and experiment, the Ice Manufacturers' Association of N.S.W. has developed the method of making these new ice decorations.

Although the manufacturers call them ice carvings, they are made in moulds.

Five striking designs are shown on this page. The gleaming ice swan at right, created specially for a buffet table decoration, is 40 inches long. It is set on a bed of crushed ice.

Smaller swans and beautifully moulded fish suitable as a central motif for dinner tables are also available.

The centrepiece in solid ice illustrated at the extreme right, featuring a bell with winged doves resting on the arch, was specially made for a wedding table decoration.

Although simpler in form, the solid crystal-like bowls pictured below are dramatic with real flowers and real prawns frozen into the sparkling walls.

The ice bowls vary in size from half a gallon to two gallons capacity. A cocktail or fruit cup from one of these ice bowls is really cold!

A member of the Ice Manu-

facturers' Association said these bowls will last at least nine hours.

On the table they are set on trays surrounded either by crushed ice or flowers. If flowers are used, the melting ice-water as it rises will provide a float-bowl effect around the base.

For the two-gallon-size bowls a drainage tube is fitted into the base of the tray to carry the melting ice into some receptacle placed out of sight beneath the table.

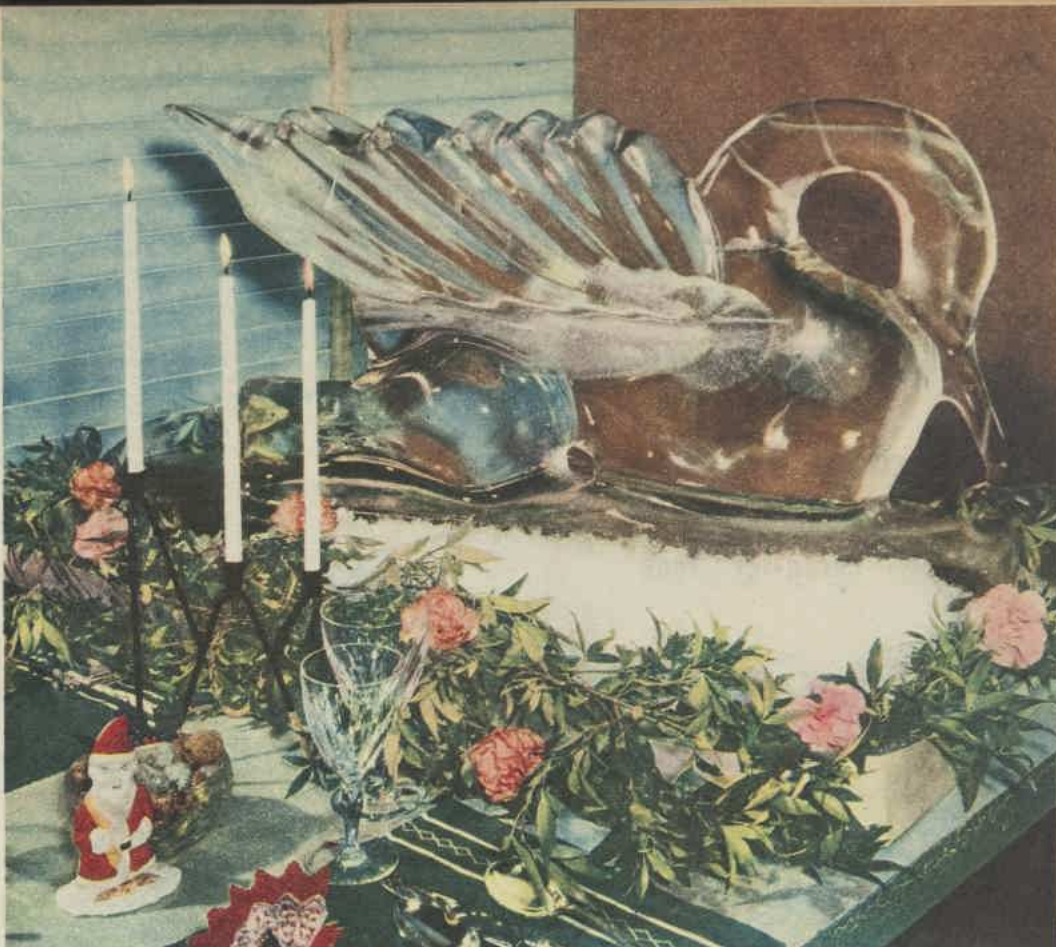
The sculptured pieces are treated in the same way as the cocktail bowls and are set on trays with, if necessary, a drainage tube leading to a hidden receptacle.

The idea of freezing flowers in ice may inspire homemakers to set miniature flowers in their refrigerator trays and use these ice-

blocks as a garnish for long, cool drinks, or as a novel base to a centrepiece of flowers or fruit.

Either flowers or prawns in ice-blocks could be used as a decorative touch on salad platters. They should be set on little dishes to catch the water as the ice melts.

Another new development in ice manufacture will also interest Sydney hostesses. No longer need they borrow ice-cubes from their neighbors' refrigerators to make up the ice supply for a party, because graded, crushed ice in varying sizes is now available in packages and bags.



SWAN (above) of gleaming ice set in a tray decorated with green leaves of Christmas bush and pink carnations, and offset by lighted candles, dominates the setting for a party.

WEDDING BELL hangs from the arch of this tall ice mould (right), designed specially for a bridal table. Set on a silver tray, the ice rivals the glitter of the glasses.



BELOW: Large ice bowl gives a slightly more formal atmosphere to the buffet. The flowers and greenery frozen in the walls of the bowl are surrounded by tiny air bubbles, which give a sparkling effect to the piece.



ABOVE: Giant king prawns in walls of thick ice are an ideal decoration for cocktail parties and informal buffets. The ice bowl will last for about nine hours. Smaller bowls melt more quickly and must be placed in a deeper tray to catch the water from melting ice.

RIGHT: The bed of crushed ice surrounding the large punch bowl gives the impression of fresh snow. Drink can be served straight from the bowl as shown here, or else placed in a silver or glass basin, which fits into the hollow ice.



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Joint and Muscle

Each time you do this, movement becomes easier and less painful. If you like, you can make a useful lamp at home yourself, simply by mounting a lamp holder in the bottom of a lightweight box of handy size so that you can put an ordinary large electric globe inside the box. The warming rays can then be directed right at the point of pain. To accelerate the treatment, get a tube of **Menthoid Creme** from your chemist—it costs only 9/6

Pains

Continuing . . . Candia

from page 51

excitedly. "It's sunstroke or it's a fever. Poor darling Candia! I do hope it's not cholera! How awful!"

"Give me some water," muttered Candia.

"I'd better not. Perhaps you oughtn't to have water. Perhaps you ought to have milk, or a tisane. I'll fetch Grand'mere."

She danced away, and presently Madame Spirianoff and the Baroness, grotesque in negligence, were stooping interestedly over the bed. They gave Candia something to drink, and took her temperature, and she was just sufficiently sensible to note Madame's look of dismay.

But the old lady behaved with good sense. She packed Elena off, assuring her it was not cholera; it was fever, a high fever, with perhaps a touch of the sun, nothing was required but quiet and careful nursing.

The Baroness took this up with enthusiasm: she had been a nurse in 1917, she would nurse darling Candia day and night. And Celeste also was very clever, put in Madame, she knew all sorts of native remedies that worked like magic.

It seemed certain Candia would not die from any lack of attention, and already her one overwhelming desire was to be left alone. But her mind still worked, she was still aware of her own personality and plans; and she knew what day it was.

"The boat," she whispered.

"Ah, the boat!" cried Madame Spirianoff. "The trip to America! There is Elena already crying her eyes out in case you cannot go! But we have time yet, my darling. Who knows but you will be perfectly well and strong again. We will do everything we can, Genevieve and I—always remembering the boat!"

Candia closed her eyes. The weak tears began to trickle down her cheeks, and at once, as though she had been waiting for them, the Baroness pounced and wiped them away with a handkerchief not perfectly clean and smelling of heliotrope.

The sweet, heavy odor was suffocating: in a last moment of consciousness Candia dreadfully realised what it would be like to be nursed by the assiduous Genevieve. She made a great effort.

"I would rather have Madame . . ."

"And so you shall!" cried Madame Spirianoff. "We will both nurse you, our darling, our treasure! And you shall have Celeste as well. We will all nurse you together!"

Candia lost consciousness.

During the next twenty-four hours she hardly regained it, or only in so confused and fleeting a manner as to make no difference. But she was vaguely aware that the promise was kept: they were all nursing her.

Sometimes the Baroness' face loomed enormous before her own, sometimes Madame Spirianoff laid a cloth to her head, sometimes—for a period of blessed quiet—Celeste sat silent by the bed. Candia lost all count of time; if they had told her she had been lying there a week or a month she would not have been surprised.

What did surprise her was that when she asked Celeste when the boat had come in, the amah replied that it would not come for two days. Candia suspected her of lying; but was too weak to look into her face. What she could see, however, was a thin brown hand against a bright sarong: on the forefinger was a huge, loose ring, much too large. Candia looked at it vaguely, feeling that it ought to remind her of some-

thing, and then, in the next short spell of sleep, forgot.

Her brain was working at random, swinging erratically between now and then, between Aloupa and Somerset; forgetting what she wished to remember, she presently found herself remembering something she had long tried to forget. A woman she knew, the widow of a farm laborer, had an idiot son; incapable of his proper care, she had gassed both herself and him rather than let him be taken to a home. The neighbors drew aside from the disgraceful death, and Candia went to the funeral because there was no one else to go.

This miserable little tragedy, so lacking in reason and dignity, was the lowest pitch of human wretchedness she had ever encountered; for a long time it haunted her, then it faded; this was the first time she had thought of it in perhaps three years.

"Poor thing," whispered Candia. "Poor thing, poor thing . . ."

Her mind slid off again into drowsiness, into vague dreams. She forgot. When she woke again hours must have passed, the room was in darkness save for a single lamp, and, turning her eyes to the clock by the bed, she saw it was three in the morning.

Celeste had disappeared, and for a moment Candia thought herself alone: then out of the shadows moved a short, squat figure, and Madame Spirianoff bent over her, blocking the light.

"Drink this, my child. It is a tisane."

Candia drank. The liquid was warm, tasting of herbs and faintly bitter. It had the effect of clearing her brain. Though all her body was weak as water, without sensation, she was able to see and hear, and to think intelligently.

Madame Spirianoff sat down in the chair by the bed. She was wearing a dressing-gown with a dark, blotched pattern, so creased and wrinkled it looked like the skin of a toad. The light was behind her, showing only the shape of her head. Candia noticed how big it was, how square and powerful on the short neck.

"You feel better?" asked Madame Spirianoff. "You feel well enough for a little talk?"

"Yes, Madame."

The old lady settled herself more comfortably. All around them the house lay sleeping. It was very still.

"The crisis is past, my darling, but you have undoubtedly been ill. We do not want it to happen again."

"What has been the matter with me?" asked Candia. "Was it fever?"

"I think it was fever, certainly. A touch of fever or perhaps a touch of the sun. But Genevieve thinks it was your subconscious."

For a moment Candia stared incredulously.

"My what?"

"Your subconscious."

"But that is nonsense!" said Candia.

"Do not laugh, my darling. Genevieve knows a great deal about such things; she has studied psycho-analysis. And she is very anxious. She thinks that though in your conscious you have determined on this American journey, your subconscious knows it is wrong. So when the time comes to go it stops you. By making you ill . . ."

"It is nonsense!" said Candia again.

"I am not telling you what I think. I am telling you what

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Genevieve thinks. She says she is afraid that if your consciousness persists, she really does not know what will happen."

"She is a fool," said Candia bluntly. "That may be. But even fools have their moments of sense. And I tell you myself, such attacks as you have just had are dangerous. From one you recover easily, but if they recur, that is not amusing at all. I implore you, my darling, think well before you act!"

Candia lay still. The effect of the tisan was beginning to wear off, but she made a great effort to put strength into her voice, to speak reasonably and firmly, like a person in full command of herself and her circumstances.

"Thank you, Madame," she said. "I think you are more anxious about me than is necessary. I have no doubt that I shall be able to leave after all, as I have arranged."

There was a short pause. "That is your decision?" said Madame Spirianoff.

"That is my decision," replied Candia, and closed her eyes.

Elena slipped in, carrying something carefully in her hands. It was daylight again, a fresh breeze blew through the open window. Elena had a big white cup.

"It's milk!" she whispered dramatically (as she might have said, "It's poison!") "It's milk from the nursery."

Candia smiled at her and drank.

"Poor thing," Elena looked at her anxiously. "Toly's praying for you," she hissed. "All day, under the ikon. I'm praying, too. I'm praying you'll get better right away, so you can take us to America. Have you anything you can give Celeste?"

Candia looked at her vaguely.

"Celeste?" "Yes, a present for Celeste. I think it ought to be rather valuable. Haven't you anything, Candia? Candia, may I look?"

Candia nodded. The amah had nursed her well, she de-

served a tip, it was like Elena to be officious.

The child slipped from the bed and flew to the dressing-table. Most of the drawers were empty, but Candia heard her rummaging about, then a sudden exclamation, followed by dead silence. When Elena reappeared she had something shut tight in her hand, and on her face an expression of awe.

"It's all right," she promised. "You'll be all right, darling Candia. Don't worry."

Candia smiled again. She was still drowsy, she really couldn't bother with Elena's plots and plans.

"Where's Toly?" she murmured.

"I told you, he's praying for you. Just praying. I do things as well," said Elena complacently.

She dropped a kiss on Candia's cheek—light, butterfly-swift, like her first kiss in the garden—and ran off.

This must have been Candia's first period of real sleep, for she woke again perfectly sensible and with a little appetite. Celeste, impassive as ever, brought her a supper of fish and fruit, and more milk.

Candia sat up to eat, and after, with the amah's help, got out of bed and walked a few times round the room. Her knees felt weak, but she could stand by herself. She was better. She could rest on the boat for two days.

"The boat comes tomorrow," she said. "Have everything ready."

Celeste nodded.

"Tell Madame, please, I don't want to see anyone again tonight. I must get a good sleep. Come yourself in the morning and help me dress. When we get to Singapore I will pay you. That is all."

The amah hesitated, but Candia motioned her away. She was anxious to get back to bed alone, to feel herself once more in control of her movements—as tomorrow she would be once more in control of her life. And she achieved it.

She even sat a moment at the dressing-table and laid a brush to her curly hair. Cotterell's picture smiled at her

Continuing . . . Candia

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through the glass, and Candia smiled back.

"I'm all right, my dear," she reassured him. "I and the children. We're going tomorrow. We're going to the place with the sand and the cold wind, the place you told me about. We're going in the morning . . ."

Candia woke late and found her tea cooling at the bedside. She must have slept deeply, she

her returning strength made her impatient to be up and doing. Candia slipped on her dressing-gown and went to the door. She stood and clapped her hands (like a character in "Aladdin") and waited for the genie. But no genie, no Celeste appeared.

The house was so still that Candia went back and looked at her clock, wondering whether



"How about changing courts for a while?"

thought, not to hear Casimir bring it; perhaps he had not liked to disturb her.

In any case there was no hurry, and she felt delightfully rested. She felt strong enough to get up and bath and dress by herself; then she thought she would wait a little longer for Celeste.

Celeste was late. She had the children to see to, and their last slight packing; there was no hurry.

Presently, however, because

she had mistaken the hour. It showed after nine, however, and there was the tray in proof.

Candia drank another cup of tea and ate some toast. The nursery was a long way off. Instead of traversing all those passages, she thought she would take her bath.

Feeling refreshed and well, but still unattended, she finished dressing. There was little to put in her last suitcase—only her nightgown and wrapper, the toilet things and trifles from

her dressing-table, and her few jewel-cases.

Candia packed them in quickly, with less than her usual neatness; in spite of herself she was beginning to hurry. The jewel-cases went at the bottom (she did not even slip the catches to look inside), then the cream-pots and powder-box, brushes and comb, sachet of handkerchiefs, and fresh gloves. Slippers at the sides, nightdress on top, and wrapper over all.

Then there was only Cotterell's picture, that folded in its leather frame; and Candia was just about to pack that, too, when the door opened.

It was not Celeste, it was Madame Spirianoff. She was fully dressed and even made up for the ceremony of leaving-taking. Candia turned to her with a smile and held out her hand.

"You have come early," she said.

The old woman did not answer. She advanced into the room, her queer, bright eyes glancing over the strapped trunks, the open suitcase, Candia's hat and gloves lying ready on the bed.

She advanced farther, to the dressing-table, noted its bare surface, and brought her hand down upon it so violently, so brutally that Cotterell's likeness slipped and fell to the floor.

"Enough of this farce!" said Madame Spirianoff.

Candia picked up the photograph and laid it on the suitcase.

"Sit down," said Madame Spirianoff.

Candia moved her hat a little and sat down on the end of the bed. She waited. She was not exactly afraid, but she had a feeling that something was going to break on her, that they were on the threshold of something very important.

"You are very stupid," said Madame Spirianoff. "You are more stupid than I thought. It is unbelievable! For it seems you really think that I will let you take my grandchildren away."

Candia spoke very carefully.

"But you have agreed to their going, Madame."

"Oh, no, I have not!" said Madame Spirianoff.

"Then why did you help us pack?"

"For a joke," explained Madame Spirianoff. "It was funny. To see you so busy getting ready, knowing you would never go. Why not? You have given me a bad time with your pig of a Rumbolt, I was entitled to a little amusement. But now the joke is over. I tell you, and I mean it, you do not take my grandchildren away. I tell you in plain words, because you are such a fool. I do not appeal to your heart or your head, because you have no heart and no intelligence."

Madame Spirianoff paused. Her eyes flashed angrily.

"Aloupka!" she said loudly. "Would I let my children leave Aloupka? Do you know what it is?"

"The name—" began Candia.

"The name is the name of a villa on the Black Sea. It belonged to the Prince Woronzoff. It was a centre of loyalty, culture, elegance, all that made Russia great. When I called this house Aloupka, I said, in memory. But it is not a memory alone. Ah, my darling—" Madame's voice suddenly altered, became charged with the old over-sweet affection, "if you would only let yourself be taught! If you would only let yourself realise what this place is!"

"I do realise, Madame, that it is a charming house—"

"Charming!" The old eyes flashed contemptuously. "You speak as though it were a pleasure-garden!"

"But it is," said Candia quickly. "That is why—you force me to say it—the children must leave. That is why, I see now, their father wished me to take them away."

"You fool," said Madame Spirianoff. She took a quick step nearer, she stood so close that Candia's nostrils were filled with the scent of violet-powder and shantung silk, and

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"You call Aloupka a pleasure-garden? I tell you it is a fortress! It is the last outpost, the last lamp of European culture! It is where the spirit of Imperial Russia still lives! And it is where—" her voice changed again, ringing deep and powerful—"it is where a child can receive that tradition, to guard and pass on, in a world that would else forget! Now do you understand?"

And at last, Candia understood. She understood the meaning of Aloupka, the reason of its isolation. She understood Elena's performances at the dinner-table and the queer unhealthy bent of her mind.

The passion in Madame Spirianoff's voice carried an insane conviction; she honestly believed, and Candia at last realised it, that three children could do no better than spend their lives garnering second-hand court gossip. Her whole ambition and object was to turn them into permanent refugees.

"If they do not remember," continued Madame fiercely, "who will? There is so much I have to tell them, but except Elena they are still too little, I have hardly begun! And Genevieve, too, there is much she can give. She has spoken to the Empress Elizabeth, she had danced with the Crown Prince Rudolph! Is all this to be lost? Answer me that!"

But Candia was thinking. Soon it will be Toly's turn, and then Xenia's. Toly may fight, but they'll be too clever for him. He'll like the Generals and the Cossacks. And Xenia will be Elena over again . . .

"You see, you cannot answer!" cried Madame Spirianoff triumphantly. "That is because in your heart you know that I am right. You are by nature sympathetic: you have read the books, your instinct guided you to them, both Genevieve and I agreed it was like a miracle, that you were brought here to be one of us. And you were learning so fast—"

"Wait," said Candia. "You are quite wrong about me." She sought through this maze of miscomprehension for some definite clue. "What books I read made no difference—"

"That may be so. Books are nothing, it is the living memory that counts. And you—" Madame Spirianoff's anger suddenly rose again—"you would take my grandchildren away from us into a world of machinery and canaille, to teach them to fill their minds with filth!"

"I would take them into the world of today," said Candia. "You would keep them in the past."

"And why not, if the past is better? Are they not safe here, out of the struggle and vulgarity?"

Candia was silent. She was deeply convinced that a child should look to the future, that a certain amount of vulgarity was an inevitable part of life, and that to turn one's back on the whole for fear of a part was the act of a coward. It was worse: it was wrong.

But she could not make these feelings explicit. She had been ill, she had no strength to spare on words. And indeed words were useless, for Madame Spirianoff was not open to reason. No argument, no eloquence in the world could move her. Candia said the only thing that mattered.

"I am more sorry than I can tell you, Madame: but I am going to carry out my husband's wishes. I am going to take the children to America. We leave today."

She closed the suitcase and took up her hat.

"You are not going," said Madame Spirianoff.

"But we are, Madame."

"I tell you, you are not. There will be no boat."

Continuing . . . Candia

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"The boat is here already." "You will find it a long way to swim."

Candia turned sharply. "The ship's boat will be here in an hour—"

"It will not. Today we are saving them the trouble. Casimir has gone across already: he will collect what there is for Aloupka, so that they need not send. And you may stand on the shore and scream, but they will not hear you."

Instinctively, Candia turned to the window. Far across the blue water, diminished and toy-like, the mailboat was plainly visible. The bay between was empty, so Casimir, in Aloupka's only boat, had already got across.

"He will not be back till night," said Madame Spirianoff. "He likes to visit his friends—"

She walked with a firm, elastic step across the room to Candia's side. Her whole personality even, it seemed, her physique, had undergone a change. She looked younger, more alive, as she had done in that small, stuffy room on the night of the Frenchwoman's death, and with sudden insight Candia realised that she was



actively enjoying the exercise of power.

She had been used to power—power over men and money, power over servants who were little more than serfs; now power had come back to her, flooding through her veins like an elixir of life.

"You sent that pig Rumbolt to bribe me," she said suddenly. "To bribe me with money to let my children go."

"No," said Candia.

"You did. I was stupid then myself; I thought it was a part of your other scheme for stealing my property in Russia. I thought it was a threat, that you were saying, 'See, if you make trouble for me, I can make trouble for you.' And when you gave up that wicked plan I forgave you. I loved you, I gave you another chance. I did all I could to make you happy. Again and again I tried to make you understand. I offered you all I had. And in return you have forced me to treat you like an animal, like a madwoman who must be shut up."

Madame Spirianoff suddenly laughed.

"There was a madwoman on my father's estate; she was rather amusing, and he exchanged her for a pair of greyhounds. I shall not do that with you, my dear, but tomorrow, or perhaps the day after, I will send you down the coast with Celeste's brother and so you will reach Singapore after all."

"No," said Candia again.

"That is as you please. But you have not found Aloupka very healthy, and I think you had better go." Madame Spirianoff turned to the door. "In the meantime, amuse your-

self as you choose. Shout. Run up and down the shore. I do not lock you in, because there is no need."

Candia stood by the window, because that is where captives stand, looking out over the garden to the bay; as though nothing had happened, as though nothing were going to happen—as though it were an Aloupka day like any other—the flowerbeds lay still and glowing under the sun, the blue waters lay calm. Candia stood and stared at the diminished, toy-like ship.

She tried not to think of the children, to whom she had broken her promise, nor of her husband, because she had failed him, nor of herself, because she was afraid. She tried not to think at all, because her mind was too ready to present, in all its details, the fact of her defeat.

Presently, because so long as she was still, thought forced itself upon her, she moved stiffly out through the long window on to the verandah.

The terraces below were empty; no children, no gardeners. No one to take a message, no one to help. Small native craft swarmed about the mailboat, but the intervening water was bare of any sail.

Candia went down to the landing-stage. She did not shout or cry out, she simply stood there, hopeless and helpless, until it struck her that perhaps someone in the house above might find amusement in watching her. So she turned, not back, but to the right on a narrow path little more than a track that led up and along the low cliff.

She had never taken it before. She had seen nothing at Aloupka but the house and garden. She had moved wholly within the narrow circle of Madame Spirianoff's influence. The rest of the island was completely unknown to her.

The wilderness, the children called it, and Elena said there were snakes there. But on the other side was the open sea. Perhaps on the other side there were boats.

Candia stumbled on, her high-heeled shoes tripping her in the coarse grass, her knees caught by strange vines, some brilliant with trumpet-shaped flowers, some naked or sparsely leaved.

The trees grew close. Here and there a tall bare trunk soared through the big ferns: the air was moist and hot and her thin dress was soon clinging to her body.

Either the path ended or else she lost it, for presently she was pushing her way blindly through the undergrowth without any sense of direction. She could not see the sky. It was like the jungle of her nightmare, ominous with a terror born of complete silence.

She was still very weak and once she fell. When she struggled up again a sharp pain shot through her ankle: it diminished a little as she forced herself on, but she stumbled now more frequently, catching at rough or thorny stems that skinned her hands.

The ground, which after the first rise had continued more or less level, now fell again, but not to any open beach. Candia half dropped, half slid into a little dingle, where the air was suddenly sweet. Great swags and veils of yellow flowers curtained her in, their scent was overwhelming, their beauty fantastic: the whole place was a bower.

A bower of jasmine.

Candia stood very still. The

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ground under her feet was soft with bright, young herbage. The weeping veils of yellow, swayed gently with the movement imparted by her coming. All was perfume and delicate beauty; and Candia knew now where she had come. Seeking the cliff and the open sea she had found a grave.

Here the warm soil of Aloupka had opened and closed again, the new fine weeds sprung up, the sweet vines drooped to embower a great leather chest. Here, like a bubble in air, a spark in fire, a stone in water, human identity had vanished. Here Aloupka triumphed, not harshly, but with beauty rampant.

Candia began to tremble violently. A most senseless fear overcame her, a fear of the yellow flowers. She was afraid lest their scent should suffocate her, so that she could not get back. She was afraid that once she sank to that warm, welcoming earth, the jasmine would stoop and swaddle her, press yellow flowers to her lips and nostrils and drain her strength.

She turned, thrusting her way through with an arm over her eyes; the pain in her foot was forgotten as she began to run. She ran whichever way the ground was easiest with no thought now of reaching the farther cliff; and because persons had passed that way before carrying a heavy burden coming from the house, Candia's flight took her back to it.

She emerged at last from the edge of the wilderness and saw it lying directly before her, huge, white, impassive under the sun; and it was the measure of her defeat that she saw it as a refuge.

Still the gardens were deserted. Without meeting a soul Candia made her way slowly round the outlying wings, round the wide verandahs, until she was back where she started, at her own room.

Someone had been busy there. Some kind hand had replaced her toilet things on the dressing-table and hung her wrapper behind the door. There was a fresh tray with milk and fruit and biscuits.

As though she had come home, Candia automatically washed and tidied herself, ate, and drank. Then she went again to the window and stood staring out across the water at the diminished, toy-like ship.

While she watched, something happened. A boat detached itself and began to creep over the water. It moved out upon the bay, it did not veer left or right towards the outlying horns of land, it made straight on. It was making for Aloupka.

Candia snatched up her handbag and ran outside along the verandahs towards the nursery. The swift movement shook her mind into action, back to normality. She was able, as she hurried, to recollect that the rooms of Madame Spirianoff and the Baroness were on the other side of the house, that Casimir had gone. She had a good chance.

For a moment she even paused, wondering whether to go back for her suitcase; but it would have to be packed afresh and her passport, her money, and Cotterell's few papers were all in the bag under her arm. She did not take the risk, but ran on again to the nursery window.

It gave her a pang at the heart to see that they were ready. In spite of everything they still had that much faith in her. Toly and Xenia were in clean linen smocks and sun-hats, a couple of bright bundles—so that was how Celeste packed—flanked the wooden playbox. Only Elena wasn't there.

As Candia appeared in the window the amah took one look at her face and jumped up.

"We are going?" she whispered.

"Yes. Bring the baba to the landing-stage. Never mind about luggage, bring just what you can carry. Where is Elena?"

"In the garden."

Candia caught Toly by the hand and hurried him down the verandah steps. Between the flowerbeds she forced herself to walk normally, pausing to consider the lilies, lest they

Continuing . . . Candia

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were by chance observed from the house. She dared not call Elena too loudly.

But Elena had seen them, she came racing up from the shore, violently signalling and flung herself on Candia's neck.

"There's a boat!" she panted. "Candia, darling, have you seen the boat?"

"Yes," said Candia. "Do you want to come to America?"

"Of course I do. Are we going?"

"Yes. Get your hat, and come to the landing-stage."

"But what about my things? My clothes?"

"We'll buy everything you need in Singapore."

"Aren't we going to say good-bye to Grandmere?"

Candia hesitated. Even at this last moment, even after the morning's horror, she hesitated.

"Do you want to very much?"

"Not particularly," said Elena. "She'll only make a fuss."

Like a band of shipwrecked mariners, like birds pressing against the wires of their cage, they waited on the tiny quay.

The two bundles (wrapped in bright native cloths, and adding greatly to this shipwrecked effect) were all their luggage.

Candia herself had nothing.

She did not care. She was filled with a precarious triumph that left no room for minor

emotions, her mind was out of her body, hovering like a sea-gull over the approaching boat.

"Shall I see the engine?" asked Toly.

"Yes, darling . . ."

The pull of his warm hand recalled her. She looked anxiously back towards the house, but all was quiet, Aloupka lay unsuspecting and asleep.

"It's not Casimir," said Elena suddenly. "Who is it?"

Candia strained her eyes, but could make out only three figures, two boatmen and a passenger—certainly not Casimir, not a ship's officer, more like a woman. Candia could not imagine who it was. She could not imagine any reason for the boat at all. It was coming simply like an answer to prayer, inexplicable on any rational grounds. It was coming . . .

It drew nearer. Elena, jumping up and down, splashed her foot in the water and soaked a shoe. Placid Xenia wriggled in the amah's arms.

Toly began to chug like a steam-engine.

A hundred yards, fifty, and the passenger in the bows took on form, a recognisable shape. Candia gasped in sheer amazement, Elena let out half a shriek and slapped a hand to her mouth. A long oar reached

to the quay, the boat's side grated, and out stepped—Miss Parry.

They stared at a mermaid, and yet nothing could have been more normal, more reassuringly commonplace than Miss Parry's appearance. She was not in uniform, she wore a suit of new shantung, but she moved to the crackle of invisible starch.

Her broad-brimmed hat was an innocent deception; no one could have taken her for anything on earth but a certified nurse with first-class references. She smelt strongly of soap. A quarter-inch of best English shoe leather insulated her from the hot Malayan sun.

"Quite a surprise, isn't it?" said Miss Parry.

Candia nodded dumbly. The children continued to gape. Miss Parry, pleased at finding herself so much the centre of attention, brightly continued:

"To tell you the truth, Mrs. Cotterell, I didn't find Mrs. Harbuckle's at all the sort of place I expected. I really had no choice, I had to give notice almost at once. And I said to myself, I wonder if Mrs. Cotterell is still unsuited? For I felt I owed you, so to speak, the first refusal. Shall I write? I asked myself, and then I thought, 'No, it would be more thoughtful, after what has passed, it would be so much nicer to come.'"

She gave a bright smile. "And so here I am, Mrs. Cotterell, though really with great difficulty, that dreadful Chinaman had some tale about your not wanting to see me, I had to argue and argue with the captain to send another boat. And you have only to say the word, dear Mrs. Cotterell, whether I stay or whether I go back."

"We're all going back," said Candia.

As though at the breaking of a spell they were all in motion. Celeste tossed the bundles into the boat and lifted Xenia and Toly after. Elena skipped over the side, the kind, grinning boatmen reached their hands for Candia, the craft swayed as she felt

the moving water, the live element, through the boards under her feet.

In a moment the reversal of their positions was complete: the Aloupka party were all aboard and it was Miss Parry who stood astonished on the quay.

"I think there's room for you, too," invited Candia. "The children are very light."

Eyes and mouth agape, Miss Parry flopped in.

"Then—then you were leaving yourself," she gasped. "The Chinaman told me—"

"He was mistaken," said Candia. "We always intended to leave today."

The men pushed off, the laden boat heaved and began to move. A strip of water widened at the rim of the quay.

Miss Parry held tightly to the gunwale, silently staring. But she was not silent long. She thought Mrs. Cotterell was behaving rather queerly, rather ungratefully, she didn't seem to realise how very kind and thoughtful she, Miss Parry, had been. Miss Parry felt the need to reassert herself.

"I need hardly tell you," said Miss Parry, importantly, "that there are several other situations I could drop into at a moment's notice. Nurses from Home are quite at a premium! But we got on so well, Mrs. Cotterell, and sympathy is so important—what is the grandest situation, I always ask myself, without sympathy? As I said to the Duchess—"

Candia didn't hear. She was looking back across Miss Parry's shoulder—across Miss Parry's voice—at the receding island. It was strange that so short a breadth of water could make so much difference. Already she felt secure. Aloupka couldn't attack the ship. There was no boat.

In two days they would be in Singapore, and there she would make Mr. Moffat do as she told him. And beyond all that beckoned a windy coast and the white sand blowing . . .

(Copyright)

ARRESTING NEW SERIAL

OPENING instalment will appear next week of our arresting new serial "MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR," latest novel by Herman Wouk, author of "THE CAINE MUTINY."

Further details of this important serial are given to you in a special article about it in this issue. Be sure not to miss its first instalment in next week's issue.

HEADACHE & PAIN

New light thrown on today's tension . . .

Significant medical research points to the fact that the build-up of today's tension is part of a health pattern leading to the breakdown of the natural defences which protect you against serious ill health. Stress is the danger!

This tension pattern starts with worry and strain, leads to nervous reaction, develops into headache, nerve pain and traces its effect all too clearly on your face. Combat today's tension symptoms sanely, safely, before your health is wrecked. Take 'ASPRO', the recognised medicine for the relief of headache and pains attendant on minor ills that affect so many of us today. 'ASPRO' acts quickly without harming vital bodily functions.

'ASPRO' RELIEF IS TRUE RELIEF

'ASPRO' is the ideal form of relief for these modern tension troubles because it acts in such a soothing manner. 'ASPRO' is entirely effective without the need to include harsh, harmful drugs which produce unpleasant, unsteady after effects. 'ASPRO' relief is true relief!

'ASPRO'

FOR TODAY'S TENSION TROUBLES

Nicholas Product

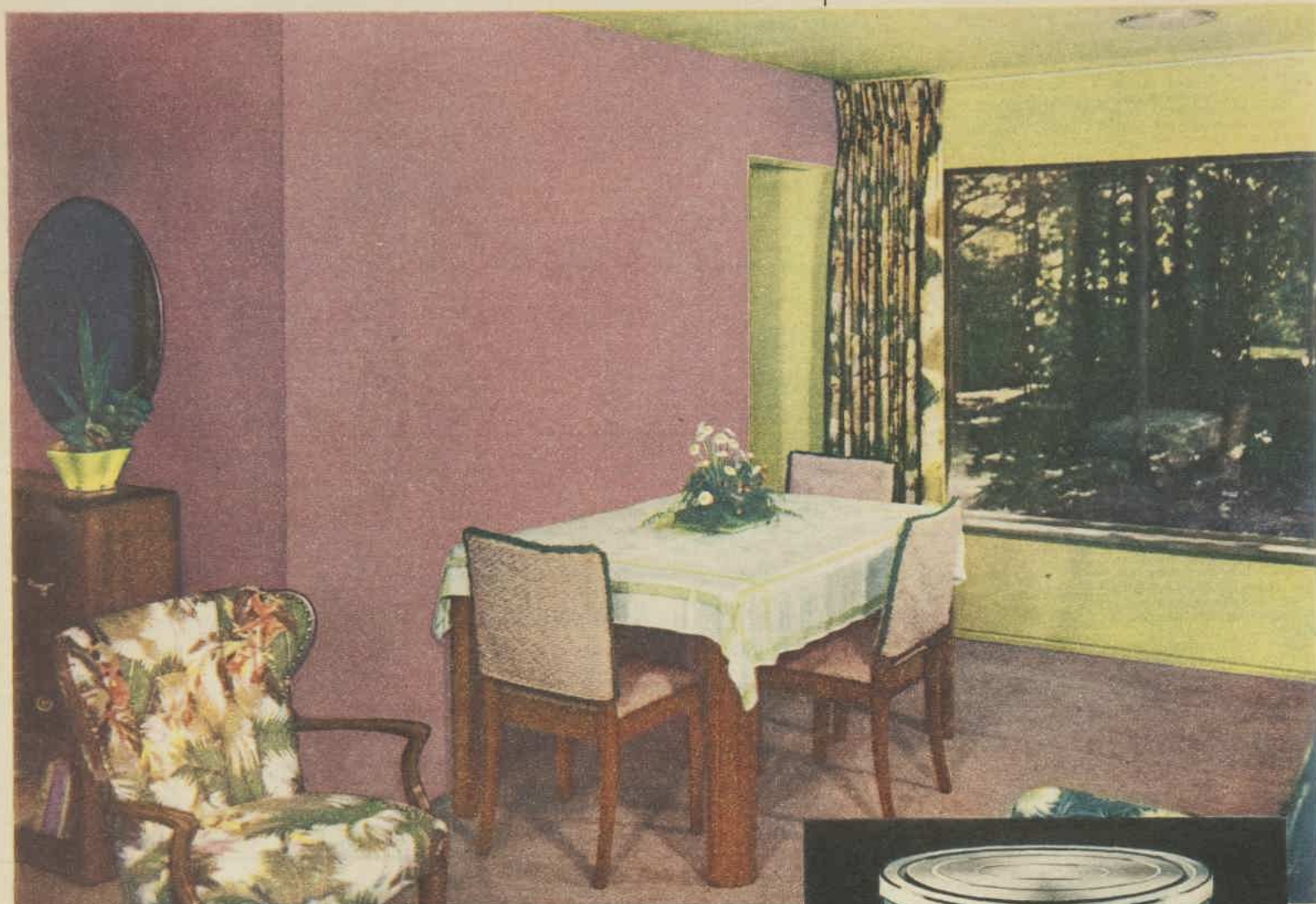


A33/55

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USE THE FREE COLOUR ADVISORY SERVICE

Mayfair Colour Experts will gladly prepare an individual colour scheme for your home absolutely free. Just call in, phone, or write to your State address for details.

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BRISBANE: Wintergarden Theatre Building, Queen St. B2761.
ADELAIDE: 49 Rundle St. (opposite Birks), W6981.
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Come to Lunch

DELICIOUS LUNCHEON illustrated above includes jellied chicken soup, scalloped crab, green salad, lime cream, strawberries and ice-cream, plain scones, and orange punch. An alternative menu, given below, looks as good as this one, but is much less expensive to prepare.

A luncheon party with congenial guests can be a delightful occasion.

SPARKLING glassware, gleaming silver, your prettiest china, and food prepared with loving care, can make a simple luncheon something to remember.

The way the dishes are prepared and served is often more important than the cost. We have planned two menus which look the same when cooked. Both are delicious to eat, yet one menu costs only half as much as the other.

Which one you choose to serve will depend on the state of the house-keeping purse. But whatever your choice, the dishes will look good, and taste even better.

All spoon measurements are level.

MENU 1

Jellied chicken soup.
Scalloped crab.
Green salad.
Lime cream, strawberries, and ice-cream.
Plain scones.
Orange punch.

JELLIED CHICKEN SOUP

One and a half pints chicken stock (liquid in which chicken has

boiled or steamed), wing-tips, giblets, neck of chicken, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons salt, 3 stalks chopped celery, $\frac{1}{4}$ onion, 1 bouillon cube, 3 dessertspoons gelatine, 3 tablespoons cold water, whipped cream, chopped chives.

Place chicken pieces in saucepan with stock, salt, celery, and chopped onion. Simmer 2 to 2½ hours. Add bouillon cube and gelatine softened in cold water. Stir until both are dissolved. Allow to become cold, then chill until set. Chop with 2 knives, serve in small dishes, standing in larger dishes surrounded with crushed ice. Top with a spoonful of whipped cream and a sprinkling of chopped chives.

SCALLOPED CRAB

One ounce butter, 1oz. flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream or evaporated milk, 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon anchovy sauce, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste, 1 to 1½ cups diced crab meat, soft bread-crumbs, buttered crumbs.

Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in

milk, continue stirring until very thick. Gradually add cream and egg-yolk. Cook 2 or 3 minutes longer without boiling. Stir in sauces, lemon juice, salt, pepper, and crab. Mix well. Fill into 6 scallop-shells greased and sprinkled with breadcrumbs. Top with buttered crumbs, serve garnished with crab claws, lemon wedges, and parsley.

To prepare buttered crumbs: Melt 1oz. butter in shallow pan, add $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft breadcrumbs and sauté until lightly browned.

LIME CREAM, STRAWBERRIES, AND ICE-CREAM

One packet lime jelly, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ tin evaporated milk or cream, 1 teaspoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, green coloring, strawberries, ice-cream.

Dissolve jelly in hot water, add lemon juice. Whip chilled evaporated milk or cream, gradually add sugar, gelatine dissolved in a little extra hot water, and lemon rind. When jelly is cold, but not set, add gradually to the cream mixture, color pale green, and continue beating until very thick. Fill into small recess-tins, individual size, rinsed first with cold water. Chill until set.

Unmould, top with ice-cream and decorate with strawberries.

ORANGE PUNCH

Two cups fresh orange juice, 1 cup fresh lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar, 1 pint boiling water, lemonade or soda-water, ice cubes, mint.

Dissolve sugar in boiling water, add 3 or 4 strips orange and lemon rind, no white pith. Allow to cool. Add orange and lemon juice, chill thoroughly. Just before serving dilute with lemonade or soda-water, add ice cubes and garnish with mint.

MENU 2

Jellied Julienne soup.
Scalloped fish au gratin.
Green salad.
Peppermint shape with strawberries and ice-cream.
Plain scones. Iced tea.

JELLIED JULIENNE SOUP

One pound shin of beef, 1 dessert-spoon salt, 2 pints water, 1 stalk celery, 1 carrot, piece of swede, 2 sprigs parsley, 1 bouillon cube, 3 dessertspoons gelatine softened in 3 tablespoons cold water, chopped parsley, Julienne strips.

Julienne Strips: Cut $\frac{1}{4}$ of a peeled turnip, 1 scraped carrot, and a stick of celery into neat, match-sized

pieces. Simmer 10 minutes in small quantity salted water, drain.

Shred meat against the grain, place in saucepan with salt and water, stand 10 minutes. Bring slowly to boiling point, remove scum. Add coarsely chopped vegetables and parsley sprigs, simmer 2 to 2½ hours. Strain through muslin, allow to become cold, then remove any fat. Reheat, add bouillon cube and gelatine. Stir over heat until dissolved. Add Julienne strips, spoon into soup-cups, chill until set. Chop with 2 knives, serve garnished with parsley.

SCALLOPED FISH AU GRATIN

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups flaked cooked fish or tinned fish, 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs (optional), 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup soft breadcrumbs, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, extra butter.

Melt butter or substitute, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Fold in fish, eggs, lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste, chopped parsley. Fill into scallop-shells which have been greased and sprinkled with breadcrumbs. Top with breadcrumbs and grated cheese, dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven until top is lightly browned.

Continued on page 63

By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert

£7,500 CASH CONTEST

TO INTRODUCE MIGHTY SIZE RINSO

1st Prize **£5,000 cash**

HUNDREDS OF PRIZES

1st PRIZE



2nd PRIZE



AND

300 cash vouchers worth £5
redeemable at any grocer's in exchange
for a MIGHTY SIZE XMAS HAMPER—
contents to be selected by
the winners.



Mighty Size Rinso, with those **thicker, richer** suds—
BEST WASHDAY VALUE IN AUSTRALIA



Strike up the band with a special fanfare for Mighty Size Rinso. Listen to the cheers from 7 out of every 10 Australian homes where Rinso is already the favourite washday helper. This new Mighty Size Rinso will earn a special cheer from busy housewives. For they know what a mighty job it will do in saving time and money. Join the crowd of happy women who wash with Rinso's thicker, richer suds. Get the new money-saving Mighty Size Rinso today.

Complete the last line of this jingle

Rinso in the Mighty Size
Will be your choice if you are wise
It saves you money — makes work lighter
Its richer suds wash whiter, brighter
For whites and coloureds — dishes, too

EASY RULES... HERE'S HOW TO ENTER!

1. Get a free contest leaflet from any grocer. It contains the rules which govern the contest. But this advertisement contains all the information needed to get started.
2. Each entry should be accompanied by the opening flap marked "Press Tab Here" from the Mighty Size Rinso packet.
3. Complete the last line of the jingle. There's lots of useful information about Mighty Size Rinso on this page.
4. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought.
5. Mighty Size Rinso opening flaps are not required from residents of any State where the inclusion of such would contravene the law of that State.

Think of a last line for the jingle above: When you go to your grocer to buy Mighty Size Rinso, ask for a free leaflet explaining how to enter.

Major prizewinners will be announced by Terry Dear on "Australia's Amateur Hour" on December 15th, 1955.

Enter Today!

CONTEST CLOSES NOVEMBER 30th 1955

Beauty Expert's advice on an INTIMATE PROBLEM

It amazes me that some women are still distressed by the problem of superfluous hair. There's no need to worry these days, now you can literally cream away the hair — and quickly, too. I know there's a great temptation to use a razor, but do remember that razors make hair grow faster and coarser. They scrape tender skin and you're left with noticeable stubble. But the amazing cream called Veet removes all hair in three minutes, leaving skin silken-smooth! Summer and winter, legs must be Veet-smooth. Bare, hairy legs look so ugly, and the glamorous effect of sheer stockings is ruined if hair shows through. So get Veet, at all chemists and stores.



Cream away hairy under-arm hair in summer.



Large Economy (double size), 4/11
Medium Size, 3/-
Slightly more in some country districts.

Outdoor Girls

NEED SKIN PROTECTION



Sun makes your skin dry, dehydrated. Soothing NIVEA contains Eucerite which replaces natural oils, giving your skin a healthy glow.

Skin needs NIVEA



★ NIVEA Creme is available in tins or tubes, or for those who prefer a liquid, NIVEA Skin Oil. From Chemists & Stores everywhere.

The original TAMPAX is again available!

You don't have to put up with the chafing and embarrassment of old-fashioned sanitary methods. Tampax, the modern internal sanitary protection was invented by a physician and it does away with bulky belts, pins and pads. With Tampax there's no odour — and disposal is easy. Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed into one-time-use applicators. You owe it to yourself to try Tampax.



CUT OUT THIS COUPON

To The Honor, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.
(I enclose 3/6d. in stamps for postage.)
Name _____
Address _____
I would like a sample of regular/ super Tampax.
(Please mark absorbency.)

Architect's Diary

By Sydney Architect W. J. McMurray

"How much does a timber house cost per square these days?" is often asked by intending home-builders.

MR. and Mrs. Davis (the names are mine) were newly married with limited finance for building. The answer to this question could mean the difference between living with in-laws and owning their own home.

"I'm still looking for land," explained Mr. Davis, "so I suppose I'm being a bit premature in worrying about the cost of a house at this stage."

"Not at all. One of the biggest items affecting the cost of a building is the site itself. Very often people are forced, or tempted, into buying what appears to be a cheap block of land, only to find that it involves them in unexpected additional cost to build on it."

"Extra foundations on steep ground, and that sort of thing?" asked Mr. Davis.

"Yes, not only that, but accessibility for delivering building materials is important. Extra handling by the builder might increase the labor costs by several hundred pounds."

"Excavation in rock for drainage or a septic tank can be an expensive item."

"Travelling time by tradesmen to an out-of-the-way place will reflect in the price. All these items can make an apparently cheap site a very expensive one indeed."

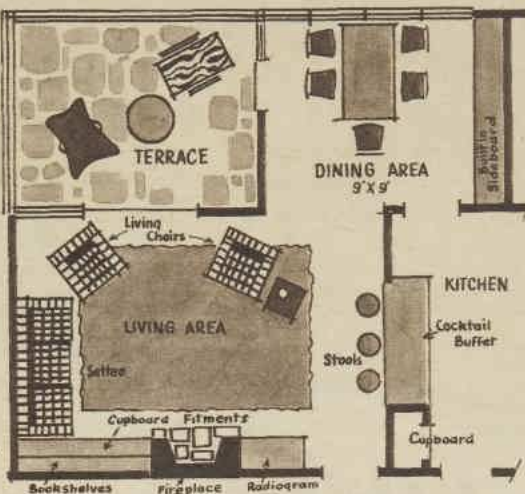
"I must watch all these points when I'm looking around," agreed Mr. Davis, "but surely the floor area must affect the cost to a great degree."

"Of course you can plan a house economically," I said. "A well-planned home with an area of 1100 square feet, for instance, can provide the equivalent useful area of a badly planned home of anything from 1250 to 1350 square feet."

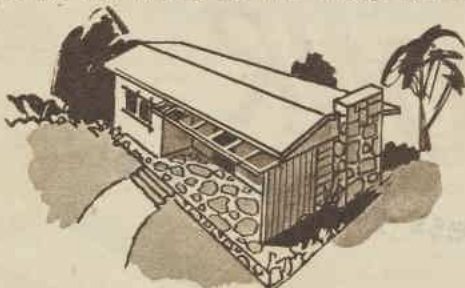
"By cutting out unnecessary hall space?" asked Mr. Davis.

"By eliminating waste space generally. This can mean planning for a furniture arrangement and locating doors and windows in correctly sized rooms to cut out useless inaccessible pockets of floor space."

"I've been told that the roof for an irregular-shaped



ABOVE: A suggested plan for living-area arrangement built round the furniture layout to give a maximum effect of space in a small area. BELOW: Keeping to a plain rectangular shape for the external walls of a house and having a simple roof structure are ways to keep costs down.



PATTERN FOR LAYETTE

house is added expense," said Mr. Davis.

"Yes. Simple rectangular shapes with a minimum of breaks keep the cost down."

"Other points in the general design and construction are important, too. Stepping the floor to levels to follow the ground slope, for instance, can save wasteful foundation heights. Keeping large openings to a minimum is as important as selecting stock windows rather than types that have to be specially made for the job."

"In addition to these things, the number of cupboard fittings, the extent of expensive finishes, such as wall and floor tiling, the selection of hardware and sanitaryware, all have an important bearing on the final cost."

New cookery book offer

HOUSEWIVES of all ages will be thrilled with the many comprehensive sections in the new Australian Women's Weekly Cookery Book.

Don't miss the opportunity of getting the wonderful new Australian Women's Weekly Cookery Book with its 1000 delicious, tested recipes.

Beautifully illustrated, the Cookery Book has easy-to-follow instructions for the beginner, as well as recipes to delight the experienced cook.

All types of recipes are included, from light meals, sweets, cakes, and candies right through to recipes for bottling fruit and vegetables.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY PRIVILEGE BOOK OFFER

COOKERY BOOK OFFER
Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please forward _____ copy of "THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY COOKERY BOOK" to

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Have you noticed? Wherever you go, discerning people choose Kensitas. Kensitas are firmly packed full of the finest tobacco... smooth, satisfying... and Extra Size. Enjoy Kensitas to-day.



Kensitas EXTRA SIZE

FINELY MADE ENGLISH CIGARETTES

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FRESH LIVELY FLAVOUR

deep-down goodness you can taste!

IT TAKES CORN to give you flavour
... deep-down goodness you can taste.

IT TAKES CORN to give you crispness.
(Honestly, now, did you ever taste anything as crisp as Kellogg's Corn Flakes?)

IT TAKES CORN to give you energy.
A helping of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, milk, sugar, fruit and buttered toast, gives you one-third of your daily food needs.

IT TAKES KELLOGG'S to turn big sunshiny corn kernels into the freshest, crunchiest flakes you ever rustled out of a packet. And the formula's a closely-guarded secret. That's why more families will be sitting down to a breakfast of Kellogg's Corn Flakes tomorrow morning than any other cereal in the world. Your family, too, perhaps?



Cooking with Kay



by

Kay Kellogg

of Kellogg's Home Economics Service

Frozen Pies for a surprise!

Did you ever "bake" a pie in the freezing compartment of your refrigerator? Provided you've got that spare packet of Kellogg's Corn Flakes handy, nothing could be simpler — or more wonderful to eat. Try this easy recipe today.

FROZEN BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

1 cup sugar; 1 cup water; 1 dessertspoon butter; 2 cups Kellogg's Corn Flakes; ice cream (bought or home-made).

Boil the sugar, water and butter until they turn the color of golden syrup. Remove from heat immediately, add the corn flakes and stir until they are coated. Press them firmly over the bottom and sides of a well-buttered refrigerator tray. Chill, then fill with ice cream. Decorate with fruit or coconut if you wish. Freeze firm and serve in slices.

CALLING BOYS AND GIRLS

FREE Dangle-Dandy cutouts on the back of every Kellogg's Corn Flakes packet! They twist — they turn — more fun than a circus! Start your collection now — and get them all.



15 hairsets for 3/6

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated Curlypet—squeeze Curlypet into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated Curlypet for 3/6 from your chemist or store.

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

CN.5



JUST TELL THE WIFE to buy FORD PILLS in the larger economy

Family size, and get over twice the quantity for only 5/6 EVERYWHERE

FORD PILLS

INDIGESTION

?

YOU NEED

Hardy's

INDIGESTION POWDER

(also available in tablet form)

Proved over years in thousands of cases

NO DIETING NECESSARY

For boys & Girls 4 to 16

CHUCKLER'S WEEKLY

EVERY

THURSDAY

Great Value—9d

TARTLETS WIN PRIZE

This week's £5 prize is awarded to a reader for a recipe for apple cream tartlets.

WITH the festive season approaching, these tartlets will be ideal to serve to guests, those expected or those who drop in casually.

Prepare the pastry-cases in advance and have a bowl of stewed apple on hand. When the tarts are needed, add the cream and flavorings to the apple, and the tartlets are assembled in a minute.

All spoon measurements are level.

APPLE CREAM TARTLETS

Half a pound shortcrust or biscuit pastry, 2 or 3 large cooking apples, 1 tablespoon water, 1/2 cup sugar, grated rind of 1/2 lemon, 2 cloves, pinch grated nutmeg, 1/2 cup finely chopped Brazil nuts, juice of 1/2 orange, 2 tablespoons sherry, 1/2 pint cream, glace cherries and angelica to decorate.

Line patty-tins with thinly rolled pastry, prick bases with fork, and cook in hot oven. Peel, core, and slice apples,



APPLE CREAM TARTLETS, this week's £5 prize-winner, are good for festive party occasions. The creamy apple filling is delicious and easy to make. See prize-winning recipe.

place in saucepan with water and sugar. Heat slowly until simmering. Add lemon rind, cloves, and nutmeg. Cook until apples are tender.

Drain, rub through a strainer. When almost cold, add nuts, orange juice, and sherry, mix well, fold in whipped cream. Fill into pastry-cases, top with a slice of cherry and strips of angelica.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. G. Hegarty, 2 Bothwell Street, Toowoomba, Qld.

Tony's luxury dish . . .

Whiting Bonne Femme

"Whiting are very tasty grilled or baked, but they have so many bones that care should be taken to remove as many as possible before cooking," says Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club.

FOR six persons you will need:

Twelve fillets whiting, 16 good-sized mushrooms sliced very thinly, 4 shallots, chopped, 3 glasses sauterne, 8 tablespoons butter, 3 cups fish stock, 4 tablespoons cream, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 teaspoon white pepper, 2 tablespoons parsley chopped fine.

Place four tablespoons of butter in a saucepan, add the shallots, parsley, mushrooms, and the fillets of whiting

seasoned with salt and pepper. Add the white wine and a little fish stock, and let it cook for about 10 minutes very slowly. Remove the fillets of fish to a heat-proof serving-dish and cook the liquid until reduced to a third of its original quantity. Add the cream, and then gradually add the remaining butter. Correct the seasoning, just before serving add 2 tablespoons of whipped cream to the sauce. Pour over the fillets and glaze the whipped cream under a hot grill until golden brown.

COME TO LUNCH

(Continued from page 59)

PEPPERMINT SHAPE WITH STRAWBERRIES AND ICE-CREAM

Three-quarter pint milk, 3 tablespoons cornflour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg-white, green coloring, peppermint flavoring, strawberries, ice-cream.

Blend cornflour with some of the milk, add balance of milk and half the sugar, then stir until boiling. Stir briskly while mixture simmers three or four minutes. Allow to cool, stirring frequently to prevent a skin forming on the top. Tint pale green, flavor lightly with peppermint (be careful, peppermint flavoring strengthens on standing). Fold in egg-white beaten stiffly

with balance of sugar. Fill into wetted recess-tins, individual size. Allow to become quite cold and set. Loosen around edges, turn out on to serving-plates, top with ice-cream and strawberries.

ICED TEA

Four teaspoons tea, 1/2 cup orange juice, 1 pint boiling water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 4 lumps loaf sugar, crushed ice.

Pour fresh boiling water on to tea-leaves, allow to draw 5 minutes. Stir, then strain immediately into a jug containing about 1/2 cup crushed ice, sugar, lemon juice, and orange juice. Chill thoroughly before serving.

FAMILY DISH

AN appetising pic with a filling of sausages and tomatoes is this week's family dish. It costs 4/9 and serves four.

SAUSAGE AND TOMATO PIE

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 1lb. beef or pork sausages, salt, pepper, 2 tomatoes, 1 hard-boiled egg, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Roll pastry thinly, use half to line 7in. tart-plate. Cover sausages with warm water, boil 7 minutes. Drain, remove skins, mash meat with salt, pepper, and parsley. Fill tart-plate with sausage mixture, cover with sliced tomatoes and chopped egg. Season lightly with salt and pepper and dampen around edge of pastry. Cover with balance of pastry, rolled thinly. Trim edges, pinch together, decorate top with leaves cut from pastry scraps. Glaze top, bake in hot oven 30 to 40 minutes, and serve hot or cold.

Clever Cooks use SPANISH

olive oil

for frying

Specially for deep frying, use olive oil for loads more heat without that dreadful thought . . . burning fat!

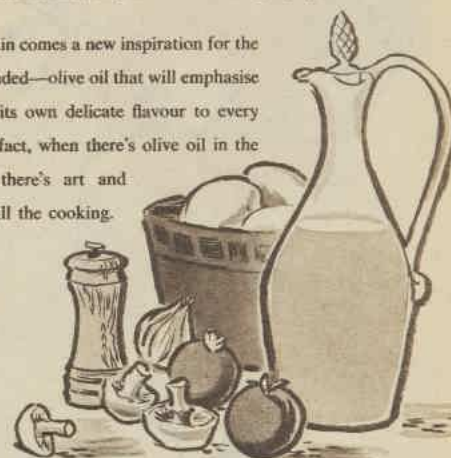
for lighter batter

When frying fish, fritters, etc., use a dessertspoon of olive oil to 2 to 3 ozs. flour, adding the egg in the usual way.

for poultry

Here's a chef's tip for that appetising crisp golden brown: brush olive oil over the turkey or chicken before you pop it in the oven.

From Spain comes a new inspiration for the menu-minded—olive oil that will emphasise and add its own delicate flavour to every dish. In fact, when there's olive oil in the kitchen, there's art and craft in all the cooking.



The best olive oil comes from SPAIN

To know more about olive oil and how to use it, write to the Spanish Olive Oil Institute, Box 674, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

W17

"I'm proud of my WUNDERLICH SINK ..



... it's brought glamour to my kitchen."

Wunderlich Sinks are beautifully polished, easy to clean, save work and last a lifetime. There's a size for every kitchen. For details and prices, see your hardware merchant or write to Wunderlich Limited, Box 474 G.P.O., Sydney.



Ask for them at your local hardware store

Let Thor make yours a

HAPPY HEALING HOME



Making your house a home keeps Mother busy. Washdays may find her hard-pushed to maintain a cheerful smile, particularly if the youngsters get into a bit of bother, or dinner is spoilt, simply because she just didn't have the time.

With the Thor washer, laundry work is no trouble at all. The children are always bright and shiny, dinner's a delight. Everybody is happy. It's a happy Healing home.

WASHES — Thor agitator action gently loosens all dirt and grime — washes clothes cleaner. Gay colours, soft woollies and frail underthings all get the same thorough, gentle care of Thor's swirling suds.

RINSES — Thor's overflow-rinse floats dirt and scum up and out over the top — not down with the clothes. Thor-rinsed coloureds are brighter, whites whiter.

DRIES — Thor spin-dries clothes 20% drier than wringer dry. And Thor runs so smoothly it requires no bolting down. Saves you money on installing and ensures long service.

See your neighbourhood Healing dealer NOW and arrange for Christmas delivery.

Thor
AUTOMAGIC
WASHER

Say Happy Healing Xmas with . . .

HEALINGRAMS

Famous 5-valve Golden Voice circuits, with 12 inch speakers, for "Tone that belongs to Golden Voice alone". The exclusive, patented "Folddown" top gives you access to both radio and player compartments at a touch, yet leaves ornaments undisturbed.

Two models, each with generous record compartments, available in Mahogany, Walnut or Silver Ash. From 89 gns.



REVEILLE — A radio, a clock, a lullaby, a gentle "waker-upper" and mindful timer, to call your attention to a dozen things every day. £29/19/6.



TRIO — Three-way radio that operates on A.C./D.C. or batteries — with exclusive, new battery re-activating device and "Tone that belongs to Golden Voice alone". 29 gns.

A. G. HEALING LTD.
ALL STATES



POOL in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Coulter's home in Toorak, Victoria. Water-lilies grow on the pond, which is flanked by weeping flowering cherries. The azaleas will later give way to roses, hydrangeas, and perennial phlox.

Sunken gardens and pools

A sunken garden is usually a feature of extensive and varied grounds. However, it can also be a clever way of treating a natural hollow in the grounds or irregular terrain.

A POOL, with carefully chosen plants surrounding it, is the ideal centre-piece to a sunken garden.

The sunken garden itself should be made the centre-piece of the whole garden layout, with a wide, unobstructed space around it much larger than the central garden or pool.

Without this surrounding area the garden will look cluttered, cramped, and out of place. It will also fill with water after heavy rain, and become a costly eyesore.

Sunken gardens are usually designed by horticultural architects who have studied this type of work from every angle.

They need a wide approach, preferably a permanent pathway of some kind, and must be

accented at the rear and sides by well laid-out shrubberies, plantations, or something similar. These raise the sunken portion and leave it not merely like a depression that has been paved round and turfed.

Straight, severe pool lines demand a wider area of open space around them than winding, ornamental pools. In both cases, making a leak-proof pool is a job best left to an expert.

Japanese and Siberian irises, sedges of different kinds, ferns, and other aquatic plants are ideal for the edges or bays of informal pools.

The land around the sunken garden should be banked with stone or rocks, with pockets of good soil to hold low-growing shrubs, either perennials or annuals.

Roses, particularly standard roses, are very popular. Their beauties of color and scent and

their open-branch framework make them ideal.

Tall, dense shrubs are unsuitable, because they break the view and spoil the whole effect.

Poorly executed statuettes should be avoided. Once the novelty has worn off they begin to appear ugly, stiff, and unnatural, especially in an informal garden setting. The character of the sunken garden must determine the type of ornament, if any.

Benches, tables, seats, sundials, and other furniture should also be used with care.

They can become wearying in appearance, if not actual eyesores, after some time, especially if not carefully chosen with their actual setting in mind.

When planning a sunken garden or pool, look down on the entire composition as if from a dress-circle seat and imagine whatever you plan to introduce actually in place.

This forethought and consideration will save money.

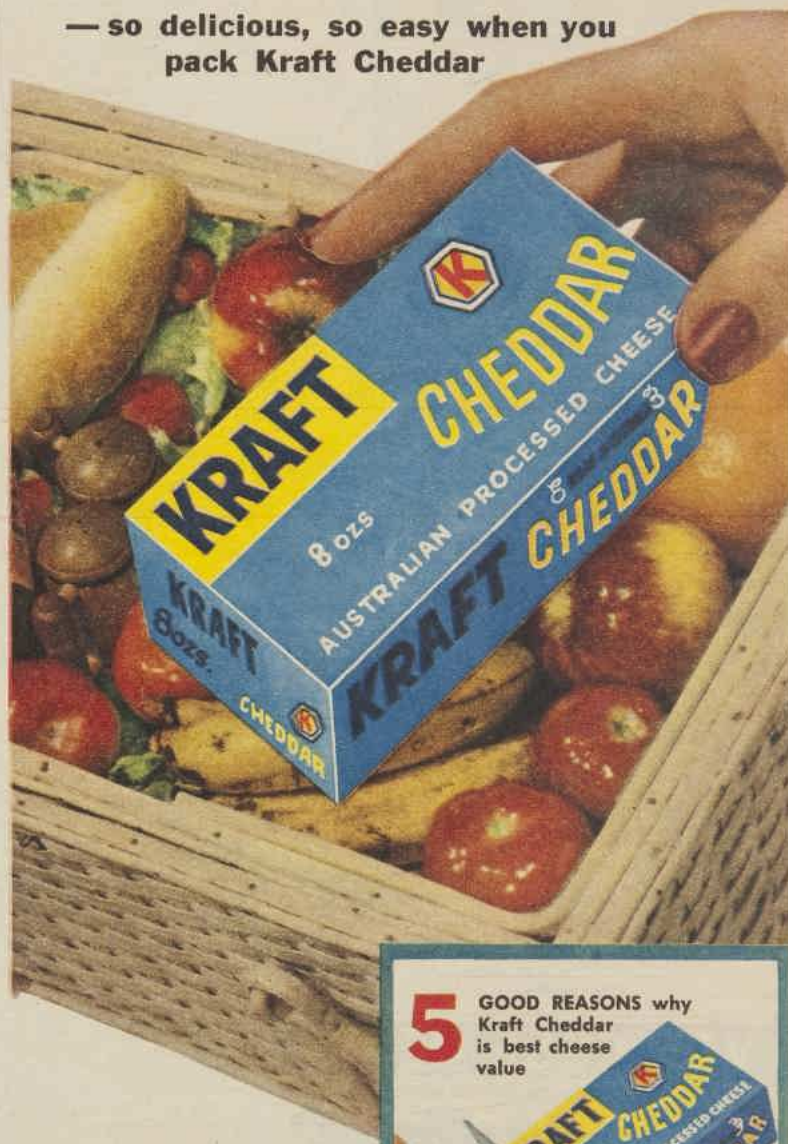
If your land (or purse) forbids a complete sunken garden, depressions may frequently be concreted to a depth of two feet or more as lily pools and the banks built up decoratively. They should be planted with what gardeners know as aquatic plants or bog-lovers.

This often proves less expensive than levelling natural grades or depressions, especially in districts where most blocks seem to comprise steep slopes with rock embedded.

With present high labor costs it is sometimes best to leave the land as it is and obtain the sunken garden effect by planting high trees at the back with low-flowering shrubs and plants in the foreground.

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This week's award of £2/2/- for a Bible quotation has been won by Mrs. E. F. Hilliard, of 508 Western Highway, Faulconbridge, N.S.W.

This is her entry:

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"The phrase comes from the book of Ecclesiastes, chapter ten, verse one, where the preacher is speaking of the value of wisdom: 'Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savor; so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honor.'"

Readers are invited to send in quotations from the Bible whose frequent application has made them part of everyday language. Entries should give the book, chapter, and verse from which each quotation comes, and an example of current usage.

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Continuing . . . The Brothers

from page 9

never have guessed it. And yet, now that she did know, she felt strangely pleased.

Abruptly she said: "Darling, you know Mac's terribly proud of you. I think he was pretty lonely running the farm by himself. It must have been—well—quite an effort to keep you at that college."

Johnny nodded without looking at her. Then he said: "It probably cost him more than he could afford, too."

"I suppose so," Rebecca considered that. "On the other hand, I think Mac looked on your training as a sort of investment. Something that would pay the farm back in the long run."

Johnny shrugged his shoulders. "I wouldn't know. Mac's always done a big brother act for as long as I can remember."

He half pulled himself to his feet and kissed the side of Rebecca's neck in one easy movement. "Let's stop talking about brothers and sisters."

"Darling—" It was ridiculous, Rebecca thought, how utterly weak at the knees being kissed by Johnny made her. Shakily she whispered: "Somebody will see us—"

Johnny grinned. "So far as I know there's no law against kissing a girl in public if she lets you." He ran a calculating eye over the landscape. "And as there's nobody nearer than a couple of hundred yards, I don't know what you're worrying about."

Rebecca raised her mouth to his and said: "Neither do I."

Half an hour later Rebecca met up with him again. They had gone down to see the start of the last race and she had been conscious all the time of a feeling of relief that he was not riding in it. Then quite suddenly he had excused himself. When he came back he was looking apologetic.

"Darling, do you mind very much taking the horse-box back with Hobson? It looks as though there's a spot of business that's going to keep me behind."

She felt a sudden stab of disappointment.

"Oh, Johnny, must you?"

He nodded. "It's just one of those things, I'm afraid. I shouldn't wait at the farm either if I were you. I'll probably be late getting back."

She managed to smile. "Just as you say. See you tomorrow, anyway."

"Of course." His hand touched hers unseen in the press of the crowd and then he had vanished, leaving her to find Hobson and Lady Jane and the horse-box parked in the mud among the station waggons.

Most of the point-to-point meetings Rebecca had attended had been easy enough to get away from. For some unaccountable reason, Welford proved to be the exception.

"It's all right for them as is in front with a car," old Hobson observed to her grimly as he switched off his engine and came to a halt in an interminable queue of horse-boxes making their way out through the meadow's only exit. "Heard tell last week of someone being held up after a meeting till nine o'clock at night."

"But surely there couldn't be enough cars at a country point-to-point?" Rebecca protested.

Cheerfully Hobson rolled himself a cigarette and observed that Mr. Johnny had done all right for himself missing this little lot, but that things would probably be all right as long as the ground kept dry.

As if in answer to this thought the clouds rolled up suddenly from behind the trees and it began to rain.

It was nine o'clock by the time the horse-box was rolled away and Lady Jane safely stabled for the night. Learning

wearily against the cold concrete of a Dutch barn Rebecca turned her eyes towards the farmhouse.

There was a light in the downstairs window, which almost certainly meant that Mac was waiting to hear what sort of day they had had.

Reluctantly Rebecca turned away from the corner of the yard where her own baby car was parked. At that moment she would have given a lot to have got in and driven back to her rooms in the village, seeking out first a hot bath and then bed.

At least, Rebecca thought, she wouldn't have to stay more than a few minutes—

Mac was sitting at his desk in the big, old-fashioned living-room as she pushed open the door. For a moment he didn't hear her, and then he looked up quickly. "Who's there?"

"Only me." She walked over to his side and dropped into an armchair. "Sorry to be so late but we couldn't get away because of the crowd. Then it started to rain and everyone got stuck in the mud."

"How about Lady Jane?" Rebecca shook her head. "She refused at the last fence. Johnny was furious."

Mac turned round towards her, and she realised suddenly that he looked very tired. He asked, "Where is he now?"

Rebecca shook her head. "I don't know. He said he had to stay behind to see somebody. I came back with Hobson." Then when Mac didn't answer she added, "Would you like some coffee?"

"No—I'm all right." He pushed the papers on the desk away from him with a quick, impatient gesture. "I've been trying to sort this Canadian business out for Johnny. Never seen so many papers in my life."

Rebecca said slowly, "Mac—what Canadian business?"

"You mean he hasn't told you?" Mac frowned. "That's odd. Suppose he forgot."

"Well, what is it?" Rebecca demanded. Somehow some inkling of what he was going to say transmitted itself to her, making her breathe quickly with sudden fear.

Mac said slowly, "It's one of those reciprocal schemes—so many farmers from Canada come over here and an equal number of our chaps go over there. Apparently Johnny got his name put up for it at the Agricultural College, and I've got an application form to fill up."

"Why you?"

"Because I'm nominally his employer," Mac said. "And there are quite a few references to fill up—they seem to be pretty strict as to who they take."

"Yes," Rebecca said. "Yes—I suppose they would be." For a moment she couldn't say anything, her mind a whirl of confused thoughts. More for something to say than anything else she asked, "Does—does he want to go?"

"Heavens, yes," Mac said. "Dead keen on it." He lit a cigarette carefully, not looking at her. After a while he added, "It's a wonderful chance if I can only find the money."

Rebecca frowned. "What money?"

"I'll have to put up a certain amount to keep him out there for the first year. A few months ago it wouldn't have been so bad, but you know how Johnny's been ever since he arrived back with his ideas from college. There was the new

To page 68

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tractor, and then the machinery for—

"Yes," Rebecca said, "I know."

She got up and walked over to the fireplace. "Mac—"

Abruptly, demanding, the telephone rang. "Hello—yes?" Mac picked up the instrument and listened. Then his face darkened. "Hello—are you there?" He looked up at Rebecca. "He's rung off."

"Who was it?" she asked. Then seeing the look in his eyes, "Mac—what's the matter?"

"Somebody seems to have gone crazy." He got to his feet slowly and stood staring down at the telephone.

Then he went on: "That was Rogers, the local policeman. Said he wanted to check if I was in because he'd got to come round and prefer a charge for dangerous driving witnessed by the Chief Constable himself."

Rebecca said blankly, "Have you been driving dangerously?"

He said impatiently, "Of course not. Heavens—he said it happened over Wennington way this evening. I haven't been out—"

Dry-mouthed, Rebecca supplied the words for him. "But Johnny has."

"It must be some mistake," Mac shook his head quickly. "It must be—"

Rebecca walked over to the door and opened it and the sound of a car engine filled the room. She said in a flat voice, "He's here. You can ask him yourself."

"Ask me what?" Johnny strode into the room, blinking a little in the sudden light.

Mac said quietly, "I want to ask you where you've been this evening."

The younger brother raised his eyebrows. "Really, Mac—"

Macdonald ignored him. "I've just been rung up by the police. Apparently I'm being charged by the Chief Constable himself for dangerous driving through Wennington High Street some time this evening. I presume this happened while you were driving the car."

Johnny went white. "So he did see—"

"See what?" Johnny pulled himself together. "Just a bit of excitement I had. Mollie and I were trying to catch up with—"

"Mollie was the girl we saw this afternoon?" Rebecca asked. Somehow the fact that this accounted for the sudden business deal that had to be concluded didn't matter all that much. Not now.

For a moment Johnny hesitated. Then he said, "Yes."

"Then in a way that explains it," Rebecca said. "You were driving Mac's car, and in the dark you're the same size and coloring as him. Mollie and I were both wearing camel coats. It's easy enough to sort out. You'll just have to tell the police you were to blame and not Mac."

"Well—" Johnny licked his lips. Then he said quickly, "Look, Mac—it isn't as easy as all that, I'm afraid."

His brother looked at him. "Why isn't it?"

"Because there—there's the Canadian trip."

Mac said blankly, "I'm sorry, Johnny, but I don't follow you. What on earth's Canada got to do with this?"

Johnny drew a deep breath. Then he said, "Because the only people who are eligible are those with good records. And if I admit I was driving your car tonight the chances are it'll mean I'll end up in prison."

"For a bit of wild driving?" Mac shook his head. "You're exaggerating. You'll probably get a pretty hefty fine and get your licence endorsed—possibly suspended. But they're hardly likely to send you to the Tower of London."

Johnny said doggedly, "You

Continuing . . . The Brothers

[from page 66]

know the Chief Constable has a bee in his bonnet about that sort of thing."

"He doesn't like dangerous drivers, and I don't blame him," Mac agreed. "But I still don't see how he can give you more than a fine."

"You wouldn't get any more," Johnny said. "But I should."

"For heaven's sake—why?" he exclaimed. There was a long moment's silence, and then Johnny said, "Because I've already had my licence suspended for two years."

"Oh, Johnny, you—you fool!" Mac sat down heavily on

A perfectly honest woman, a woman who never flatters, who never manages, who never conceals, who never uses her eyes, who never speculates on the effect which she produces—what a monster, I say, would such a female be!

—Thackeray

the edge of his desk. "When did this happen?"

"When I was at the college."

"What was the charge?"

He swallowed. "I got picked up one night after a party. I—I was a bit tight."

"And so now you behave like a fool again when you're disqualified from driving at all," Mac's face was suddenly haggard. "Johnny, you were right. It—it's very serious."

"Unless you help me out."

The elder Shaw looked up quickly. "How can I do that?"

"They think you were driving tonight anyway. Let them go on thinking that. If you plead guilty you'll just get a fine and that'll be the end of it."

"And Rebecca? Do you expect her to sit there and pretend she was with me on some wild party, too?"

Johnny said desperately, "Look, Mac—she wouldn't have to say anything. She'll back me up." He turned to Rebecca appealingly. "Rebecca—you will, won't you?"

Rebecca looked from one to the other of the brothers. Then she slowly nodded.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, Johnny. I'll back you up."

Abruptly Mac turned on his heel and left the room.

It was nearly lunch-time on the following day before Rebecca saw him again. Then it was the sight of his back bent over a pig-pen that drew her out of the kitchen and over to his side.

She said, "Mac—"

For a while he didn't move. Then slowly he straightened his back. His face was expressionless as he said, "I suppose you'll be off to Canada soon?"

"No," Rebecca said. "No, I shan't be going."

"Why not?" The big figure at her side turned towards her. "You love the fellow, don't you?"

"That's not the point," Rebecca said. Did she love Johnny, she wondered. It was hard to say. Perhaps you really could love someone, even when all the time you were knowing, deep in your heart, that it was a love that could bring little happiness. Loving with the heart, but with the head cold and clear and unimpressed all the time.

Slowly Rebecca said, "I know you feel I've let you down. But there's something I've got to say first. Before—"

"Before what?" Mac asked.

"Before I go," Rebecca turned away from him, staring out over the fields. Then she said quickly, almost brutally, "He's your brother, Mac, and I suppose you love him, too. That's why I'm the only one that's got the right to say this. To say that Johnny isn't—any good."

She paused, but the man beside her did not reply, and she went on, "I know you've always thought he was wonderful—that it was worth while scrimping and saving to keep him at agricultural college. It was just your hard luck that it wasn't worth while, that's all."

Mac said slowly, "Johnny's a bit wild—"

"No, he's not," Rebecca told him bluntly. "Let's face it. He doesn't care in the least what happens to the farm. He let you put him through college and give him a good time and settle his debts because he was your kid brother."

"Then he comes back and tells you what to do and what to buy. He has a fine time riding the horses you haven't got time to ride yourself, and then decides to go to Canada because he thinks he's got a future there."

Mac said mildly, "Perhaps he has."

"Well, I think his future ought to be here—paying you back for what you've done for him," Rebecca turned on him quickly, her face set.

"Mac, are you blind? Johnny's taken, taken, taken—all the time. He's taken your money and your work and your brains. He's landed you in the courts and taken away your good name. He took—"

"What else did he take?" Mac asked.

"Nothing." She shook her head blindly, suddenly afraid she was going to cry. She had so nearly said: He took your girl away from you, too—

"If you think he's all that bad," Macdonald said slowly,

"why did you take his side last night? Why not let him get what's coming to him?"

Rebecca looked up at him. "Because if Johnny goes to prison they won't let him go to Canada. And Canada will do him a lot of good. Do—as a lot of good."

"What do you mean—'do as a lot of good'?"

She said huskily, "Because if Johnny goes to Canada he won't come back."

For a while neither of them spoke. Far away over the big meadow a single bird suddenly started singing. Then after what seemed an age Mac laughed.

He said, "It doesn't seem to make sense, does it? Johnny's the most important person in both our lives. So what do we do? We congratulate ourselves on finding a means of sending him away." He looked down at the ground. "It'll be funny here—without Johnny."

"It'll be the same as it was before he came."

Mac said slowly, "Do you think it will ever be that way again?"

Slowly, rather wonderfully, the feeling of just how it had been came back to Rebecca. Working on the farm through the long, hard days. Working with Mac, who was in love with her, and each day feeling the growth of her own feelings becoming stronger as if they were reaching out to touch his.

It hadn't been the mad, crazy feeling she had felt for Johnny. It had been something that had taken time to grow, but she felt a sudden certainty that, given the chance, it would grow. Grow and last for ever.

Mac said, as if reading her thoughts, "Will it, Rebecca?"

She reached out and touched his hand. "You're the farmer. You should know."

She turned and looked over the meadow to the fields beyond, and after a minute he turned his head and looked, too.

"They're nothing much to look at now," Rebecca said. "But the seed's alive, Mac. When the spring comes it'll be green again."

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• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

No. 117—LAYETTE.

Infants' four-piece layette is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider in non-iron bubble plisse and good quality lawn. Color choice in plisse—white, lemon, sky-blue, pink, and nil-green; in lawn—white, pink, sky-blue, lemon, and nil-green. Size: Infants. Prices in plisse and lawn, frock 15/11, slip 11/3, mattress jacket 9/9, sunsuit 11/2. Postage and registration 1/- extra. Complete set 47/8. Postage and registration 2/- extra.

No. 118—DUCHESS SET.

Attractively designed set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider on Irish linen, in white and cream, and on sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat 11 x 17in., place mats 8 x 8in. Price 8/11. Postage and registration 8d. extra.

No. 119—THROWOVER.

The cloth is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider on Swiss organdie. The color choice includes white and pastel shades of lemon, blue, pink, and green. The lace edge is not supplied. Size 36 x 36in. 8/11. Postage 8d. extra.

No. 120—GIRL'S DRESS AND MATCHING HAT.

Smart dress and hat with a rick-rack braid trim obtainable cut out ready to make with full drafting and making instructions. The material is cotton poplin in white, pale pink, pale blue, lipstick, mint-green, kelly-green, and grey. The braid is supplied. Sizes: Lengths 27in. for 8 years, 23/3, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 31in. for 9 and 10 years, 25/9, postage and registration 1/9 extra; 35in. for 11 to 12 years, 27/2, postage and registration 1/9 extra; 37in. for 13 to 14 years 29/11, postage and registration 1/9 extra.

120

119

118

DON'T BE A
"GRASS
WIDOW"
ANY LONGER!



Does the ritual of lawn-mowing monopolise the time your husband would rather spend with you—for outings, recreation or home-improvements? Well, he'll have lots of time to spare, lots of time to share, if he discards that rattling, inefficient old mower and invests in

THE 1955-56 MODEL

Ogden

MOTAMATIC MOWER

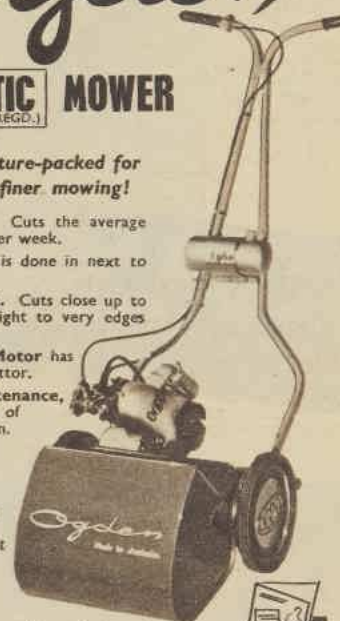
because it's feature-packed for easier—faster—finer mowing!

- **Economy Plus.** Cuts the average lawn for only 1½d. per week.
- **Speed.** Mowing is done in next to no time.
- **Manoeuvrability.** Cuts close up to trees, shrubs and right to very edges of lawns.
- **Easily Started Motor** has flood-proof Carburettor.
- **Minimum Maintenance,** thanks to simplicity of design and operation.

PRICE ONLY

£53/15/-

Cash or Low Deposit and Easy Terms.



Complete after-sales service is guaranteed

FOR FULL DETAILS—POST THIS COUPON TODAY! TO

OGDEN INDUSTRIES PTY. LIMITED

Edward Street, Huntingdale, S.E.12, Victoria.

Please send me the free illustrated leaflet telling me all about the 1955-56 Ogden "Motamatic" Mower.

Name _____

Address _____

WV2



Imported direct
from Regent St. London

Fine toilet soaps made by Morny—each in a true floral fragrance captured by Morny's artists in perfume. A touch of London elegance to grace your home!

Morny
OF REGENT ST. LONDON

Available fragrances include
JUNE ROSES · FRENCH FERN · GARDENIA
PINK LILAC · LILY OF THE VALLEY



FOR GARDENERS. Next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly tells you all about growing irises. The feature is illustrated in color.

GOLDEN AMBROSIA CAKE

6 oz. good shortening; 6 oz. sugar; 1 tablespoon apricot jam; 3 eggs; 1 cup milk; 3 tablespoons coconut; 8 oz. S.R. flour.

Cream shortening, jam and sugar until light and fluffy. Add beaten eggs gradually, then coconut. Fold in sifted flour alternately with milk. Fill 2 well greased 7 inch sandwich tins with mixture and bake in a moderate oven 25-30 minutes. When cool, join together with Spiced Apricot Filling. To decorate, Brush sides with warmed apricot jam and coat with desiccated coconut, top with apricot jam and decorate with sweetened whipped cream.

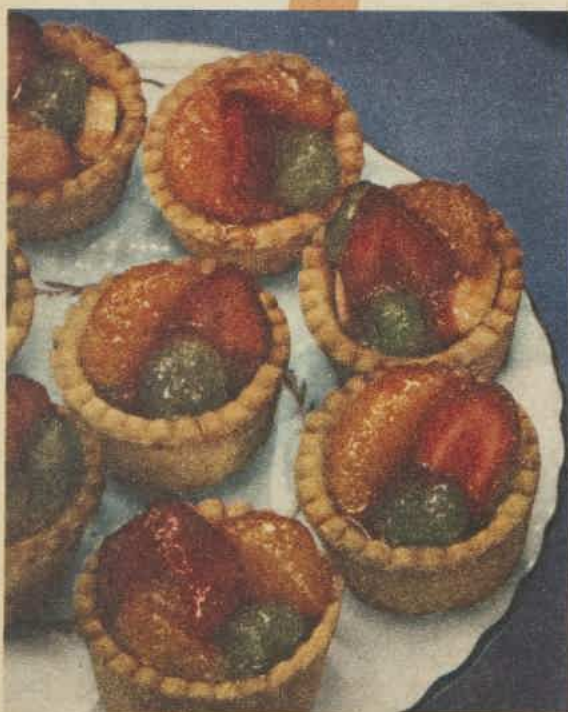
Spiced Apricot Filling

Combine and heat 1 cup apricot jam, 1 cup water and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Blend 2 rounded dessertspoons cornflour with a little water; add to jam sauce and cook over a gentle heat, stirring until the mixture thickens, add juice of 1 lemon. Makes enough filling for 2 layer cakes, or 7 inch pie (top with cream or ice cream) or 18 individual tart cases.



Look at all you can do with *Jam*

Jam—any kind of jam, can add a touch of glamour, good flavour, too, to your simplest cakes, pies or tarts.



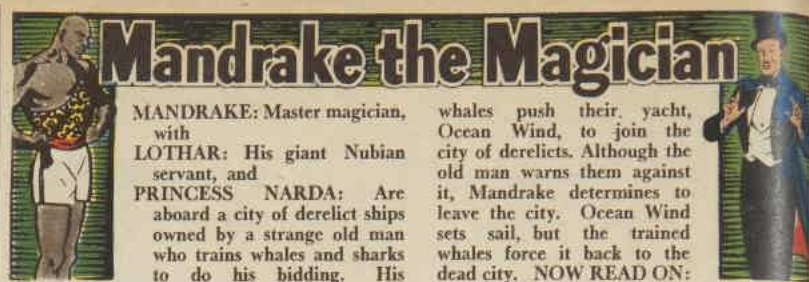
GLAZED FRUIT TARTS

The bright jam glaze in these glistening tarts keeps the fruit filling beautifully moist, adds its own fresh fruit flavour, too! Prepare and bake individual pastry cases. Place a little custard in each case and fill with drained canned or fresh fruits. Heat 1/2 cup jam—any kind is good, add 1 rounded teaspoon blended arrowroot and cook until glaze is clear, if you use a thick jam sieve first. While still warm, spoon jam over fruit filling. If you like these luscious fruit tarts you will also like Glazed Fruit Sponge. To make it, arrange the same fruits you would use for the tarts on a sponge layer, pour over the hot jam glaze, decorate with whipped cream and serve to 6 delighted dessert eaters.

School's out!
energy needed...

JAM GIVES IT

Let your youngsters celebrate "school's out" the way you did, give them bread and jam. Jam has high energy value, there are 100 calories in one tablespoon of jam—and the fresh fruit from which jam is made is a rich source of vitamins A, B, B1 and C as well as vital minerals.



MANDRAKE: Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and **PRINCESS NARDA:** Are aboard a city of derelict ships owned by a strange old man who trains whales and sharks to do his bidding. His

whales push their yacht, Ocean Wind, to join the city of derelicts. Although the old man warns them against it, Mandrake determines to leave the city. Ocean Wind sets sail, but the trained whales force it back to the dead city. **NOW READ ON:**



Trousers with **Grippers** SNAP closed and hold fast

Fletcher Jones
FJ Plus 8
English Style
SPORTS TROUSERS

Buy the Clothes with **Gripper** FASTENERS

Modern Gripper Fasteners are made to last the life of the garment they're built into and unlike buttons they cannot pop off... chip and break. Right now you can escape button bother forever by buying clothes with Grippers for your children, your husband and yourself.

REPLACE BUTTONS WITH **Grippers** ON THE CLOTHES YOU WEAR AND FOR HOME SEWING BUY A GRIPPER CARD

ONLY 2/6 CARDS OF 12 At All Stores

"GRIPPERS" are manufactured under licence by CARR FASTENER Company of Australia Limited. Australian Dist.: "J.B." Products, Victoria. STOCKS ARE AVAILABLE FROM LEADING SOFTGOODS WAREHOUSES IN ALL STATES. CCF 141/12

TEENA *lilla terry*

MMM...CAKE! MIND IF I TAKE SOME?

No! GO 'HEAD.

READY?

IN A MINUTE—MY MOTHER'S AT A CLUB MEETING—I PROMISED TO DO TH' DISHES.

I'M WAITING FOR TEENA—SHE HAS TO DO THE DISHES FIRST.

—WELL, WHY DON'T YOU GET THE GANG AND COME OVER AND WAIT WITH ME?

HERE—WE'D BETTER MAKE MORE CAKE!

FINISHED WITH THE DISHES?

YUP!

C'MON, THEN—LET'S GO!

lilla terry

Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"LUCILLE."—American-styled one-piece finished with a fly-buttoned front is made in Bonnie Prince haircord cotton in a check design. The color choice includes green and white, blue and white, red and white, and lemon and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 69/9; 36, 38, and 40in. bust 73/9. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 49/9; 36, 38, and 40in. bust 51/6. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

"NADIA."—Long-torso dress with white pique trim is made in non-iron percale in a check and floral design. The color choice includes blue, white, and black; green, white, and black; and pink, white, and black.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 77/9; 36 and 38in. bust 79/11. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 51/3; 36 and 38in. bust 53/6. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 69. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

Lucille

Nadia

GOOD LOOKING

quality hardware

YOU CAN DEPEND ON

Lane's Front Door sets add to the beauty of your home—and ensure your security. Complete with bell, the turn of a key allows convenient entry when your hands are full of parcels. Whatever your requirement, there is a Lane Door fixture for the purpose—and at the price you want to pay. Ask for the Lane brand at your nearest hardware store.

LANE THE KEY TO SECURITY

Manufactured by HENRY LANE PTY. LTD. 15 Market Street, Sydney

"They'll whisper about you!"

Perspiration odours do offend

Play safe—use **MUM**

The back seat's pretty lonely—it's much better when you have someone with you. You'll be taking a back seat every time you come in contact with others if you don't make sure of your personal freshness by giving an extra 30 seconds to your toilet care.

Safeguard your personal freshness by always using a touch of Mum after your bath or shower, then you can be sure of social acceptance.

And MUM stays creamy to the bottom of the jar.

MUM Cream Deodorant with the miracle ingredient M3 eliminates perspiration odour by eliminating odour-forming bacteria. Mum will not harm or stain your clothing—nor will it irritate your skin. Mum is smooth, creamy, easy to apply; the merest touch gives you instant bath-to-bath protection.

MUM keeps you nice to be near

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

Now...

you can enjoy
good tea



THE FAMOUS

BUSHHELLS BLEND IS BACK!



now
better
FRESHER
tea

MORLEY JOHNSONS

Gift Guide

OF EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, NOV. 9,
1950. NOT TO BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

✻ retain this gift guide for safe keeping!

we would like to help you . . .



Geoffrey Alan Johnson
Chairman and Managing Director

MORLEY JOHNSONS

546 George Street (Opp. St. Andrew's Cathedral)
thru to 307 Pitt Street, Sydney. Phone BM 2211.



Christmas is such an exciting, happy season, devoted to festivities, the exchanging of gifts and the happy reunion of family and friends.

With these thoughts in mind, I hope you will find this gift guide of great assistance in solving that age-old problem of just what to give.

The close co-operation of the Australian Women's Weekly enables us to publish this booklet illustrating many grand furnishing ideas for the home . . . practical gifts, too, each one backed by a company reputation that goes back 50 years.

May I express to you and yours my heartiest good wishes for happiness at Christmas.

these services are for you . . .

How easy it is to open a terms account!

Opening a terms account is a simple, straightforward transaction for country or city residents. All you have to do after purchasing your goods is pay the necessary deposit, arrange easy weekly instalments and the goods are delivered to your home. You may also re-open your account at any time . . . ask for or write our Mr. Weller when seeking advice on the Easy Payment Plan.

- You'll find everything for the home at Morley Johnsons . . . furniture . . . carpets . . . linoleum . . . curtains . . . manchester . . . blinds . . . crockery . . . kitchenware . . . toys . . . radios and electrical appliances.
- Mail Order Department to help country clients quickly and courteously and supply details of the easy payment plan.
- Lay-by Plan to help you with smaller purchases.
- 30-day open accounts are available on application.
- Free packing of all goods—freight paid on manchester and drapery only anywhere in Australia.
- Free measure service for curtains, blinds, carpets and linoleums within 50 miles of the G.P.O. (phone BM 2211).
- Free delivery service within 50 miles of the G.P.O.
- All goods packed free—freight paid on softgoods only.

PHONE BM 2211 FOR SERVICE



modern bedroom group

Bedroom pieces finished in maple or walnut veneers . . . the twin wardrobes measure 3' 8 1/2" wide, 20 1/2" deep and 5' 10" high. One fitted with three drawers, short and full length hanging space; the other full-length hanging space. The dressing table is 3' 6" wide, 18" deep, fitted with reflex mirrors. The 4' 6" bedstead completes a lovely suite.

£88/4/-, £11/4/5 deposit,
12/9 weekly.

double bed settee



£40/17/6
8/2 weekly.



£14/10/6 5/6 weekly
(headboard extra)

divan

Solve your space problems now . . . complete with two deep drawers and casters, finished in light or dark oak colour. Terms from 37/- deposit, 5/6 weekly.

2' 6" size headboard £14 10 6
3' size headboard £14 19 6
£4 6 9

Modern style settee that is quickly converted into a double bed; upholstery in tapestry or velvet. £40/17/6, £5/4/7 deposit, 8/2 weekly.



"RESTFOAM"
4" LATEX FOAM
MATTRESS
£30/5/0 4' 6"
6/- weekly



pillows, too!
73/3 each



4' 6"
£11/19/6
4/7 weekly

The soft cushioning latex foam fits your body perfectly . . . you've never felt comfort like this . . . fitted with clip-on damask tickings.
2' 6" £17 18 3 45/11 dep. 3/8 wkly.
3' £20 4 9 51/- dep. 4/3 wkly.
3' 6" £23 14 6 59/11 dep. 4/11 wkly.
4' 6" £30 5 0 77/9 dep. 6/- wkly.
Latex foam pillows to match, 73/3 ea. 9/7 dep. 1/5 wkly.

innerspring mattress!

Innerspring mattresses consisting of a tempered steel spring unit, generous layers of coconut fibre and cotton wadding. All cotton ticking in a floral design and the mattress hand made throughout.

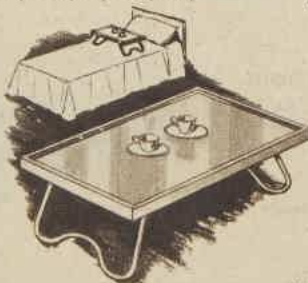
2' 6"	£7 15 0	19/9 dep.	2/10 wkly.
3'	£8 10 6	21/8 dep.	3/3 wkly.
3' 6"	£9 17 6	25/6 dep.	3/9 wkly.
4' 6"	£11 19 6	30/7 dep.	4/7 wkly.

Java kapok pillows to match, 27/3 each.

bed tray

Collapsible bed and service tray. In colours of blue, green, pink or cream. Easy to fold.

31/6 ea.





£4/6/6
1/7 wkly.

£6/6/6
2/5 wkly.

£4/5/-
1/6 wkly.

£3/1/-
1/2 wkly.

garden table £4/5/-
10/10 deposit, 1/6 wkly.
beach or garden shade
5' 6" diam. £6/6/6
15/11 dep., 2/5 wkly.
6' diam. £7/5/9
18/6 dep., 2/9 wkly.

Morley Johnson's garden setting

Popular outdoor furniture that matches perfectly. Green or black steel underframes with wooden battens in colours of red, green, orange, lemon or multi-colours.

garden seat, 4 ft., £4/6/6
garden seat, 5 ft., £5/3/3
garden seat, 6 ft., £6/1/-

from 10/11 dep., 1/7 wkly

garden chair £3/1/-
7/8 deposit, 1/2 weekly



56/9

deck chair
with arm rest,
gaily striped
56/9. 7/-
dep., 1/- wkly.

porch chair
strongly made
gaily coloured
50/6. 6/5
dep., 1/- wkly.

50/6

cane settee

In plain or mottled cane with woven wire mattress attached, £15/11/-, 40/- deposit, 3/- weekly.

Overlay in contemporary patterns, £6/4/-, 15/11 deposit, 2/6 weekly.

Cane table in plain or mottled cane with coloured laminex top, £6/11/9, 16/7 deposit, 2/7 weekly.

Cane chair (A) in plain or mottled cane, £4/5/9, 10/10 deposit, 1/7 weekly.

Cane chair (B) in plain or mottled cane, £5/9/6, 14/- deposit, 2/1 weekly.



£21/15/-
4/6 wkly.
complete

(A)
£4/5/9
1/7 wkly.

£6/11/9
2/7 wkly.

(B)
£5/9/6
2/- wkly.



£7/13/9
2/11 wkly.
complete

£11/19/-
4/7 wkly.
complete

Sleepy Hollow cane chair

Finished in plain manilla or mottled cane £7/17/6.

19/9 deposit, 3/- weekly.

Cushion to fit, £4/1/6. 10/3 deposit, 1/6 wkly.

Foot stool, £5/18/9. 15/4 deposit, 2/4 wkly.

Cushion to fit, 35/-.

bed settee for the sunroom

A comfortable settee with cross-braced wire mattress, finished in light or dark oak colour, £9/1/-, 23/- deposit, 3/5 weekly.

Cushion to fit in contemporary designs, £6/4/-, 15/11 deposit, 2/5 weekly.

complete £15/5/0 3/4 weekly





new! Morley Johnson's lounge suite!

modern design featuring a selection of figured tapestries, self-patterned velvets or uncut moquette with matching filler materials. Very well finished and comfortably sprung throughout, £57/9/9. £7/5/4 deposit, 11/7 weekly.

wall bracket... a novel gift, finished in walnut or maple colour, £3/10/3. 8/11 deposit, 1/5 weekly.

nest of tables... finished in walnut, cedar or maple colour with heat-resistant formica top, £11/8/6. 29/6 deposit, 4/4 weekly.



kitchenette, 3' 6" wide, finished in cream lacquer with coloured laminex or formica front; bread compartment, sliding glass doors, two drawers, £21/15/-. 56/1 deposit, 4/5 weekly.

chrome table... very well finished in chrome with coloured laminex or formica top; simply state your colour choice; full range of colours. laminex top, 4' x 2' 6", £15/6/6. 29/6 dep. 3/3 wky. formica top, 4' x 2' 6", £15/17/6. 40/10 dep. 3/4 wky.

chrome chairs with latex foam rubber seat and upholstered back, covered in plastic vynoid; simply state your colour choice, £8/5/6 ea. 21/- deposit, 3/2 weekly.

chrome kitchen stool in various heights—18", 21", 24" or 27"; dunlopillo padded top, coloured vynes covering, £3/13/6 each. 9/7 deposit, 1/5 weekly.

ironing board... folding type, complete with sleeve board, £3/7/9. 8/11 deposit, 1/3 weekly. ironing and sleeve board cover, 32/9



£10/4/9
3/11 wkly.

fish table . . fitted with concave glass bowl, 21" deep, 23" diameter top, 19" high; maple or walnut colour, £10/4/9. 25/6 deposit, 3/11 weekly.



£10/10/3
4/- wkly.

James chair . . contemporary design, natural coloured woodwork, modern tapestry coverings, £10/10/3, 26/9 deposit, 4/- weekly.

£9/9/-
3/7 wkly.



slipper chair . . bedroom chair with lift-up seat for books or slippers, covered in cretonne or damask, £9/9/-, 24/- deposit, 3/7 weekly.



£6/2/9
2/5 wkly.

step bookshelf . . modern design for displaying books, finished in rich walnut colour, £6/2/9. 15/4 deposit, 2/5 weekly.



£29/5/3
5/9 wkly.

convertible chair . . comfortable three-in-one chair, quickly convertible into a bed, covered in tapestry or velvet, £29/5/3. 75/3 deposit, 5/9 weekly.



£13/8/-
4/11 wkly.

rocker chair . . sprung rocker, walnut coloured arms, upholstered in tapestry or velvet, perfect comfort, £13/8/-. 34/5 deposit, 4/11 weekly.



£10/19/9
4/2 wkly.

fireside chair . . featuring a sprung seat, back and head rest, maple or walnut coloured arms, covered in figured tapestry or velvet, £10/19/9. 28/1 deposit, 4/3 weekly.



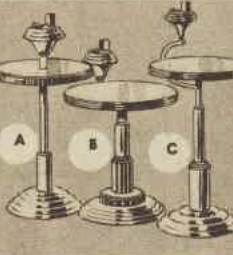
£14/5/-
5/5 wkly.

restfoam chair with latex foam rubber seat, the last word in comfort; covered in a selection of tapestries, £14/5/-. 37/- deposit, 5/5 weekly.



£5/18/9
2/4 wkly.

bridge chair . . strongly made with sprung seat and swing-back; covered in tapestry or velvet, £5/18/9. 15/4 deposit, 2/4 weekly.



(A) smoker's stand, £4/16/9 12/1 deposit, 1/1 weekly
(B) smoker's stand, £10/8/9 26/9 deposit, 4/- weekly
(C) smoker's stand, £6/15/6 17/3 deposit, 2/7 weekly



£3/9/6
1/4 wkly.

card table (covered edge) . . 3-ply back, covered with washable daynide in many colours, £3/9/6. 8/11 deposit, 1/4 weekly.



£10/12/9
4/1 wkly.

Dolly Varden mirror for the kiddies' room, reflex mirrors with pastel floral decoration, old ivory stippled background, £10/12/9. 26/9 deposit, 4/1 weekly.



£6/18/6
2/8 wkly.

occasional table with fancy walnut inlaid veneer, 24" x 24" top, height 21", £6/18/6. 17/10 deposit, 2/8 weekly.



£7/19/-
3/- wkly.

occasional table . . bent underframe design, 30" x 18" top, 21 1/2" high; finished in walnut veneer, £7/19/-. 20/5 deposit, 3/- weekly.



£4/14/6
1/10 wkly.

wall mirror . . oval shape, 20" x 16" glass finished in old gold, complete with backboard and chain, £4/14/6. 12/1 deposit, 1/10 weekly.



£7/4/6
2/9 wkly.

occasional table . . lounge table finished in walnut or maple veneer, 23 1/2" round top, 21 1/2" high, £7/4/6. 18/6 deposit, 2/9 weekly.



£33/16/6
6/8 wkly.

cocktail cabinet . . . display your crystal, pottery and books to advantage; the back of cocktail and china section is mirror lined, finish is in walnut or maple veneer. £33/16/6. 86/9 deposit, 6/8 weekly.



£67/8/9
9/10 wkly.

cocktail cabinet . . . beautifully finished cabinet fitted throughout with mirrors, matching veneer fronts: walnut, maple or cedar colours, £67/8/9. £8/10/10 deposit, 9/10 weekly.



£31/16/3
6/6 wkly.

china cabinet . . . mirror-lined cabinet with two plate glass adjustable shelves, height 3' 9", width 3' 6", depth 18", finished in walnut or maple veneers, £31/16/3. 81/7 deposit, 6/6 weekly.



£31/16/3
6/6 wkly.

china cabinet . . . spacious interior with two plate glass adjustable shelves, mirror-lined back, finished in walnut or maple veneers, width 3' 10", depth 18", £31/16/3. 81/7 deposit, 6/6 weekly.



£5/15/6
2/3 wkly.
(shade extra)

£7/4/-
2/9 wkly.
(shade extra)

standard lamp . . . all-wooden standard in walnut, maple or cedar colour (22" washable shade £3/3/6 extra), £5/15/6. 14/8 deposit, 2/3 weekly.

standard lamp in chrome with cream bakelite, hand grip for carrying (22" ballerina shade £4/10/9 extra), £7/4/-, 18/6 deposit, 2/9 weekly.



£21/12/6
4/5 wkly.

china cabinet . . . measures 42" high, 36" wide, 16" deep; mirror-lined back, two plate glass adjustable shelves, finished in walnut or maple veneer, £21/12/6. 54/8 dep 4/5 wkly.



£16/8/3
3/5 wkly.

bookcase . . . spacious interior for books, 3' wide, 13" deep, finished in walnut or maple veneer, two adjustable shelves, £16/8/3. 42/1 deposit, 3/5 weekly.



£12/9/9
4/9 wkly.

utility table for your gramophone records, books, radio set; 26" high, 28" wide, 14" deep; finished in walnut or maple veneer, £12/9/9. 31/11 deposit, 4/9 weekly.



£11/8/3
4/4 wkly.

telephone table and chair . . . popular design; chair has cane back and tapestry-covered seat; finish is in walnut or maple colour, £11/8/3. 29/6 deposit, 4/4 weekly.



£15/15/-
3/4 wkly.

writing bureau . . . a perfect gift, nicely finished in walnut or maple veneer; 29" wide, 12" deep; ample space for writing, books, £15/15/-. 40/10 deposit, 3/4 weekly.



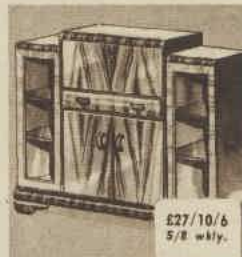
£5/14/3
2/3 wkly.

traymobile . . . useful in the home; 26" high, 30" wide, 18" deep; finished in walnut or maple veneers; easy running wheels, £5/14/3. 14/8 deposit, 2/3 weekly.



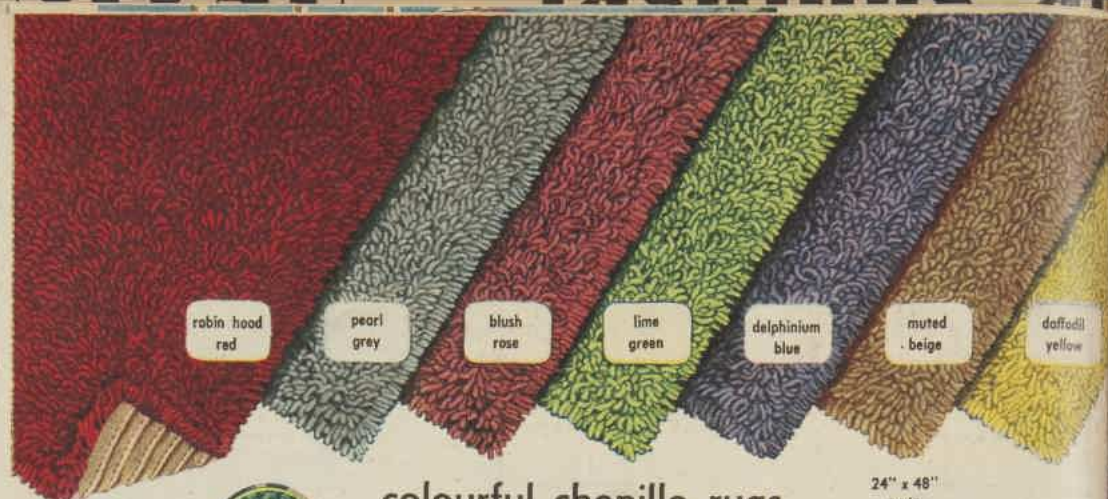
£6/14/-
2/5 wkly.

hall table . . . designed for the entrance hall, finished in walnut or maple veneer; 28" high, 24" wide, 12" deep, £6/14/-. 17/3 deposit, 2/5 weekly.



£27/10/6
5/8 wkly.

bureau bookcase . . . finished in maple or walnut veneer; 43" high, 47" wide, 12" deep; room for books, writing, ornaments, etc., £27/10/6. 70/2 deposit, 5/8 weekly.



robin hood
red

pearl
grey

blush
rose

lime
green

delphinium
blue

muted
beige

daffodil
yellow

rubberised
back



close-up of long-
looped pile

colourful chenille rugs . . .

24" x 48"
94/3
1/10 wkly.

In such a range . . . such a riot of colour . . . beautiful chenille rugs made with the long-looped pile and rubber backed so that they won't slip one little bit . . . they're washable and so durable—use them for any room in the home.

24" x 48"	£4 14 3	12/1 dep., 1/10 wk.	30" x 60"	£5 19 6	15/4 dep., 2/4 wk.
27" x 54"	£5 6 3	13/5 dep., 2/- wk.	4' x 6'	£11 17 0	30/7 dep., 4/6 wk.



6ft. wide
Broadloom
£8' 2/6 per yd.

6' wide broadloom is perfect as wall-to-wall carpet . . . the extra width eliminates joins . . . you'll find the colours illustrated most harmonious; there's a dawn grey ground with neat floral motif . . . tone-on-tone design in mushroom or green as illustrated also in grey and burgundy colourings.

(not illustrated) 12' wide broadloom in a large range of colours, £17/10/- per yard.



71/9
1/5 wkly.

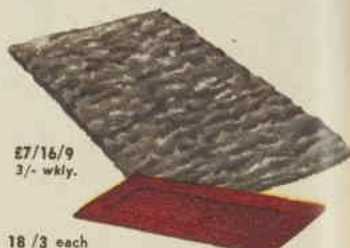
Axminster rugs . . . well-balanced designs and a grand selection of colours in all sizes; pink, green and blue predominate.

27" x 51"	£3 11 9	8/11 deposit	1/5 weekly
36" x 68"	£6 7 6	16/7 deposit	2/6 weekly
45" x 72"	£8 8 9	21/8 deposit	2/11 weekly

mohair rugs . . . famous "Goat's Head," rich velvety rugs that give you beauty underfoot . . . colours of black, red, green, grey, fawn and maroon.

27" x 54" £7 16 9
20/5 deposit, 3/- weekly

mohair mats in rust, fawn, beige, brown, blue and black 28" x 11"; un-fringed, 18/3 each.



£7/16/9
3/- wkly.

18/3 each

FREE MEASURE SERVICE

Simply ring BM2211 for measurements, quotations; within 50 miles G.P.O. Country residents, quotations gladly given on application.

MORLEY JOHNSONS

Flaminator



wall-to-wall carpet (27" wide)

It's not just wonderful wear and luxury quality that makes these carpets so appealing . . . it's the rich colourings and carefully planned designs that catch the eye . . . The floor pattern is a mulberry ground with chintz design. The pattern at top right is a tone-on-tone in green or grey. The pattern lower right is an all-over leaf design in autumn tonings.

genuine KANDAHAR carpets

Lovely Persian designs in hard-wearing cotton carpets with fringed ends . . . you'll find them mothproof, washable and most economical . . . colours in green, rust, fawn and red.



Axminster Squares

Colourful carpet squares in a range of sizes and reasonably priced . . . illustrated you'll find three designs available in coloured grounds of grey, mushroom, green and burgundy. • Coloured lithographs available to country residents for carpet squares.

9' x 7' 6"	£27 12 6	£3 10 2 dep.	5/9 wkly.	9' x 10' 6"	£38 13 6	£4 18 2 dep.	7/9 wkly.
9' x 9'	£33 3 0	£4 4 2 dep.	6/10 wkly.	9' x 12'	£42 15 6	£5 9 8 dep.	8/8 wkly.



£13/15/6
5/3 wkly.

tallboy . . . featuring extra depth; 20½" deep, 3' 6" wide, 5' 6" high; full-length and short hanging space, flush fitting doors, light or dark oak colour, £13/15/6. 35/9 deposit, 5/3 weekly.



£20/9/6
4/3 wkly.

double combination wardrobe . . . 5' 4" high, 4' 10" wide, 18" deep; a grand space-saving idea; finished in light or dark oak colour, £20/9/6. 52/3 deposit, 4/3 weekly.



£12/8/-
4/7 wkly.

dressing table . . . finished in light or dark oak colour, adjustable mirror and five roomy drawers; 35" high, 34" wide, 18" deep, £12/8/-. 31/11 deposit, 4/7 weekly.



£21/5/3
4/5 wkly.

double-decker bed . . . chrome bed quickly separates into two single beds; strongly made, complete with woven mesh wire mattress; suitable for inner-spring. £21/5/3 2' 6" size, 54/- deposit, 4/5 weekly. £24/14/6 3' size, 62/6 deposit, 5/1 weekly.



£9/5/-
3/6 wkly.

chrome bed . . . complete with a woven mesh wire mattress; suitable for inner-spring mattress; finished in polished chrome, £9/5/- 2' 6" size, 23/7 deposit, 3/6 weekly. £9/17/- 3' size, 24/11 deposit, 3/9 weekly.



£9/8/3
3/7 wkly.

chest of drawers . . . finished in light or dark oak colour; five spacious drawers; 35" high, 34" wide, 18" deep; excellent value, £9/8/3. 24/3 deposit, 3/7 weekly.



£30/15/9
6/4 wkly.

trousseau chest . . . finished in walnut or maple veneer; six dust-proof drawers, two loose shelves and brass hanging rod; 4' 9" high, 3' 6" wide, 20" deep, £30/15/9. 79/1 deposit, 6/4 weekly.



£8/5/3
3/2 wkly.

bedside chest . . . two handy drawers and recess compartment, finished in walnut or maple veneer; 26" high, 17½" wide, 15" deep, £8/5/3. 21/- deposit, 3/2 weekly.



£9/9/-
3/7 wkly.

glory box . . . upholstered lift-up lid, with sliding tray inside; finished in light or dark colour; 20½" high, 35" wide, 17½" deep, £9/9/-. 24/3 deposit, 3/7 weekly.



nursery furniture



£10/5/9
3/11 wkly.

dropside cot in light oak colour, 2-ply wire mattress, nickel-plated drop-side fitting, 4' 6" x 2' 6" size, £10/5/9. 26/9 dep. 3/11 weekly.

fibre matt., 4' 6" x 2' 6", £3/7/6. 6/11 dep. 1/3 wk. innerspring matt., 4' 6" x 2' 6", £6/13/6. 17/3 dep. 2/6 wk.

£5/2/-
2/- wkly.

high chair in colours of pink, cream or blue, with nursery motif, laminex tray to match, £5/2/- 12/9 dep. 2/- weekly.



£3/7/3
1/3 wkly.

playground . . . strongly made and complete with counters (floor 44/6 extrol), £3/7/3. 8/11 dep. 1/3 wkly.



£3/12/-
1/5 wkly.

commode chair in pink, cream or blue with motif, matching laminex tray, £3/12/- 9/1 dep. 1/5 wkly.



£10/10/-
4/1 wkly.

pramette . . . covered in plain or floral vinyl, variety of colours; stove enamelled handle and wire carrying basket, £10/10/-. 26/9 deposit, 4/1 weekly.



£4/19/9
2/- wkly.

Cyclops stroller . . . the "Nibs" stroller, folds up, colours of blue, green, burgundy or brown, £4/19/9. 12/9 deposit, 2/- weekly.



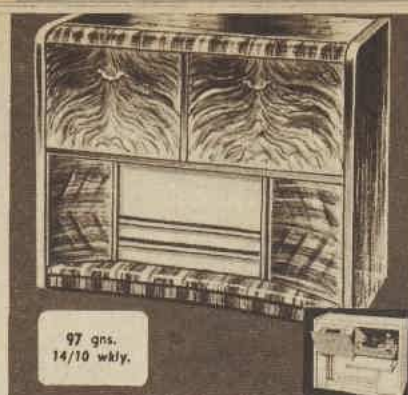
21 gns.
4/2 wklly.

"H.M.V." mantel radio. New model with the vital fifth valve, 7" x 5" speaker; colours of grey, cream, burgundy and brown, 21 gns. 53/4 deposit, 4/2 weekly.



29 gns.
6/3 wklly.

"H.M.V." portable radio. Famous 4/5 valve set for power point or battery operation; cream, brown or burgundy colours, 29 gns. 77/9 deposit, 6/3 weekly.



97 gns.
14/10 wklly.

"H.M.V." radiogram. 5-valve dual-wave set, automatic record changer; plays standard and microgroove records in every size; select from walnut or maple veneers; a really beautiful set, 97 gns. £13 deposit, 14/10 weekly.

Pope washing machine

The handiest washer you can buy; serviced anywhere in N.S.W.; family model, 69 gns. £9/3/8 deposit, 10/7 weekly; fill-n-empty model, 85 gns. £11/7/- deposit, 11/4 weekly; twin-automatic model, 95 gns. £12/15/- deposit, 14/7 weekly.



69 gns.
10/7 wklly.



£33/18/-
6/11 wklly.



£11/4/6
4/3 wklly.

Hoover polisher-scrubber. Electric polisher and scrubber, easy to handle, built-in light for polishing—a family gift, £33/18/-, 86/9 deposit, 6/11 weekly.

Morphy Richards Automatic-type toaster, cannot burn toast; complete with flex, fully g'teed 12 mths, £11/4/6, 28/6 deposit, 4/3 weekly.



36 gns.
7/7 wklly.

Tecnico Rotovac cleaner. Powerful adjustable suction and long hose; clean any part of the room without moving the cleaner; complete unit can be easily carried, 36 gns. 96/11 deposit, 7/7 weekly.



£27/6/-
5/7 wklly.

Sunbeam Mixmaster. Complete with juice extractor and 48-page recipe book; fully guaranteed, £27/6/-, 70/2 deposit, 5/7 weekly. Blender attachment, £7/10/-, 19/2 deposit, 2/10 weekly.



£34/13/-
7/1 wklly.

Tecnico electric mower. Easy to handle; cuts up to edges; a real labour-saver; flex is extra, 10" model, £34/13/-, 88/- deposit, 7/1 weekly. 12" model with super power motor, £40/19/-, £5/4/7 deposit, 8/2 weekly.



47 gns.
9/11 wklly.

A.W.A. car radio. Installation arranged; made to fit all cars; 6 valves or 12 valves; harmonises with dashboard, 47 gns. £6/6/3 deposit, 9/11 weekly.



Remington shaver. Gives the fastest, closest shave ever; contour model, £12/12/-, 31/11 deposit 4/10 weekly. "60" model (illus.), £15/15/-, 39/6 dep 3/4 wklly.



Gilford electric jug. Automatic—switches itself off; cream colour with black handle. Flex, 10/6 extra, 73/9, 9/7 deposit, 1/5 weekly.



Hotpoint toaster. The de-luxe model, streamlined appearance, fully chromed. With flex, £4/5/-, 10/10 deposit, 1/6 weekly.



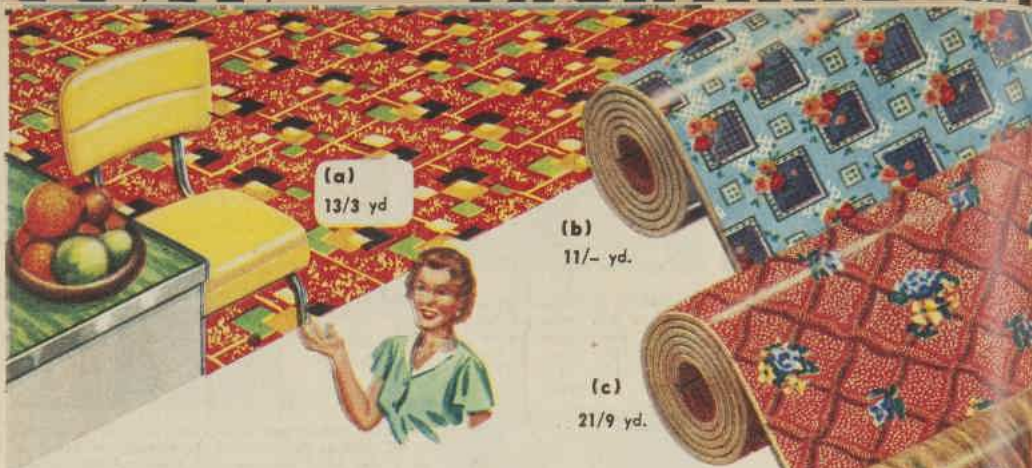
Hotpoint feather-weight iron. Automatic iron, light in weight, with fingertip control of thermostat. Complete with flex, £5/15/-, 14/8 deposit, 2/3 weekly.



bed lamp. The "Baroness," in moulded plastic. In appealing colours: pink, champagne, amber or green, £2/5/-, 5/9 deposit, 1/- weekly.



Sunbeam deep fryer. Deep fries, cooks, roasts; complete with thermostatic control. A practical gift from the family, £17/10/-, 44/8 deposit, 6/9 weekly.



(a)
13/3 yd.

(b)
11/- yd.

(c)
21/9 yd.

(a) **Nairn-felt** as illustrated, 72" wide, with a glossy enamel surface; range of floral, block or modern designs, all popular colours; simply state your choice. 13/3 yd.

(b) **Imported felt base floor-covering** in kitchen, tile and floral design; colours of grey, green, blue and red; 72" wide, 11/- yd.

(c) **Printed linoleum** for the bedroom, in floral design and colours of pink, blue, green or grey; 72" wide, 21/9 yd.

(d) **Moire inlaid**... hard-wearing imported inlaid linoleum in moire patterns; multi-colours of green, grey, blue, pink or red; 72" wide, 26/6 yd.

(e) **Patterned inlaid**... imported patterned linoleum that really stands up to wear... in grounds of primrose... with grey and black design; others to choose from 72" wide, 38/6 yd.

(f) **Patterned inlaid**... another imported inlaid linoleum in a cream ground with red block design; 72" wide, 45/- yd. (heavy quality)

(d)
26/6 yd.

(e)
38/6 yd.

(f)
45/- yd.



Nairns lino tiles for the modern floor!

Inlaid lino tiles that combine colour and design in your home... easy to lay... easy to plan your own design. 12" square, 2/2 each. 12" square (heavy quality), 3/3 each.



jute matting... reversible jute matting; ideal for the sunroom or verandah; in multi colours. 27", 8/3 yd.; 36", 10/3 yd.

coir matting... hard-wearing coir matting in multi-coloured stripes; saves wear on your floors. 27", 10/6 yd.; 36", 13/6 yd.

27"
10/6 yd.



£12'9'6
4/9 wkly.

7/9 sq. ft.
minimum
12 sq. ft.



57'6
1/1 wkly.

"Jeldi" tailored chenille 'spread

Beautifully finished bedspread in thickly tufted chenille, blended in pastel colours of pink, green, blue, champagne and mushroom . . . double bed size, £12/9/6. 31/11 deposit, 4/9 weekly.

Kirsch venetian blinds

All-metal venetians with the exclusive "S"-shaped slot, lustrous enamelled finish; colours of pastel grey, blue, pink, green, ivory, white and primrose with matching or contrasting tapes. 7/9 sq. ft. —minimum 12 sq. ft.

• for Christmas delivery place your order before the 21st November, 1955.

"Jeldi" throwover chenille 'spread ^(at left)

Colourful chenille bedspreads that give years of service; available for single and 3 ft. beds; solid colours of rose, blue, green, gold, mushroom, champagne and beige, 57/6. 7/- deposit, 1/1 weekly.

"Jeldi" tailored ripple chenille

Double bed size in colourful chenille that grows lovelier with use . . . in solid colours of rose, blue, green, gold, mushroom, champagne and beige, also pastel colours £7/2/6. 18/6 deposit, 2/9 weekly.



boxed Dry-glo towel set

Includes a towel 24" x 48", two washers 12" x 12"; colours of rose, green, gold and blue. 25/6 set.

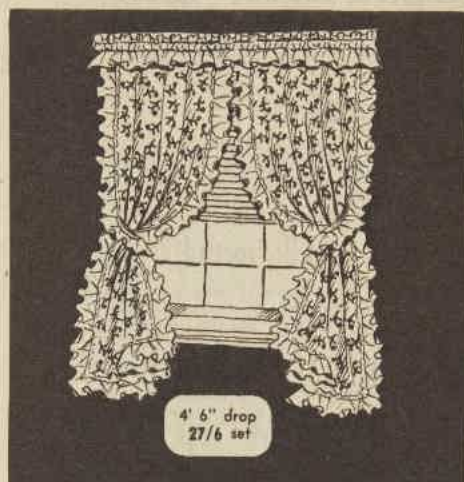
£7'2'6
2/9 wkly.



rayon table cloth and naps. All rayon cloth and naps that make the ideal gift; colours of rose, gold and green; 52" x 52" with 4 naps, 45/- set; 52" x 70" with 6 naps, 59/6 set. 7/8 deposit, 1/2 weekly.

60" pastel-coloured voile. Flounces and frills to perfection for curtains, 60" wide; pastel colours of pink, grey, blue, primrose and ecru, 9/11 yd.

54" figured lace. Natural coloured lace, 54" wide, in a neat figured design; use it for centre curtains or bedspreads, 8/3 yd.

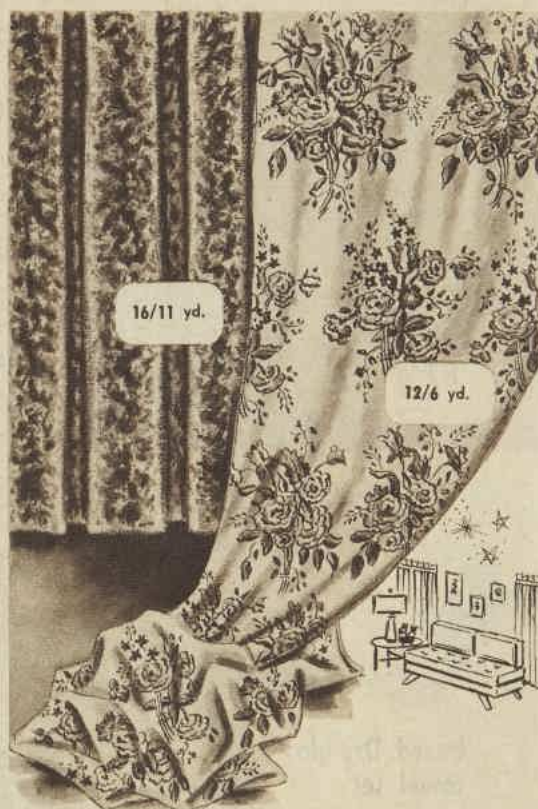


plastic curtains. Modern plastic curtains for the kitchen or bathroom; colours of red, blue, green, gold and natural. 3' 6" drop, 26/- set; 4' 6" drop, 27/6 set.



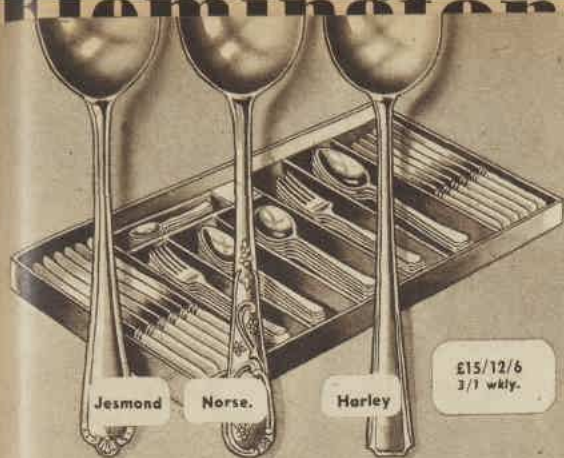
Actil sheets and pillowcases. Boxed ready for gift giving, excellent quality, smooth finish and long wearing.

34" x 59", 59/11 pr. 7/8 dep., 1/2 wk. 20" x 30", 84/- pr. 10/10 dep., 1/7 wk.
 52" x 59", 69/- pr. 8/11 dep., 1/4 wk. 30" x 59", 93/6 pr. 12/1 dep., 1/10 wk.
 72" x 59", 77/- pr. 9/7 dep., 1/6 wk. Pillowcases, 20" x 30" 6/11 each

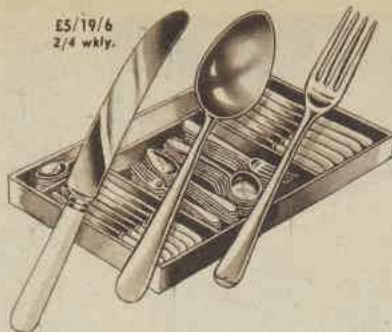


44" crushed velvet. Use it for curtains or cushions; 44" wide, in colours of cherry, burgundy, green or mushroom, 16/11 yd.

48" Bevis cretonne. On a natural ground with a choice of burgundy, rose or autumn tonings; drapes beautifully for curtains or bedspreads, 12/6 yd.



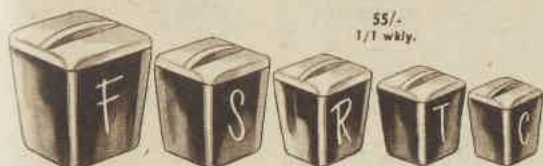
£15/12/6
3/1 wkly.



£5/19/6
2/4 wkly.

42-piece boxed cutlery. Sheffield set in nickel silver, heavy quality; mirror-finished knives with xylonite handles; makes a perfect gift and nicely boxed, £5/19/6. 15/4 deposit, 2/4 weekly.

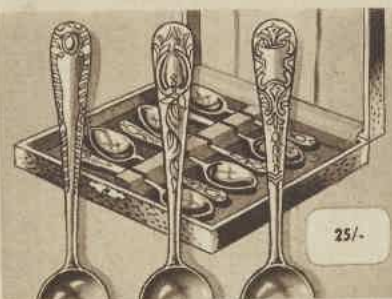
boxed cutlery. Beautiful E.P.N.S. All cutlery in a selection of three embossed designs . . . complete setting for six people with two extra service spoons; boxed ready for gift giving, £15/12/6. 39/6 deposit, 3/1 weekly.



55/-
1/1 wkly.

Set of 5 plastic canisters

The latest style in canisters, "Fethalite" brand, featuring the letter on each canister for easy recognition . . . many colour combinations, simply state your choice, 55/- 7/- deposit, 1/1 weekly.



25/-

case of teaspoons. Choice of three embossed designs . . . E.P.N.S. All quality, lined case for Christmas, and a most acceptable gift, 25/-.



£18/10/-
3/10 wkly.

47-piece canteen of cutlery. 20-year plate, E.P.N.S. All quality, complete with carrying set . . . a beautiful cutlery set in felt-lined polished case, £18/10/- 47/2 deposit, 3/10 weekly.



16/11

griddle grill. Griller and griddle iron . . . made from heavy cast aluminium, with heat-resistant handle, 16/11.



24/11

kitchen tidy. Hygienic in the kitchen; lift-out container for easy carrying; tidy is in plain cream or green, or cream with red or green lids, 24/11.



£5/12/6
2/2 wkly.

set of "Raco" saucepans. Five saucepans, 12 gauge, red or green heat-proof handles; ideal for gas or electric stoves, £5/12/6. 14/8 deposit, 2/2 weekly.



42/6
60 ft.

"Nylex" plastic hose. Light and easy to carry, long wearing; colours of red or green, 8 1/2 d. per foot or 42/6 for 60 ft. coil. Plastic fittings, 9/6; brass fittings, 13/6.



£12/16/6
4/11 wkly.

"Pope" lawnmower. The "Wimbledon" mower, ball-bearing with rubber wheels. 5-blade, £12/16/6. 32/- deposit, 4/11 weekly. 7-blade, £13/4/6. 33/2 deposit, 5/1 wkly. Grass catcher extra 33/9.



£4/19/6
1/10 wkly.

Ewbank carpet sweeper. The "Dainty" is fully guaranteed and gives long service; colours of ivory and green or ivory and red, £4/19/6. 12/9 deposit, 1/10 weekly.



87/6
1/7 wkly.

sollid linen basket. In corner or square shape; plenty of room inside; strongly made with mesanite top, 87/6. 11/6 deposit, 1/7 weekly.

TOYS



comet car

for children 2-5 years; enamelled blue body, white wheels, rubber tyres, £6/0/9. 15/4 deposit, 2/4 weekly.



tricycle

for children 5-9 years; front wheel 20" diameter, rear wheels 12" diameter; blue finish with cream wheels, £9/7/6. 24/3 deposit, 3/6 weekly.



doll's pram

20" long cream enamelled hood, washable plastic body, hood and storm cover; contrasting colours, £4/7/6. 11/6 deposit, 1/8 weekly.



scooter

height 34 1/2", length 44"; streamlined with mudguards; complete with parking stand, tail light, safety brake; enamelled red lined with white, £5/16/9. 14/8 deposit, 2/3 weekly.



sewing set
a useful gift
for your
daughter;
boxed for gift
giving, 18/6.



teddy bears

bears in all sizes, squeakers or growlers; 12": 29/9; 14": 36/3; 20": 67/6; 24": 87/6.



cash register

in various colours; makes a lovely gift; actually works and rings bell, 8/11.



40-piece utility set

Beautiful "Crown Ducal" ware by England's leading pottery, in a cream ground with burgundy bands overlaid with gold lace pattern, £22/17/6. 58/8 deposit, 4/8 weekly.



36-piece "Studio" utility set

Popular English "Studio" ware in six pastel shades—maroon, beige, blue, yellow, grey and green, £5/19/6. 15/4 deposit, 2/4 weekly.



12/6 set.



37/6.



£9/10/-
3/7 wky.

coloured cup, saucer and plate set. Royal Harvey set, cream centre with broad pastel coloured pink or green border, richly overlaid with gold lace, 12/6 set.

coloured bowl. Decorative float bowl; colours of green, amber, pink and blue, 37/6.

cut glass dressing table set. Hand-cut, full-lead crystal set; five lovely pieces in diamond pattern, £9/10/-, 24/3 deposit, 3/7 weekly.



32/11.

table lamp and shade. Base is in green, yellow, burgundy or blue with coloured plastic shades, 32/11.

MORLEY JOHNSONS

546 George St. (Opp. St. Andrew's Cathedral,
thru to 307 Pitt St., Sydney. 'Phone BM 2211